Collier's

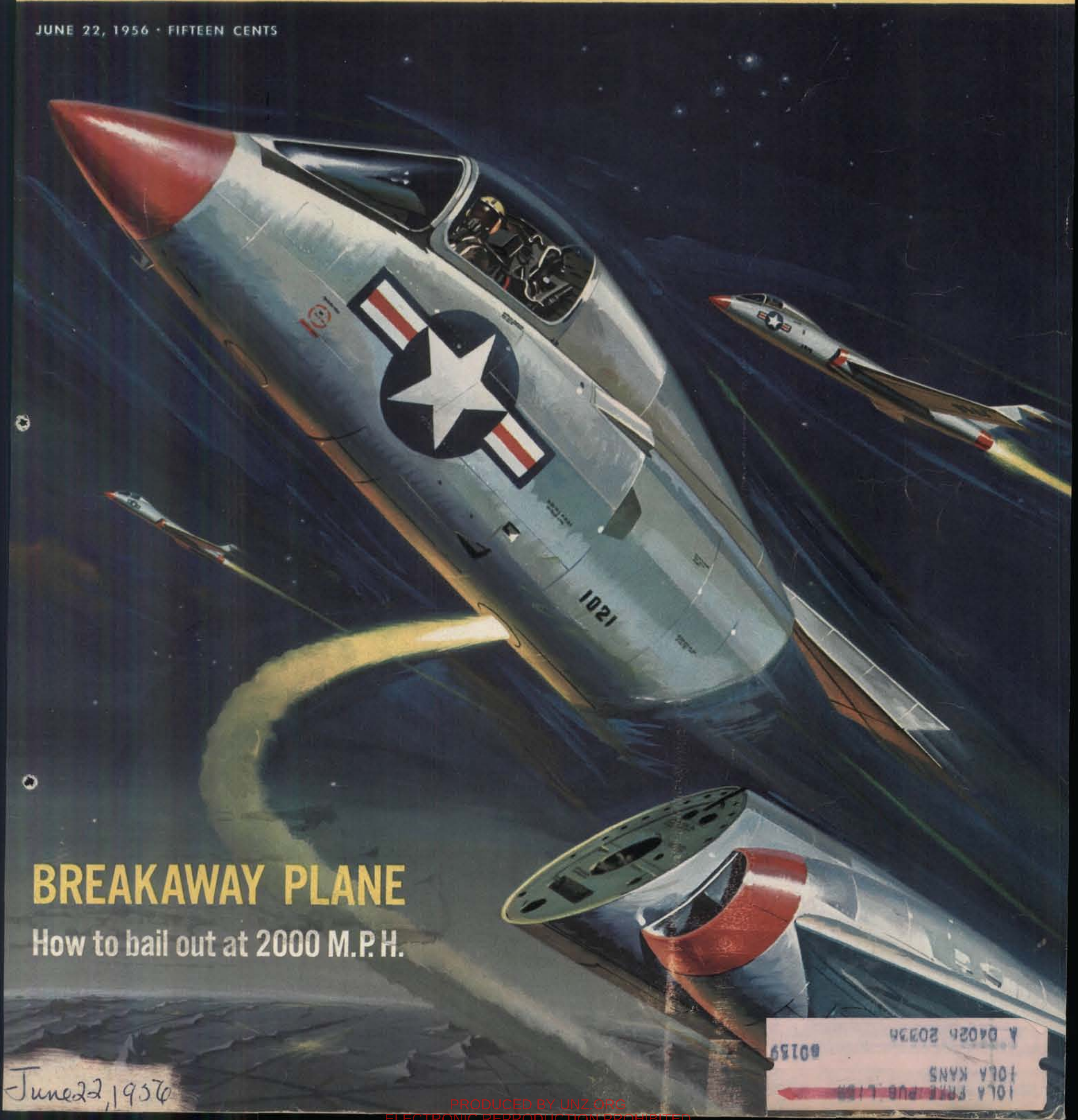
WHY CLOSE SCHOOLS IN SUMMER?

Free [illegible]rary
Iola, Kansas

CARY MIDDLECOFF'S
10 tips to weekend golfers

TROUBLED SOUTH: Search for a middle ground

JUNE 22, 1956 · FIFTEEN CENTS

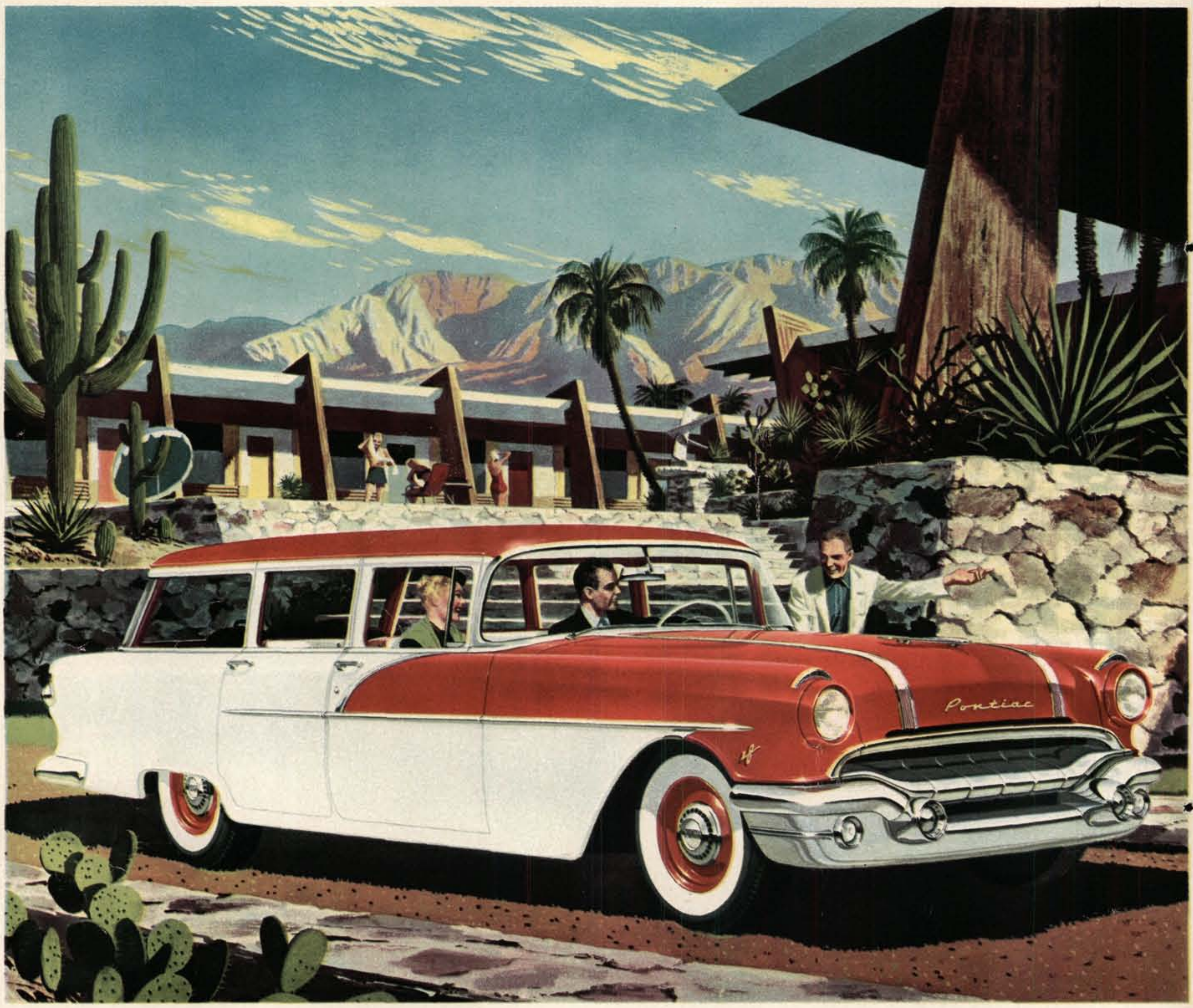


BREAKAWAY PLANE

How to bail out at 2000 M.P.H.

June 22, 1956

IOLA FREE PUB LIBR
IOLA KANS
60159
A 0402h 20336



They're Driving the Biggest Thrill of the Trip

Hitting the vacation trail? Pamper yourself—in a '56 Pontiac wonder wagon! From the spacious cockpit of today's station-wagon standout, pick a spot anywhere on the map: As easy as wishing . . . you're there!

And every fleeting mile is a vivid experience in the excitement of *command.* For here is a wagon with a brilliance entirely new to its husky breed! In its every response you will feel the presence of its eager power team, the liveliest on any car *of any body style.*

Pontiac's Strato-Streak V-8 is literally the most modern power plant on the go today. Its surging 227* horses perform with such authority that even long-time Pontiac owners are thrilled as they've never been thrilled before!

And another great engineering triumph, Strato-Flight Hydra-Matic†, turns all this power to flashing action with an all-new, sparkling-smooth alertness *exclusive* with today's Pontiacs!

Remember, too, that along with this go comes glamorous *bigness*—the kind of bigness that gives your Pontiac wagon its "limousine" riding qualities—safeness, steadiness, solid stability.

And you've four to choose from! And, for all their massiveness and power, any of these sleek Pontiac station wagons is astonishingly easy to own. A Pontiac wagon can be yours for less than many lower-powered, "small-car" wagons!

Test pilot a Pontiac station wagon before you complete your vacation plans. You'll reset your sight-seeing sights!

**227 h.p. standard on Star Chief Series.* †*An extra-cost option.*

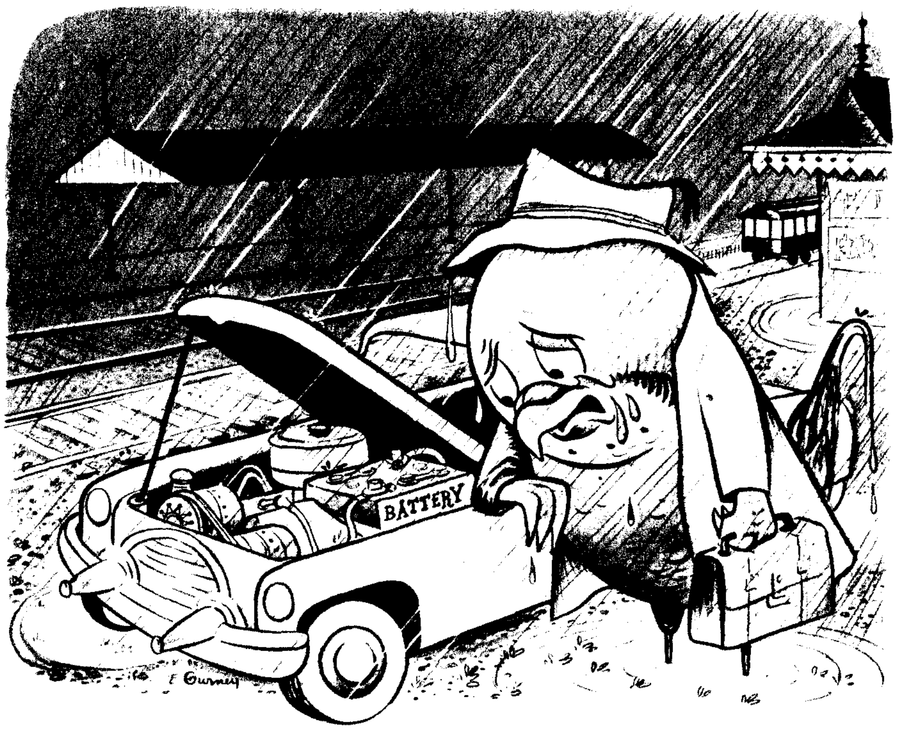
PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

The '56 Strato-Streak PONTIAC

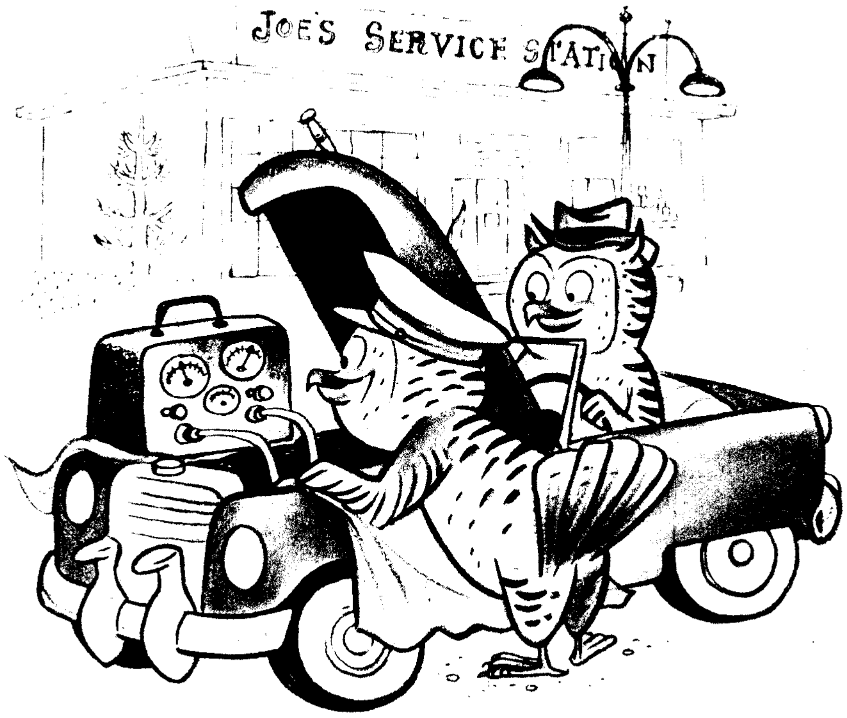
WITH STRATO-FLIGHT HYDRA-MATIC

ROAD BIRDS

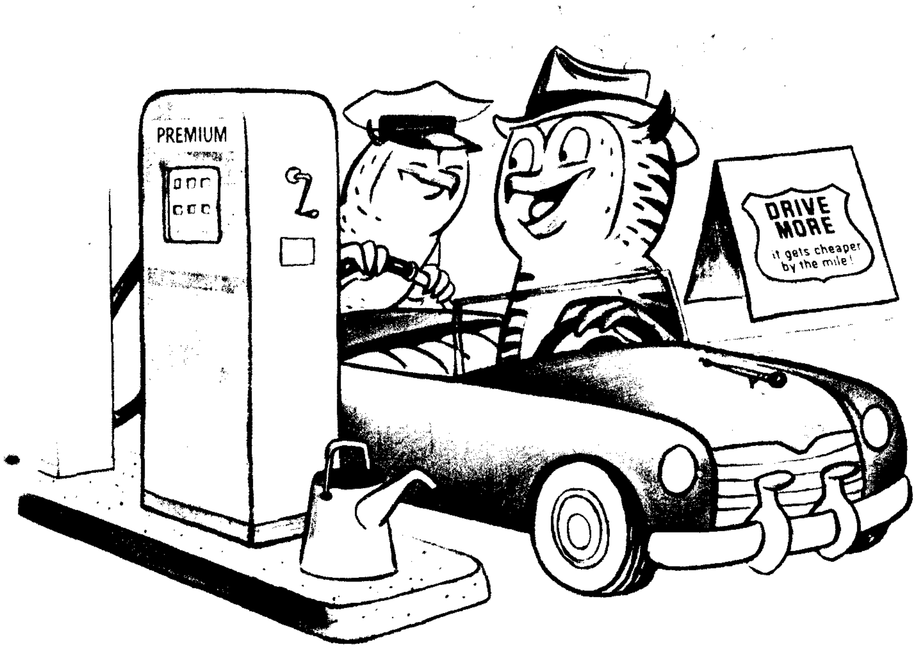
a series by Ethyl Corporation


BATTERY
E. Gurney

The No Budgie is in real trouble. While the rest of the flock have taken off for their warm, dry nests, he's still trying to get going. But he's been grounded by a dead battery.


JOE'S SERVICE STATION

The Smart Bird avoids annoying battery failure by having his service station check it frequently. He knows it's wise to get a weak one recharged or to install a peppy new one.


PREMIUM
DRIVE MORE
it gets cheaper by the mile!

The Smart Bird knows how to get peppy engine performance, too. He always uses premium gasoline. Premium gasoline's higher octane rating lets your engine deliver full power when you ask for it.

It's smart to use *premium* gasoline

"ETHYL"
(TRADE MARK)
ANTIKNOCK COMPOUND
ETHYL CORPORATION

ETHYL
CORPORATION

Picture
OF THE MONTH

"Lust For Life" is the story of the great sensualist-painter Vincent van Gogh who bounds through the pages and passions of Irving Stone's perennial best-seller. And this *is the Van Gogh overwhelmingly* brought before us by Kirk Douglas in M-G-M's film version, shot in CinemaScope and a sunburst of Color on the actual sites of Van Gogh's struggles to feel feelings never felt before.

Above all others, this man is the passionate exemplar not only of the artist born ahead of his *time* but of the lover who loves not wisely but too well. Kirk Douglas has never before given so remarkably real a performance.

"Lust For Life" overflows with vivid flesh-and-blood portraits. Van Gogh's violent friend Gauguin is explosively created by Anthony Quinn. His faithful brother Theo and the faithless Christine are consummately etched by British stars James Donald and Pamela Brown. Director Vincente Minnelli, producer John Houseman, scenarist Norman Corwin have indeed made "Lust For Life" a *must* for everyone.

For they have sent tumbling toward us, in a steady stream of primary color and emotion, the whole tempestuous truth of a career that vibrated from the black coal pits and sky blues of Holland to the voluptuous yellows of Arles and the red and ready lips of Moulin Rouge and Montmartre . . . from genteel ladies he frightened away to women of the Paris streets in whose dark souls only a Van Gogh could find the sun.

Here is the historic episode of the severed "Ear". Here is the wild proposal to the woman whose "No! No! *Never!*" spilled like acid across his youth. Here is the gaucherie and greatness of one who clutched life to his breast as if to crush both it and him.

Some say Van Gock. Some say Van Guff. Some say Van Go. We say—simply and sincerely—Go!

★ ★ ★

M-G-M presents in CinemaScope and Metrocolor KIRK DOUGLAS in "LUST FOR LIFE" co-starring ANTHONY QUINN, JAMES DONALD, PAMELA BROWN with Everett Sloane. Screen Play by Norman Corwin. Based on the Novel by Irving Stone. Directed by Vincente Minnelli. Produced by John Houseman. An M-G-M Picture.

Collier's

June 22, 1956 Vol. 137 No. 13

ARTICLES

TROUBLED SOUTH: SEARCH FOR A MIDDLE GROUND . . . . . C. A. McKnight 25
A Southerner discusses the moderate's dilemma in the desegregation fight

10 TIPS TO WEEKEND GOLFERS . . . . Cary Middlecoff 32
A big-money winner shows how to play some of golf's most bothersome shots

BREAKAWAY PLANE . . . . James J. Haggerty, Jr. 36
Here's how future fliers may bail out at three times the speed of sound

THE MAN IN THE GRAY DACRON SUIT 54
The clothing world offers a solution to the commuter's hot-weather problems

PICK A PICNIC . . . . Helen Evans Brown and James A. Beard 70
Outdoor eating is more fun with a special menu and practical equipment

WHY CLOSE SCHOOLS IN SUMMER? . . . . . . Harry Henderson 92
Some towns that keep schools open find it helps both teachers and children

THE ARTS LOOK LIVELY IN BOSTON . . . . Russell Lynes 98
The Boston Arts Festival is a happy marriage of culture and commerce

SHORT STORIES

FRAME OF MIND (The Short Short Story) . . . . . . Sam F. Ciulla 12
Someday my old man's crazy "system" wouldn't work. That I had to see

FIRST LESSON . . . . Mildred Clingerman 44
She lived each day in awful fear that her nightmare would come true

DEATH STARTS A RUMOR . . . . Charles B. Child 56
A trail of gossip leads Chafik to a rendezvous with a killer

SERIAL

OLD YELLER (Second of Three Parts) . . . . Fred Gipson 78
That ugly old dog had finally won me—and now I was about to lose him

FEATURES

APPOINTMENT WITH O'HARA . . . . John O'Hara 6

LETTERS 14

48 STATES OF MIND . . . . Walter Davenport 18

COLD, COLD WORLD . . . . Ted Key 20

COLLIER'S CREDITS . . . . Jerome Beatty, Jr. 22

COLLIER'S COMMENT 102

COPYRIGHT, © 1956, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio, publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. All rights reserved under International Copyright Convention. Printed in U.S.A.

COLLIER'S, title Reg. U.S. Pat. Off., is published every other week and sold simultaneously in the U.S. and Canada. Entered at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, as second-class matter. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Dept., Ottawa, Canada.
EXECUTIVE AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N.Y. Paul C. Smith, President; Vance Johnson, Peter J. Dennerlein, E. P. Seymour, Wm. A. Sittig, William A. H. Birnie, Shepard Spink, David R. Cunnison, William D. Phelan, John R. Reiss, Robert N. Woodruff, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; E. J. McCaffrey, Treasurer.

MANUSCRIPTS OR ART submitted to Collier's editors should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.
SUBSCRIPTIONS in the U.S. and Possessions, and Canada, are priced at 1 year (26 issues) $3.50; 2 years (52 issues) $6.00; 3 years (78 issues) $8.00; 4 years (104 issues) $10.00. All other countries, 1 year $7.00. Payments from foreign countries, except Canada, must be in U.S. funds. Address all subscription correspondence to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Subscription Department, 204 West High Street, Springfield, Ohio.
CHANGE OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Please give both old and new addresses.
CHARACTERS in all fiction stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary.

PAUL C. SMITH
Editor in Chief

KENNETH McARDLE
Editor

GORDON MANNING
Managing Editor

LEONARD JOSSEL
Art Editor

DAVID MANESS
Assistant Managing Editor

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
PIERS ANDERTON
JEROME BEATTY, JR.
WARREN BROWN
GREGORY BRUNO
HOWARD COHN
GENE COOK
BARBARA HEWSON
DIANA HIRSH
EDWIN HOYT
HOMER JENKS
PENN KIMBALL
JERRY KORN
JOHN C. PELLEW
EUGENE RACHLIS
CORNELIUS RYAN
LOUIS SARDELLA

PHOTO EDITORS
BILL STAPLETON, *Chief*
JAMES A. QUIGNEY

STAFF CONTRIBUTORS
WALTER DAVENPORT
BILL DAVIDSON
BILL FAY
JAMES J. HAGGERTY, JR.
PETER KALISCHER
TOM MEANY
FRANCIS WALLACE
THEODORE H. WHITE

EDITORIAL ASSOCIATES
PETER D. ALBERTSON
BARBARA BLAKEMORE
ROBERT BLINN
LEE CAMPBELL
CHRISTOPHER CARTER
LONNIE COLEMAN
LEONARD GROSS
ROBERT HINES
PETER MAAS
RONALD OLIPHANT
JANET SHEPS
CHARLES SMITH
NAOME WALSH
MARTHA WEINMAN

EDITORIAL RESEARCH
ROSANNE McVAY, *Research Chief*
MADELIN ALK
ANN BERNSTEIN
MICHAEL BLOW
JOHN A. JACOBY
THOMAS C. RYAN
FRANKLIN C. LORANGER, *Proofroom Chief*
MARTIN IMER
FRANKLIN C. REILEY

●

ASSISTANTS TO THE EDITOR IN CHIEF
THEODORE STRAUSS, *Editorial Direction*
JAMES B. DeVRIES, *Art Direction*
WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN, *Production*

●

REGIONAL EDITORIAL OFFICES

WASHINGTON
JAMES C. DERIEUX, *Senior Editor*
WILLIAM J. KELLY
JOHN NEWHOUSE

SAN FRANCISCO
ROBERT de ROOS, *Senior Editor*
PIERRE SALINGER

LOS ANGELES
ROBERT CAHN, *Senior Editor*
DWIGHT WHITNEY
ADELINE MARSHACK

DETROIT
SILER FREEMAN

LONDON
COLLIE SMALL

PARIS
MARGARET THOMPSON BIDDLE

"There She Was Waiting at the Church!"

There she was waiting at the church . . . because the cutest boy of the neighborhood, playing "groom" to her "bride", walked out on her . . . and *told her why*.

Lucky little Edna—to learn so young what some people never realize at all—that halitosis (unpleasant breath) is a fault not easy to pardon. It was a lesson she never forgot. Later in life, attractive and sought-after, Listerine Antiseptic was a "must" before every date.

No tooth paste kills germs like this . . . instantly

Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste does. Listerine instantly kills germs . . . by millions . . . and germ reduction is the best answer to sweeter breath.

You see, far and away the most common cause of offensive breath is the fermentation, produced by germs, of proteins which are always present in your mouth. *And research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer, the more you reduce germs in the mouth.*

Listerine Antiseptic clinically proved four times better than tooth paste

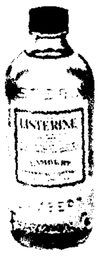
No tooth paste, of course, is antiseptic. Chlorophyll does not kill germs—but Listerine kills them by millions, gives you long lasting antiseptic protection against bad breath.

Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests, averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the tooth pastes it was tested against?

With proof like this, it's easy to see why Listerine belongs in your home. Every morning . . . every night . . . before every date, make it a habit to always gargle Listerine, the most widely used antiseptic in the world.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC STOPS BAD BREATH

4 times better than any toothpaste



"Remember their Anniversary"

ON ANNIVERSARIES

Say it with
Flowers-By-Wire

Let your Flowers-By-Wire be a part of their happy celebration. F.T.D. will carry your sentiments, to those you love... when you can't be there. Fast, worldwide delivery is *guaranteed* by your F.T.D. Florist... the shop that displays the famous MERCURY EMBLEM.

Phone or Visit
Your F.T.D. Florist

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY
Send Flowers Worldwide
INTERFLORA

Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association, Headquarters: Detroit, Michigan

Appointment with

THE EXPRESSION, tennis bums, goes back a long time and was invented—if I'm not mistaken—by a tennis player. George Lott, I think it was. Twenty-five years ago and considerably earlier than that there was discussion or controversy about the expense accounts of tennis players and track-and-field athletes, just as there is now. It used to be that a nonwealthy tennis player would stay at the summer home of a wealthy social climber and accept cash by way of the bridge table. Some of the tennis crowd were pretty good bridge players anyway, but just to make sure, there was an understanding between the tennis player and the host that if the host wanted to entertain a celebrity, he had to pay. I have never been sufficiently interested in track-and-field athletes to inquire into their payoffs, but I read the papers like anyone else, and apparently the runners and jumpers get theirs through magnified and mythical expenses for travel, just as amateur boxers got theirs by selling trophy watches.

I am not going to cry my eyes out over the maculacy of nonprofessional sport. I have no standing, and nothing I say will be considered. But I am going to suggest to my friend and neighbor Stanley Woodward that it might be possible to form a new organization to be called the Amateur Amateur Athletic Union for Amateurs. Membership in the AAAUA would be a tacit admission that you were not good enough to belong to the AAU, but liked to take exercise and didn't expect to get paid for it. For 10 or 20 years the AAAUA would be piling up such records as a seven-minute mile, 10-foot pole vault, 30-foot shot-put, 12-second 100-yard dash and 18-foot broad jump. But then, after 10 or 20 years, the expense-account boys would start wishing they were in the AAAUA, and when that happened a few might even compete in our meets, and they would be followed by others until we got as big as the Penn Relays.

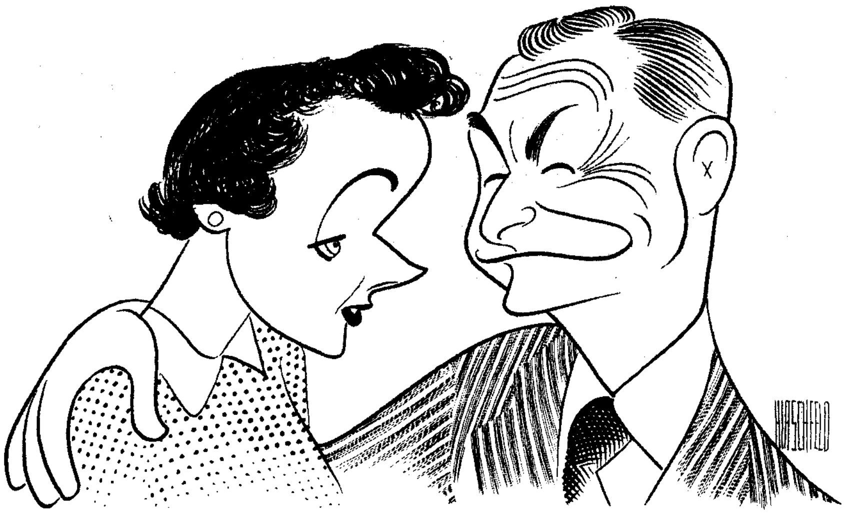
Then when *that* happened we'd just go ahead and form the Amateur Amateur Amateur Athletic Union for Amateurs. I am already at work on my plans for an Ivy Ivy Ivy League. It will consist of Harvard.

* * *

THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE of the two-car class is never better represented than when she is played by an actress who was actually born into New York Society, and I have in mind a certain actress and the certain actress is Jane Wyatt. I think that speaks well for New York Society as much as for the American two-car class.

From birth Jane Wyatt was qualified for the world that turns in the concentric circles of the Social Register, Miss Chapin's School, the Junior League, the Colonial Dames of America and all that is laudable and foolish in that world. She became an actress. Her career was not retarded by the fact that she had a pretty face and a handsome figure, although Robert Benchley once told me that she had complained to him that he wrote more about her good looks than about her acting ability. After many plays and many movies she seems to have settled into the role of Mrs. Anderson in the TV series Father Knows Best, and that could quite possibly go on forever, or at least as long as she wants to play Robert Young's wife and the mother of three children who I think are rather more typical of American children than the hop-

AL HIRSCHFELD



Jane Wyatt and Robert Young, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson of TV's Father Knows Best

Thank you, Partner

...WHEREVER YOU ARE!

You live in Bangor, Maine and also in Burbank, California... in Beloit and Baton Rouge ... and in more than 3,000 cities and towns in between.

You work for 30,000 companies... in every state... for giants of American industry and tiny three-man shops from which we buy the thousands of different kinds of things you can supply.

And, while we at Western Electric don't see you every day, we know very well how much you help with our job as the manufacturing and supply unit of the Bell System.

You provide tools and machinery and raw materials we need for our factories...to make telephones and telephone equipment.

You make desks and chairs, telephone poles and switchboard parts... other finished products and components we buy either for ourselves, the Bell telephone companies, or both. And you help us keep things moving... by air, by land, and by sea... in an unbroken stream to the telephone companies day after day, whatever the weather.

Beyond this you back us up in building the DEW line of radar stations across the Arctic Circle... in constructing Nike guided missile systems... in handling other defense projects entrusted to us by Uncle Sam.

To give you an idea of the size of your contribution: last year we at Western Electric paid out more than one billion dollars (over half our 1955 income) to the 30,000 companies you work for. And it was worth every penny because working with you was the best and most economical way of getting the job done.

In short, partner, you've made us able to do *our* job better... fulfilling the goal we have in common with other Bell System people: service to the nation in peace and war.

Western Electric

MANUFACTURING AND SUPPLY UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM

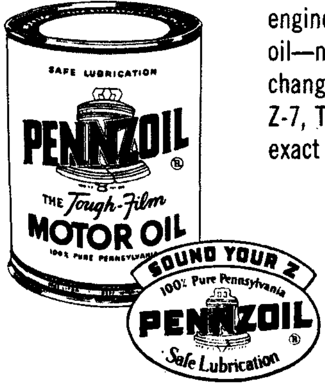
Sound your Z...make it

EASY ON OIL FOR KEEPS

because—

Pennzoil with Z-7 keeps engines clean

It's true—you'll use less oil when you use Pennzoil with Z-7! For this different Pennsylvania motor oil has an all-oil lubricating body that stays tough under even the most intense engine heat and pressures. It also prevents formation of carbon, sludge and other oil-wasting deposits. By keeping rings, valves and bearings clean and free, Pennzoil with Z-7 keeps the whole engine smooth-running, safe, and easy on oil—not for just a few miles after an oil change, but for keeps. Get Pennzoil with Z-7, The Tough-Film® oil, now, in the exact seasonal grade for your car!



IN EVERY STATE,
AT DEALERS WHO
care FOR YOUR CAR

MEMBER PENN. GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSN., PERMIT NO. 2, OIL CITY, PA.

Appointment with

O'HARA continued

heads and tyro delinquents that fascinate the TV people.

Jane Wyatt is a fine actress, and she can play the American wife-and-mother any way you like her. Some years back, before the present TV series began, she played Dick Powell's wife in one of the truest movies ever to come out of Hollywood. It was a film called Pitfall. Powell plays a minor insurance executive, married and with one small child, who has an affair with a pathetic girl he meets in line of business. I am not going to retell the plot of Pitfall, but I consider it the most underrated picture of the past 10 years, and I say 10 only because that's a convenient figure. There is not a false moment in the entire picture. I have seen it three times in theaters and probably five times more on television.

Powell shows you how a pretty decent guy, who loves his wife and his kid, can get himself into a jam that leads to tragedy that is as inevitable as the casual inevitability of the affair itself. As the wife Jane Wyatt's performance is perfect, when it could have been excusably soft.

Perhaps a little of her performance in Pitfall, a forthrightly realistic film, has carried over into Father Knows Best, which—let's face it—is pretty slick. In any case, it's my opinion that the American wife of the medium-low bracket is as lucky to have Jane Wyatt playing her as Jane Wyatt is to have her to play.

* * *

I WISH to congratulate Sigma Chi on its 101st birthday, which takes place on June 20th. I also wish to convey my greetings to Delta Kappa Epsilon, which will be 112 years old on June 22d. All but one of the founders of Sigma Chi were Dekes, who broke away from the mother of jollity over some election. I feel fairly sure that all wounds have healed, for I have merrily sung to DKE in the presence of Sigma Chis, and to that blue-eyed, golden-haired dame in the company of Dekes, and the only protests I heard were directed at my booming baritone.

It is important to mention that Sigma Chi was founded by Dekes because there may have arisen some notion that Sigma Chi was founded by Knights of Columbus. For the benefit of the uninitiated (and I am one of the uninitiated of both orders), Sigma Chi and the K. of C. have the same grip.

You never know what odds and ends you're going to get in this column.

* * *

SEVEN YEARS AGO I started going to the concerts of the Philadelphia Orchestra. More recently I have not been a regular patron, but next year I hope to get there on as many Friday afternoons as a tight schedule will permit. (I'm probably the hardest-working author in the United States.)

When I lived in New York I never fell in love with the Philharmonic as I have with the Philadelphia. I admired John Corigliano and Joseph Schuster, as who didn't? And others whose names I could not extract from the program and attach to the bearers thereof. But when I go to the Academy of Music I extend my admiration and affection to the orchestra as a unit, before—and while—I study the units of the orchestra as men and women.

Over the years I have constructed life histories for most of the musicians. That's the novelist at work while ostensibly relaxing. They would not all be pleased with my studies, but they are my secret. And when I have finished with the day's snap diagnoses I always return to a contemplation of the orchestra as an inspirited machine, from Eugene Ormandy to the Supreme Court, which is my private name for the nine basses. Oh, why not give their real names? Roger M. Scott, Carl Torello, Edward Arian, Ferdinand Maresh, F. Gilbert Enev, Vincent Lazzaro, Max Strassenberger, Wilfred Batchelder and Samuel Gorodetzer. And why not mention Jacob Krachmalnick, since I mentioned John Corigliano, and Miss Lois Putlitz, who sometimes has to scoot over from the fiddle section to play celesta? And Marilyn Costello and Marcella DeCray, harpists, and Elsa Hilger, cello. But that's enough individual mention. The real purpose of this piece is to express some of my appreciation for the pleasure the orchestra has given me.

They have an excellent tradition at the Academy. Each year the musicians who have been with the orchestra for 25 years are awarded gold watches and made members of the Loyal Order of Watchmen. I would like to think that in 18 years I will qualify by attendance. But I have my doubts. Handel's Largo, gentlemen, please.

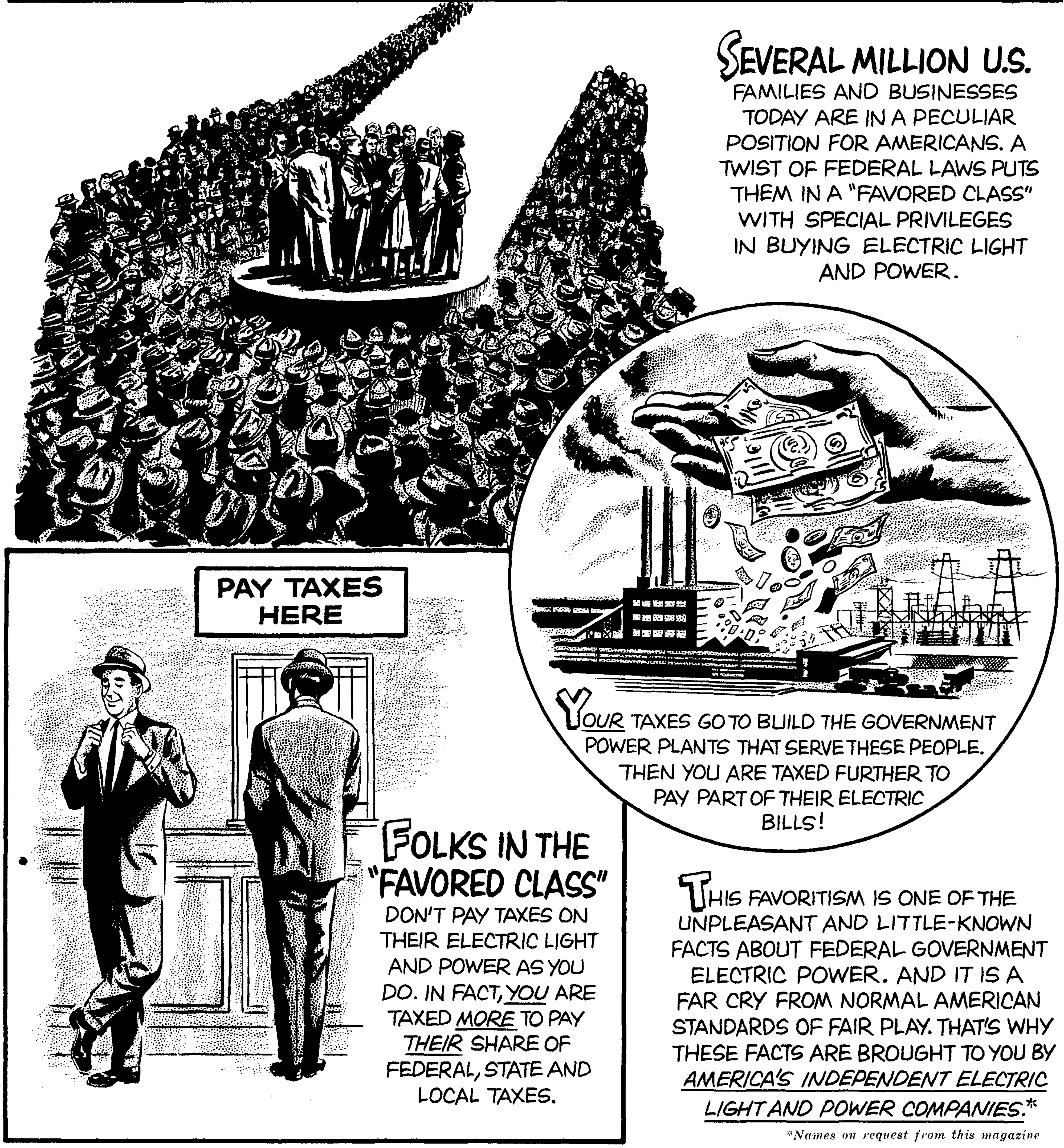
* * *

THIS IS a thank-you note. In the 22 years since my first book was published, or the 32 years that I have been operating a typewriter for pay, I never have had such universally complimentary mail as I got on A Family Party, the novelette which appeared in Collier's some weeks back. Thank you, all of you, who wrote or telephoned.

The story will appear in book form on August 16th under the Random House imprint. The title, of course, will be A Family Party. I make not the slightest apology for this plug. I am proud of the story and I want everybody to read it. Any money I might make on the book will only be in my custody until next April anyway, but they haven't yet been able to slap a tax on an author's auctorial satisfaction.

—JOHN O'HARA

HOW FEDERAL LAW CREATES A NEW "PRIVILEGED CLASS"



SEVERAL MILLION U.S. FAMILIES AND BUSINESSES TODAY ARE IN A PECULIAR POSITION FOR AMERICANS. A TWIST OF FEDERAL LAWS PUTS THEM IN A "FAVORED CLASS" WITH SPECIAL PRIVILEGES IN BUYING ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER.

YOUR TAXES GO TO BUILD THE GOVERNMENT POWER PLANTS THAT SERVE THESE PEOPLE. THEN YOU ARE TAXED FURTHER TO PAY PART OF THEIR ELECTRIC BILLS!

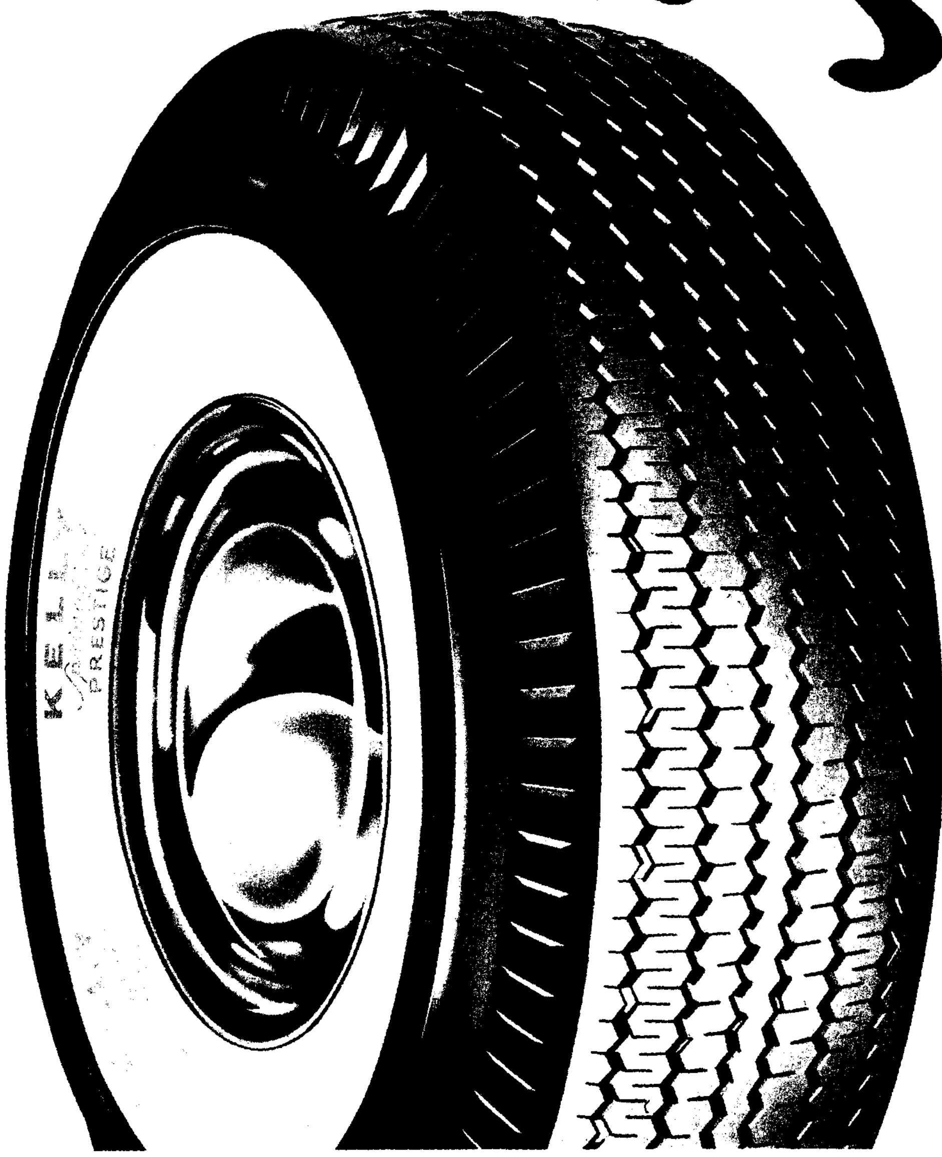
FOLKS IN THE "FAVORED CLASS" DON'T PAY TAXES ON THEIR ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER AS YOU DO. IN FACT, YOU ARE TAXED MORE TO PAY THEIR SHARE OF FEDERAL, STATE AND LOCAL TAXES.

THIS FAVORITISM IS ONE OF THE UNPLEASANT AND LITTLE-KNOWN FACTS ABOUT FEDERAL GOVERNMENT ELECTRIC POWER. AND IT IS A FAR CRY FROM NORMAL AMERICAN STANDARDS OF FAIR PLAY. THAT'S WHY THESE FACTS ARE BROUGHT TO YOU BY *AMERICA'S INDEPENDENT ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES.**

**Names on request from this magazine*

Advertisement

Switch to KELLYS for SAFETY...

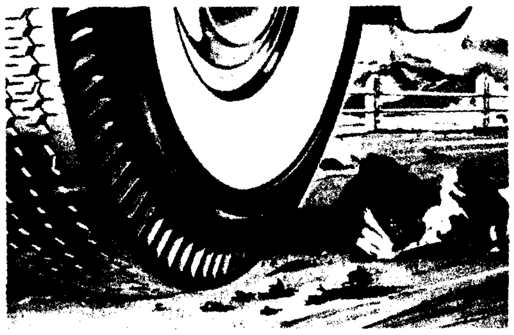


Get the KELLY Prestige TUBELESS

built for Worry-free Driving!

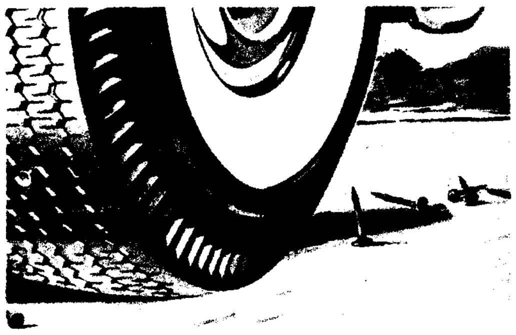
The Prestige is truly tubeless . . . a complete air-tight unit in itself! It's free of gummy sealants, heavy liners, or other "tube substitute" devices. What's more, it has a super-strength cord that's pre-stretched and heat stabilized. And it's Safety-Welded with new bonding compounds into a single unit that's air-tight . . . lighter, cooler and smoother-running . . . and incredibly strong. In addition to all this, Kelly's famous Armorubber tread on the Prestige gives you extra *thousands* of miles!

For economical, *worry-free* driving, switch to Kelly Prestige . . . the perfected tubeless tires!



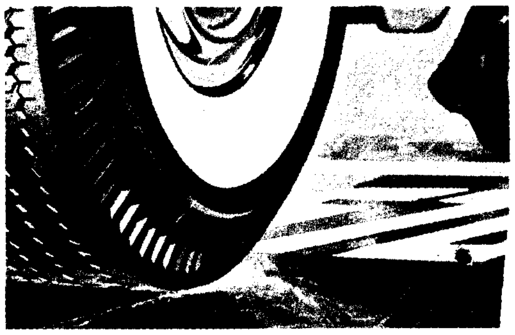
Blowout Safety!

The stronger, Safety-Welded cord body gives the Prestige almost unbelievable resistance to impact damage . . . makes it lighter, cooler-running, softer-riding.



Puncture Safety!

You can forget about dangerous roadside flats. Prestige Safety-Weld body c-l-i-n-g-s to puncturing objects, prevents air loss, keeps you rolling *safely.*



Stopping Safety!

The instant you touch the brakes, the Prestige tread is converted into thousands of sharp-angled "stopping edges" that grip the road . . . and hold fast.

Switch to KELLYS for SAVINGS!

KELLY
TIRES

Get the Tops in Trades at your Kelly Dealer's!

Are you driving on worn or out-dated tires? Why take the risk? Especially when it's so easy to "safety-tire" your car with the Kelly Prestige and get *the most advanced tire safety available anywhere!* See your Kelly Dealer as soon as you can! He'll give you full details of the three big ways in which you save when you switch to Kellys!

1. The Kelly Tubeless Prestige gives exceptional value at low price . . . costs no more than a regular tire and tube. So it's a bargain to begin with!

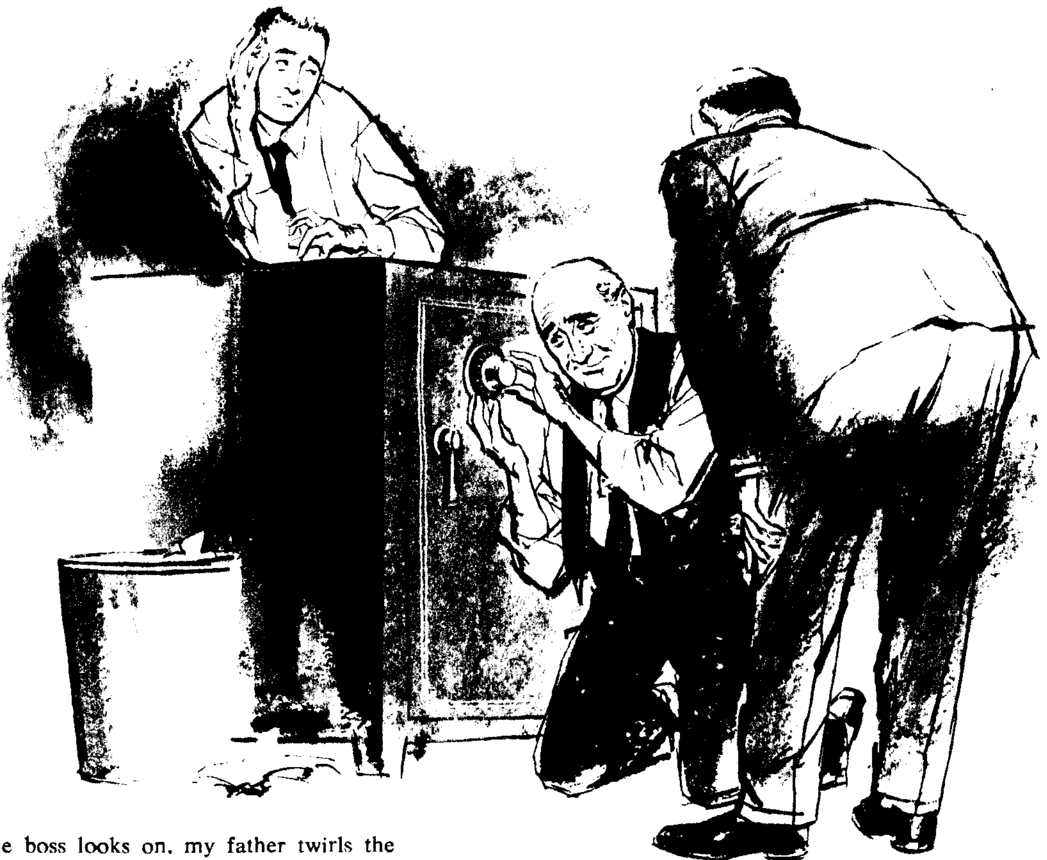
2. When you switch to Prestige Tubeless Tires your Kelly Dealer will allow you the *full* value of all the mileage left in your present tires—plus the full value of tubes you no longer need! You get the *maximum* allowance . . . and it'll go a long way toward putting tough, safe Kellys on your car!

3. What's more, your Kelly Dealer will give you expert tire service and maintenance advice . . . help you get maximum mileage while you drive worry-free!

KELLY *Springfield* TIRES

Look for the sign of Worry-free Driving!

THE KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE CO., CUMBERLAND, MD.



As the boss looks on, my father twirls the knob. He knows nothing at all about safes

BILL BAKER

FRAME OF MIND

By SAM F. CIULLA

SOMETIMES my father scares me. He can tackle something he knows nothing about, and nine times out of ten it will come out all right. It's pure luck, of course, but try convincing him.

"Frame of Mind," he says. "Just believe you can do a thing, and you'll do it."

"Anything?" I ask. "What about brain surgery?"

"Oh, now, don't be foolish," my mother says. "Something like that takes years of practice."

"Step aside," my father says to me. "You're blocking the screen. How can I see the wrestlers with you blocking the screen?"

"Never mind the screen," I answer. "Someday your luck will run out. Then see what good your Frame of Mind will do."

Believe me, I am not just being a smart aleck. It so happens that I have actually tried Frame of Mind myself.

The first time was the year I went all out to pass the civics final. I *had* to go all out, on account of I had not cracked a book all year. I really crammed, and all the time I was cramming I was concentrating on Frame of Mind. Just believe you can do a thing—sure. I made the lowest score in the history of Franklin High.

"Thirty-three per cent," I said, showing my father the report card. "There's your Frame of Mind for you."

He put it on the table without looking at it. "You have to reach a certain age of understanding," he explained. "That's the key to Frame of Mind."

"Yeah? What does a guy do in the meantime?"

"Maybe you should study. Some kids learn a lot that way."

That was my first experience with Frame of Mind. My latest one was for a promotion at the Austin Clothing Store. Jim Watson had more experience and a slightly better sales record. Me, I had Frame of Mind. Jim Watson got the job.

Did this convince my father? It did not. To convince him, something had to happen. To him, I mean. Something did happen, too, at the Austin Clothing Store. My father works there too.

What happened was that Mr. Austin paid good money for a clever Easter window display. It's all set up and we're about to draw the curtain when we discover the display lights won't work. Mr. Austin looks like he is strangling. He is probably thinking of the customers that could go right by his store in the time it will take him to get hold of an electrician.

This is when my father comes on the scene. "Is something the matter?" he says.

"Oh, hello, Louis," Mr. Austin says. He calls my father "Louis." Me, Joe Conklin—one of his best salesmen—he hardly knows. My father, a stock clerk, he calls "Louis." "These darned lights won't work."

"H'mm, I see," my father says. "Maybe I can be of service." From inside his jacket comes a screw driver.

Mr. Austin looks at him. "Can you really help us, Louis?"

"No, he cannot," I volunteer. "You think he's Thomas Edison or something?" I do not intend to say that. It just slips out.

"Young man, I was addressing your father," Mr. Austin says, giving me a cold hard look. "When I want sarcastic comments I will ask for them."

"That's right," my father—my own flesh and blood—chimes in. "Mind your manners, Joey."

He turns and steps carefully around a manikin. He spies an electric-duct opening and starts to insert the screw driver.

"Don't touch that," I yell. "You'll be electrocuted!"

My father touches it. He is not electrocuted. The display lights go on. Mr. Austin stops getting red in the face. He smiles.

That evening my father explains Conklin's Principle of Frame of Mind as applied to display lighting.

"Frame of Mind, baloney," I object. "That had nothing to do with it."

"Step aside," my father says. "You're blocking the screen."

WHAT HAPPENED NEXT was that the big safe in Mr. Austin's office got jammed shut with all our pay checks in it. This was just before a weekend. The end of the month. Gloom. Despair.

From nowhere comes my father. "Is something the matter?" he says.

Suddenly I get this strange feeling that I have already lived through this. "It's this darned safe, Louis," Mr. Austin is saying. "It won't open."

"H'mm, I see," my father says. "Maybe I can be of service."

"Can you really help us, Louis?" Mr. Austin inquires.

I start to say no, he cannot, but I stop myself. I have had enough of Mr. Austin's cold hard looks. If my father wants to be a clown, that's his business.

"Mr. Austin," my father says, "what is the combination of this safe?"

Mr. Austin whispers the combination in my father's ear. He does so without hesitating. My father has a strange power over people.

Armed with the combination, he starts twirling the knob. I say to myself: Watch that safe door spring open—the old Conklin luck. But we wait and nothing happens.

"The tumblers are jobbled," he says at last. "The internal pin is unbalanced." As you can see, he doesn't know the first thing about office safes.

"Call the manufacturer," Mr. Austin orders.

Everyone groans. The manufacturer is way out in Chicago.

"Mr. Austin, wait a minute. I'm not finished yet," my father says. Already he is concentrating on the safe again, but this time it's a real production. First, he rolls up his sleeves. Then he rubs the tips of his fingers on his shirt front, no doubt to make them more sensitive. He begins twirling the knob, very slowly. And talk about ham—he even puts his ear to the safe door, to catch the telltale click of the tumblers!

I look around the room to see who is laughing. No one is laughing—not one person. I can't believe it. I look again. Still, no one is laughing. Not only are they not laughing at my father, but they actually think he's going to open up that safe for them. I can see it in their faces. It's fantastic: grown men and women standing hypnotized, *expecting* that safe door to open. And while they stand there, the safe door opens.

THAT EVENING my father and I are watching television. That is, *he* is watching television. Me, I'm just letting different thoughts float through my mind. Finally, my father speaks. "Go ahead, say it," he remarks. "Get it over with."

"Say what?" I inquire.

"Say it was luck, my opening the safe today."

"Okay," I reply. "I'll say it: Maybe it was luck. But maybe it was something else, too." Then I tell him what I saw in the faces of those people in Mr. Austin's office. To describe it I use words like "confidence" and "trust" and "respect."

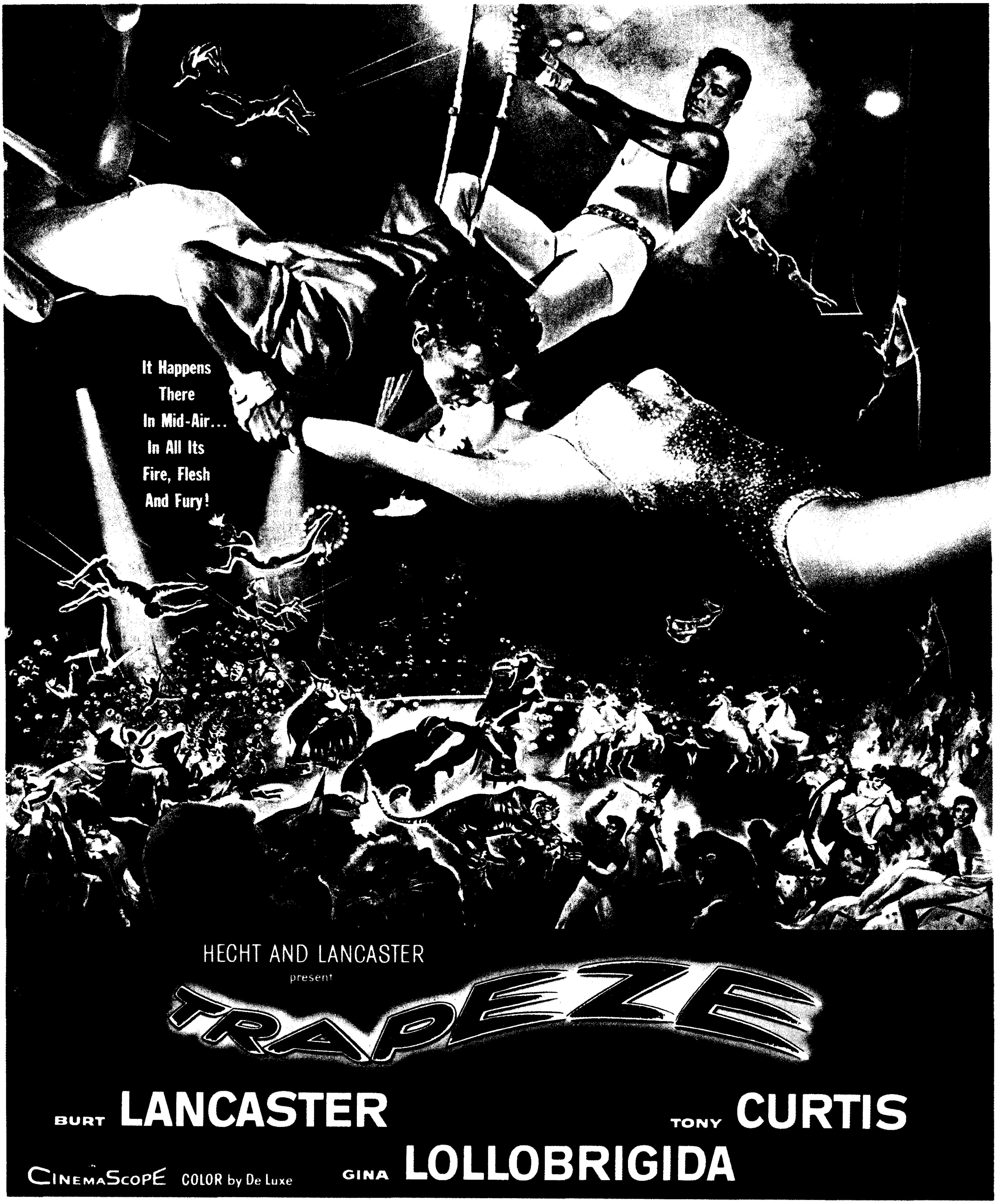
"That's the key to Frame of Mind," I conclude. "It won't help a high-school kid make up a year of loafing, and it won't get a guy promoted over someone who deserves it more. The key to Frame of Mind is you have got to use it to help others, like you do. Otherwise it will not work."

My father just stares at me. I suspect he is thinking maybe I have reached a certain age and understanding. However, this is not what he says.

"Step aside," is what he said. "You're blocking the screen. How can I see the wrestlers with you blocking the screen?" THE END

COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT

THE WONDER SHOW OF THE WORLD!


It Happens
There
In Mid-Air...
In All Its
Fire, Flesh
And Fury!

HECHT AND LANCASTER
present

TRAPEZE

BURT LANCASTER **TONY CURTIS**
GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA

CinemaScope COLOR by De Luxe

Also Starring KATY JURADO · THOMAS GOMEZ With JOHN PULEO · MINOR WATSON · Directed by CAROL REED · Produced by JAMES HILL
Screen play by JAMES R. WEBB · Adaptation by LIAM O'BRIEN · A SUSAN PRODUCTIONS INC. Picture · Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

RICHardson
ROOT BEER
Rich in flavor

Feel fresh again fast!

(RICHardson's cool, rich, zippy flavor does it)

Now--enjoy 'em at home

Your favorite soda fountain milk shakes, sundaes, sodas in five take-home flavors!

Chocolate • Butterscotch • Strawberry • Pineapple • Walnut

RICHardson Corporation
Rochester 3, N. Y.

RICHardson
STRAWBERRY TOPPING
RICHIE

LETTERS

Lonely Crowding

EDITOR: You *Can* Go Home Again, by Eric Sevareid (May 11th), was superb. I took my beatings as a North Dakota farm boy, with all our chips stacked against the clouds, rain, wind or hail, grasshoppers, rust, blizzards, prices. There were feed loans and seed loans, but no parity or soil bank in the Western sky—only the hereafter, which could be even worse than the farm. I thought then that all town boys were pompadoured delinquents promenading amidst the sinkholes of hell. I never realized that any town boy was ever lonely or afraid.

T. W. RYAN, Bismarck, N. Dak.

President's Health

EDITOR: Editors have openly wondered why they have so little influence with the public. Your editorial on The President's Health (Apr. 13th) furnishes one of the answers. Quoting Dr. White, you stated: "Fully aware of the hazards and uncertainties . . . we believe that medically . . . the President should be able to carry on an active life [in the Presidency] satisfactorily for another five to ten years." Millions heard Dr. White's broadcast. He did not refer to the Presidency. Your use of the brackets to include [in the Presidency] is a glaring instance of frank intellectual dishonesty. It proves that the Republicans will lie as hard as the Democrats did about Roosevelt's health the last time he was elected.

Your statement "Ike is not ill" is just as misleading. The condition from which he suffers is both progressive and incurable, as any sophomore medical student will tell you. The extreme tortuosity of his temporal blood vessels was apparent in pictures even before he ran for office.

RICHARD HAMILTON SHERWOOD, M.D., Niagara Falls, N.Y.

Prison without Bars

EDITOR: I have read Bruno Shaw's article entitled Prison without Bars (May 11th) and found it to be interesting. . . .

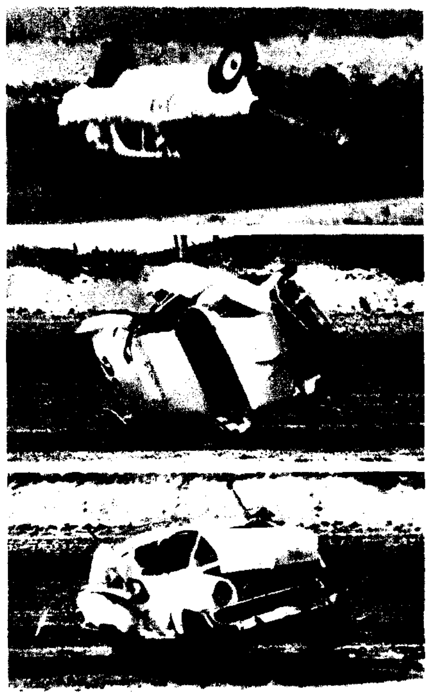
FORTUNATO DE LEON, Exec. Sec. to the President of the Philippines

Races with Death

EDITOR: Did you notice that every one of the major auto racing drivers whom Cornelius Ryan talked to while preparing his article on Bill Vukovich (What Made Vuky Race?, May 25th) has been killed? The last, Walt Faulkner, must have been killed while Ryan was already writing his article. . . .

SAM LONG, Indianapolis, Ind.

Faulkner was killed in a stock car race on April 22d in Vallejo, California, as Ryan's article was about to go to press. His automobile overturned during time trials, and he was crushed beneath it as shown in the pictures of his fatal accident which appear below.



WIDE WORLD

Cold War

EDITOR: Re the Coast Guardsmen's letter taunting the Texas Tower crews (Letters, Apr. 13th), we here on St. Lawrence Island in the romantic Bering Sea cannot help but feel compassion for those victims of the Hooligan Navy on mainland Alaska duty at Ketchikan. We are privileged to spend a year on this island paradise, which will be completely free of ice by mid-July. But we're doing it for the government, so nobody here feels very sorry for themselves—particularly in print. . . .

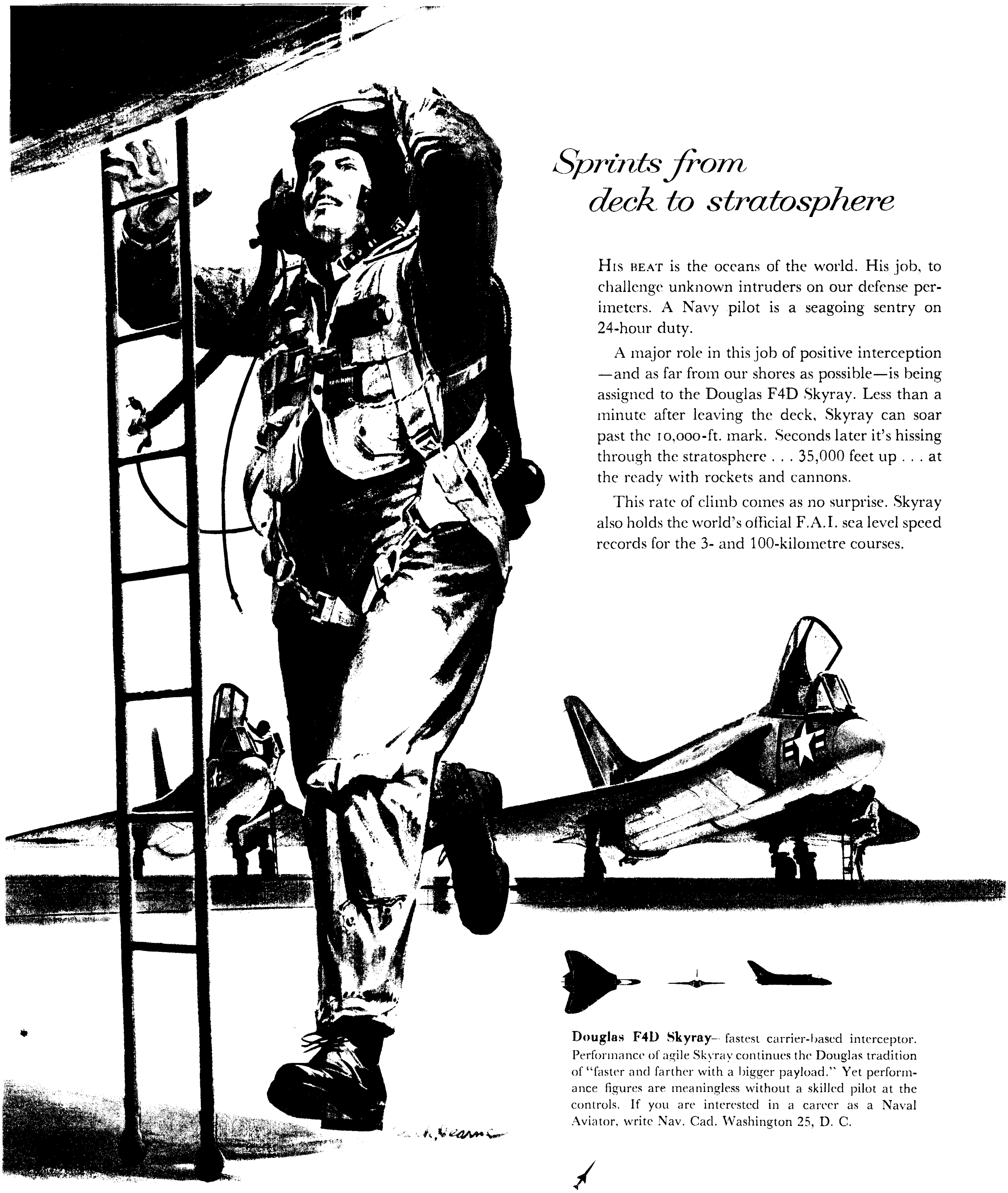
FLY BOYS of the 712th Aircraft Control and Warning Squadron

"Belly It In!"

EDITOR: I just wanted to tell you what a fine job Joseph Stocker did writing the story of my accident ("Belly It In!" Apr. 27th). I thought his description excellent and accurate. I also liked the two-page painting by Robert McCall showing the belly landing.

RICHARD T. DURKEE, Capt. USAF, Parks AFB

. . . The article illustrated an F-84 Thunderjet skidding along the runway with its tip tanks still secure. I have



Sprints from deck to stratosphere

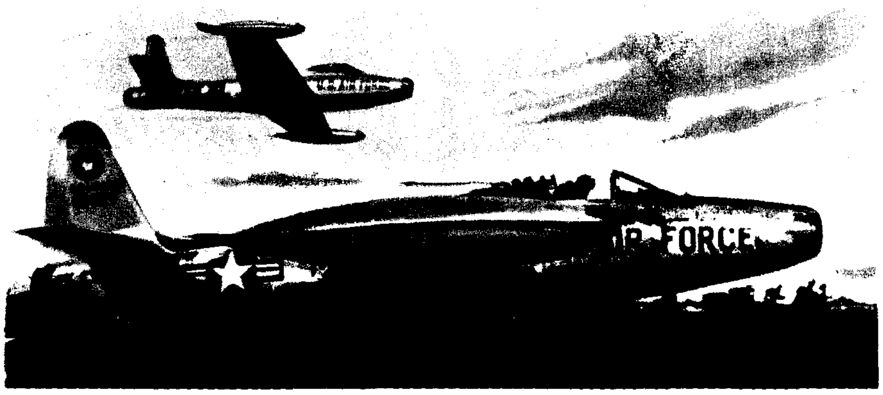
His beat is the oceans of the world. His job, to challenge unknown intruders on our defense perimeters. A Navy pilot is a seagoing sentry on 24-hour duty.

A major role in this job of positive interception—and as far from our shores as possible—is being assigned to the Douglas F4D Skyray. Less than a minute after leaving the deck, Skyray can soar past the 10,000-ft. mark. Seconds later it's hissing through the stratosphere . . . 35,000 feet up . . . at the ready with rockets and cannons.

This rate of climb comes as no surprise. Skyray also holds the world's official F.A.I. sea level speed records for the 3- and 100-kilometre courses.

Douglas F4D Skyray—fastest carrier-based interceptor. Performance of agile Skyray continues the Douglas tradition of "faster and farther with a bigger payload." Yet performance figures are meaningless without a skilled pilot at the controls. If you are interested in a career as a Naval Aviator, write Nav. Cad. Washington 25, D. C.

Depend on DOUGLAS First in Aviation



witnessed numerous crash landings involving jet aircraft, but in all cases the tip tanks were jettisoned as a safety precaution. . . . JUD THURSTON, JR., East Lansing, Mich.

. . . Never have I been so profoundly affected by an article or story as by "Belly It In!" After my hands stopped shaking and my heart stopped pounding, I looked for a word about Joseph Stocker. ALICE H. FLY, Orange, N.J.

Mr. Stocker is a former newspaperman with the Denver Post and the Arizona Times. He is now a free-lance magazine writer and has had a book, Arizona, Guide to Easier Living, published. He lives, married, with one child, in Phoenix, Arizona.

. . . The incident reminded me of a similar happening during the war when Commander Crommelin landed his F6F on the USS Yorktown after he had taken a direct antiaircraft hit. I was a pharmacist mate 1/c, and I attended him when he was brought into sick bay. His eyesight had been badly affected by particles of glass and shell and blood streaming into them. He had the added difficulty of finding his carrier on the ocean surface, and I believe that other fighter pilots also assisted him. . . .
CHARLES A. TURNER, Lowville, N.Y.

Lomokome

EDITOR: Readers of Herman Wouk's The "Lomokome" Papers who were perplexed as to whether they were reading fact or fiction (Letters, March 30th, April 13th and 27th) might be interested to learn that the word *lomokome* is an actual Hebrew word meaning "no place."
RABBI NATHAN JACOBSON, Canton, Ohio

Religion and Politics

EDITOR: I must protest the caption on the picture of Frank Lausche with the article Kefauver Rides Again (May 11th). It says Mr. Lausche is a Catholic, but the religious beliefs of the other men pictured are not mentioned. I am a Catholic. I do not intend to vote for Mr. Lausche as I do not agree with his political views even though I am a Democrat. I do not know the religion of the man I intend to vote for, nor do I think it is a vital factor. . . .
MRS. MARY PATTERSON, Toledo, Ohio

. . . Don't you know Lausche has the Catholics against him because of his attitude toward his religion? . . .
C. A. T. EBERHART, San Francisco, Cal.

Uranium Error

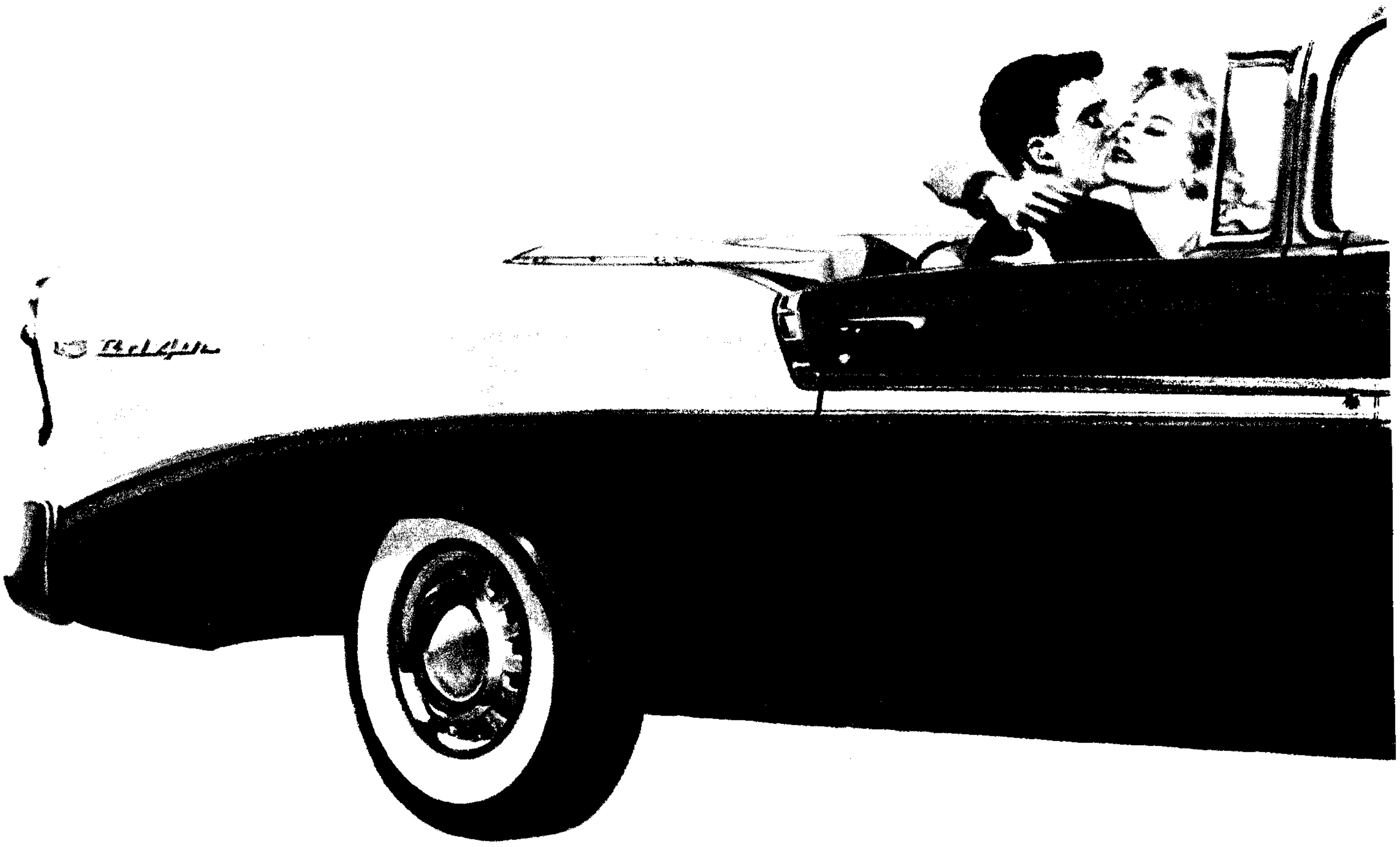
EDITOR: The general excellence of your article The Red Atom (Apr. 27th) is slightly marred by a serious error. It says, "When natural uranium is used as a fuel in a reactor, pieces of the uranium ore must be distributed in a moderator." This should read uranium "metal" or "element." Not only must it be "metal" that is used but metal of extreme purity, whereas uranium ore is a complex containing perhaps half of the 90-odd elements in the periodic table. . . . DALTON M. GOETSCHIUS, Bergenfield, N.J.

American Tradition

EDITOR: As a long-time admirer of Henry Steele Commager, I believe his introduction to your series The American Tradition (Apr. 27th) must have been rewritten without his knowledge. Obviously it refers to the United States of America, yet it speaks throughout of "America." America includes two continents and a score of countries. "It has meant a chance . . . to show that a vast continent with the greatest diversity of interest and mixtures of peoples could nevertheless hold together as a single nation," says the introduction, apparently narrowing its scope to North America. Since when are Canada and the United States a single nation? These are the most inaccurate and boastful of several inaccurate and boastful statements in the introduction, repeated in some degree in your editorial. . . . PAUL A. GARDNER, Ottawa, Ontario

. . . Commager says "America is today the oldest democracy." Has he over-

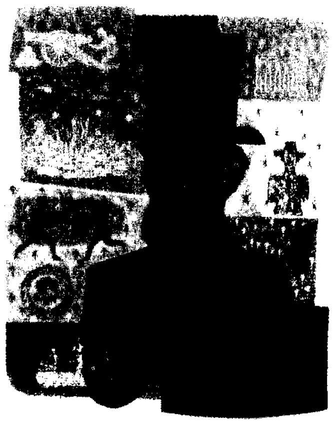
youth, beauty, Chevrolet, action!



The Bel Air Convertible with Body by Fisher—one of 20 frisky new Chevrolets

looked what happened on August 1, 1492, in Switzerland? . . .
ALFRED J. LIEBMANN, New York, N.Y.

. . . Though I have liked and read your magazine for many years, I shall never buy or read another copy of it. I am disgusted with the caricature of President Lincoln in your April 27th issue with the article The American Tradition. MRS. WINFIELD SCOTT CLIME, Old Lyme, Conn.



Southern Moderate

EDITOR: As one who aspires to the tag of Southern moderate, I predict your editorial Segregation Is Not Confined to the South (May 11th) will come as a relief to those of us here who have viewed with dismay the growing rantings of the extremists of both sides. Perhaps the percentage of Northern and Southern zealots is not comparable to the noise they make; perhaps the moderates of all sections are closer together in principle than is generally believed, with their chief difference lying only in the direction that their retreat would take if forced to fall back under mounting pressure of those who offer "indignant carping and angry recriminations" as the answer. We are attacking a problem that has caused most of the past troubles of mankind, and any advance, no matter how small, should be noticed. The erasure of prejudice represents such an immense stride forward for humanity that we should be content to go slowly so long as we are going surely. With the pressure of our national conscience exerting itself gently but firmly, we should make the maximum possible advance without ignoring the necessity of concomitant growth of personal tolerance.
LEON WILSON, Hearne, Tex.

. . . Thanks for expressing the opinions and hopes of the unheard majority of people here in the South, both white and Negro. Our problem can and will be solved. . . .
MARY ANN BERRY, Birmingham, Ala.

Now showing—the happiest "double feature" of the year! One part is bold, new Motoramic styling. The other is record-breaking V8 action.

Hollywood has a heap of words that describe it: colossal, stupendous, magnificent. We'll settle for just the name—Chevrolet.

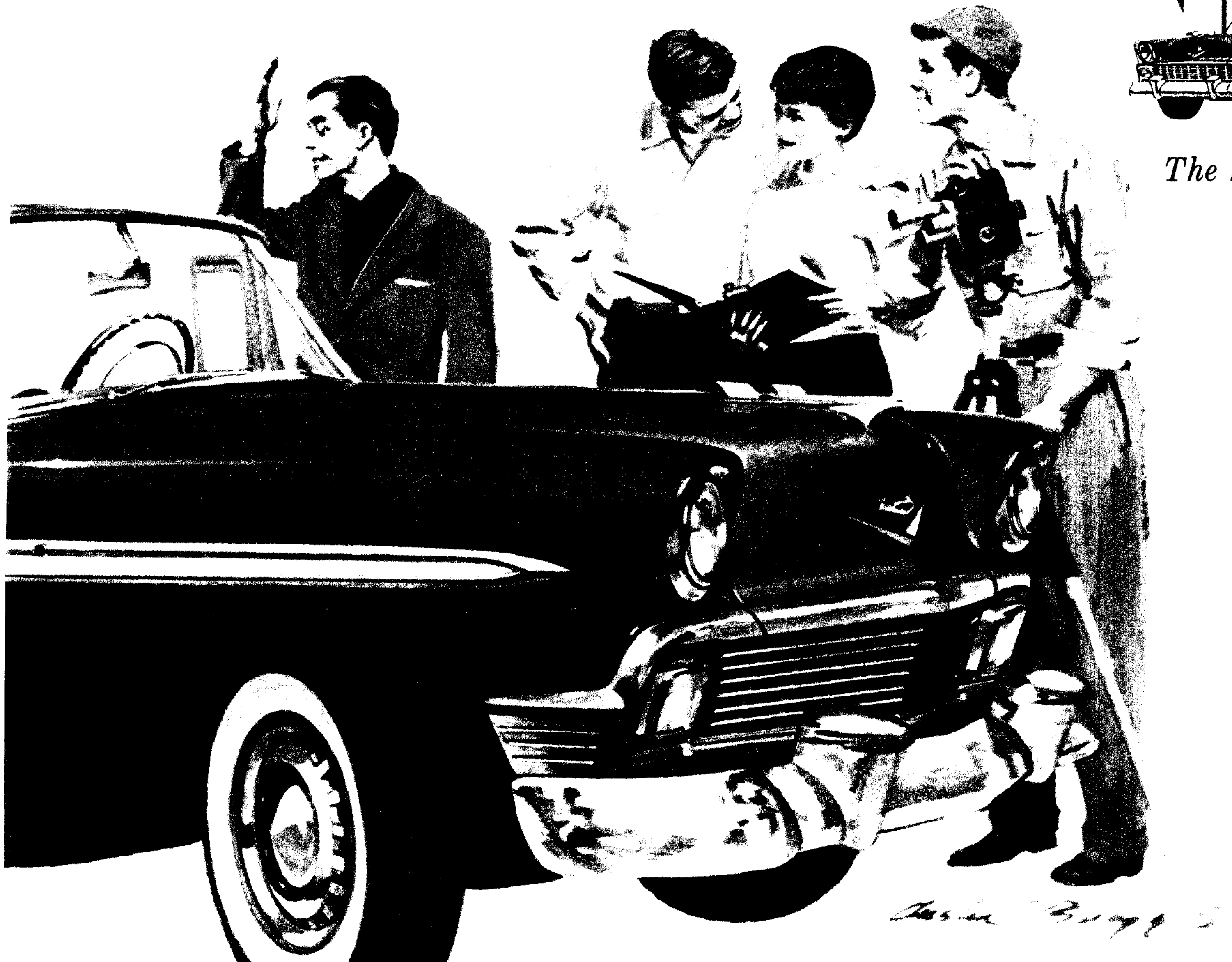
Because once you've driven this sweet-handling showboat, the adjectives will take care of themselves. Once you've sampled Chevy's hair-trigger reflexes and nailed-down stability, you'll see why it's one of the few great road cars built today!

Horsepower that ranges up to 225 makes hills flatter and saves precious seconds for safer passing. And the way this Chevrolet wheels around tight turns would gladden the heart of a dyed-in-the-wool sports car fan.

See your Chevrolet dealer sometime soon and highway-test this new Chevrolet. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

CHEVROLET
America's Favorite —by a Margin of 2 Million Cars!

The hot one's even hotter!



Nothing so good...
CARLING
Black Label
for good company!

Here's a happy thought for your next picnic. Take along an ample supply of Carling Black Label Beer. Everybody likes its tangy, dry goodness. And you'll like its economy, too, for top quality Black Label sells at the popular price. That's why Black Label sales are now four times what they were four years ago. And every day *more* people say...

Hey, Mabel-
Black Label!

THE BEST BREWS IN THE WORLD COME FROM CARLING

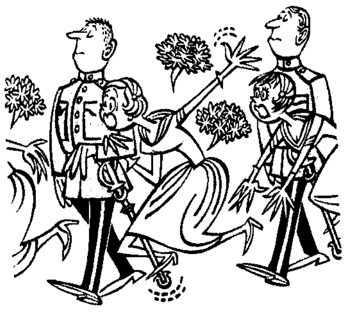
CARLING BREWING CO., CLEVELAND, O.—ST. LOUIS, MO.—BELLEVILLE, ILL.—NATICK, MASS.

states of mind

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Looking through our desk calendar we're somewhat relieved to find that we are not scheduled to be an usher at a military wedding this year. Nevertheless, we've received a few practical suggestions about how to comport ourself had we been so honored. Can't go into all of them at this time, but there's one that Mrs. Julie Matzkin, of Buffalo, New York, regards as important, to wit: Because their swords are worn on the left side, military ushers should offer their right arms to the bridesmaids. "It adds nothing to the dignity and solemnity of the ceremony," says Mrs. Matzkin, "to have bridesmaids stumbling over your sword all up and down the aisle."


IRWIN CAPLAN

★ ★ ★

Whenever we have trouble with our livestock problems we consult Mr. Jack Sampier, editor of the National Live Stock Producer. The man knows his meat. For example, he has just written us to say that by the time the average American consumer reaches the age of sixty-eight, he will have eaten 33 hogs, 10 lambs, eight steers and four veal calves. We are now looking for a television quiz-cash show that is willing to give us $100,000 for this information.

★ ★ ★

There's some talk in Oklahoma of asking the legislature to do something about the danger of kids picking up a Yankee accent from TV. One suggested remedy: subtitles and captions translating the announcer's words into pure Oklahomish, such as: "Git thet la-a-a-age economy size, podnuh."

★ ★ ★

Old 48 does not approve of such carryings-on, but Mrs. Margaret Lucas thinks it would do no harm if you knew that a lady in Springfield, Missouri, was spanking her small son for barging into a neighbor's yard and playing with this neighbor's dog. While Mom was thus occupied, this dog ambled to the rescue and bit her on the left flank. Like in the East-West cold war.

★ ★ ★

An old friend of ours now living in Málaga, Spain, Mr. Dan McGrath, reminds us of the day his daughter came home from school in justifiably high spirits. "Guess what," she proudly cried. "I got the highest mark of all of us kids who failed in arithmetic." Since that frabjous day, little Cynthia has grown up and now has smart little ones of her own.

★ ★ ★

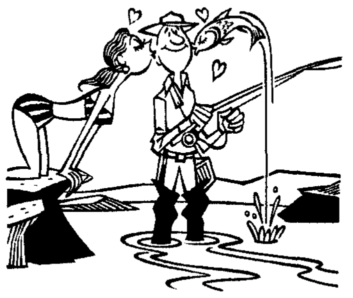
Why all this campaign yatter about taxes, Communism, foreign policy and hog prices? Don't congressmen know there's a grand-slam issue right in the House restaurant on Washington's Capitol Hill? From the Honorable Usher L. Burdick, Representative from North Dakota, we learn that if a member of the House wants a humble slice of bread and butter in that chow den, he must pay extra for it. How a congressman manages to get along on a salary of $22,500 without bread and butter thrown in was a mystery until Mr. Burdick undertook a one-man investigation. Restaurant manager told him that some members used to come in, order a cup of coffee and wolf down all the bread in sight. But nothing else. So no more free bread. And yet many of the members want to be returned to Washington to rough it for another two years. That's patriotism.

★ ★ ★

This young lady in Lancaster, Wisconsin, was celebrating her twenty-first birthday. In the Grant County Independent, Mr. A. E. Clapp reports that the event deeply impressed the young lady's ten-year-old sister. "Does this mean," asked the young sister, "that she isn't delinquent any more?"

★ ★ ★

Another dab of information that might conceivably come in handy should you decide to buy a ranch with running water in Hollywood, California: We hear there's an outfit in Los Angeles that will perfume your brook or whatever other form the running water may take. One treatment will last through a whole seven-day house party. Doesn't hurt the fish, although it has been known to make them act rather silly.



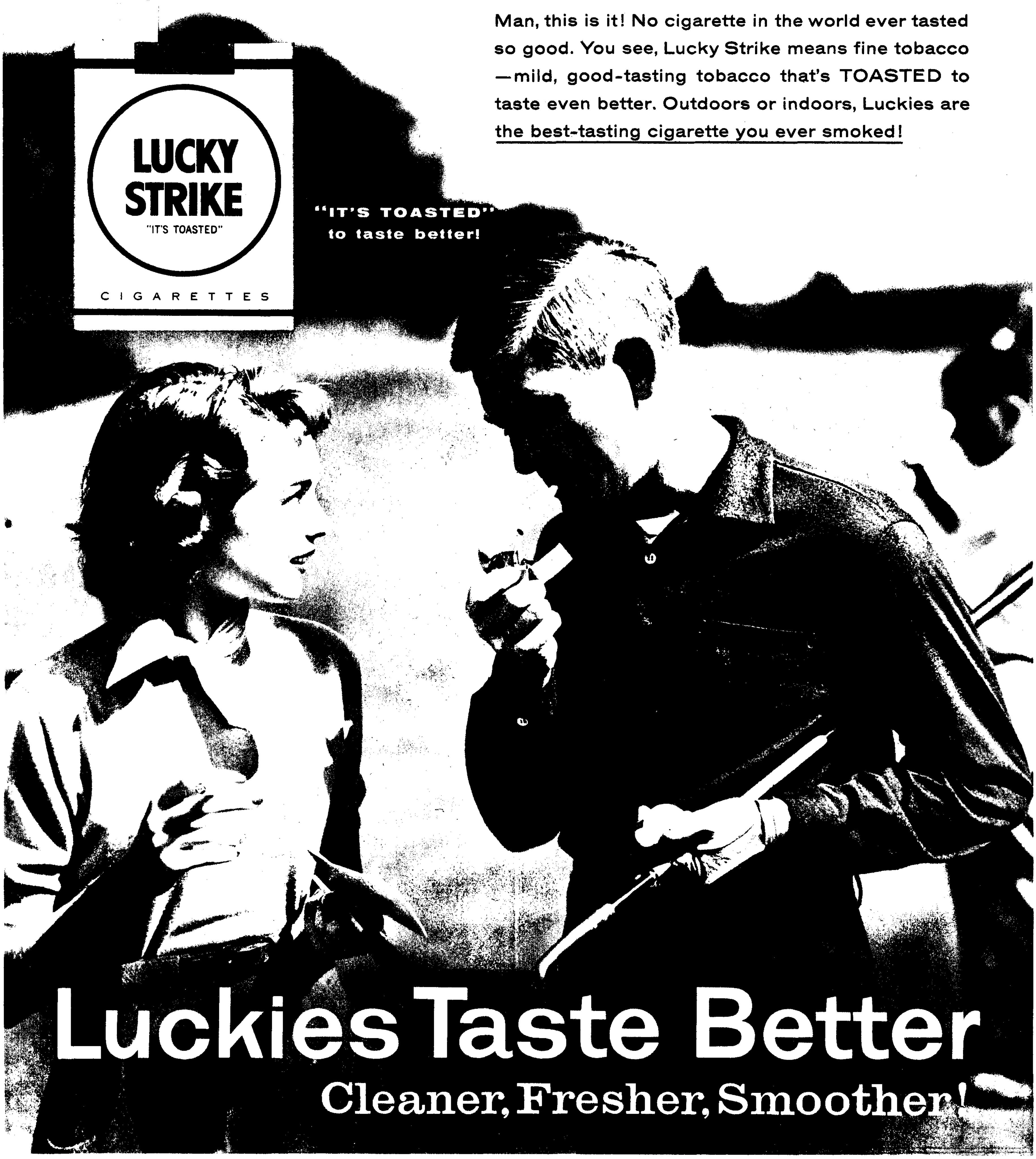
★ ★ ★

We have a letter from a gentleman named Peter Hazel. Mr. Hazel writes from Lebanon, Pennsylvania. Says he: "Are you the man who, as a boy, stole a chocolate cake and the ice cream from a party to which you weren't invited?" We don't remember Mr. Hazel, but the answer is yes.

You'd like to stretch this day out forever. Not a cloud in the sky. No one ahead of you. Nobody pressing you...

Light up a Lucky–it's light-up time!

Man, this is it! No cigarette in the world ever tasted so good. You see, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco —mild, good-tasting tobacco that's TOASTED to taste even better. Outdoors or indoors, Luckies are the best-tasting cigarette you ever smoked!


LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
"IT'S TOASTED" to taste better!
Luckies Taste Better
Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

©A. T. Co. PRODUCT OF *The American Tobacco Company* AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF CIGARETTES

IT'S HERE! WONDERFUL NEW INSTANT CREAMER

For those who love fresh cream and modern convenience

NEW
INSTANT
PREAM
100% DAIRY PRODUCT
FOR
COFFEE

IF YOU LIKE IT "WITH"... YOU'LL LOVE IT WITH PREAM!

PREAM® is made entirely from fresh sweet cream and other milk products. It's powdered for your convenience... always handy and so economical. It stays fresh tasting!

"Creams" your coffee or tea instantly and deliciously! Meadow-fresh in taste—doesn't spill or spoil in daily use. **Economical**—costs ⅓ less per serving than coffee cream.

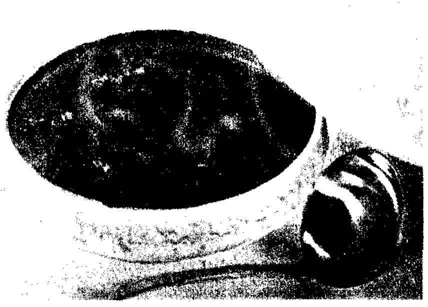
And Pream is great for cooking—gives creamy richness to quick dishes like canned soups. For more free recipes, write Sally Ross, Pream Test Kitchen, Box 447, Columbus 16, Ohio.

NEW RECIPE

Delicious Tomato Soup

How to make a "party-rich" dish from a favorite canned soup!

Combine canned tomato soup and water as directed on label. Add 3 tablespoons Pream to 10½- or 11-ounce can, stirring to blend. Heat and serve.



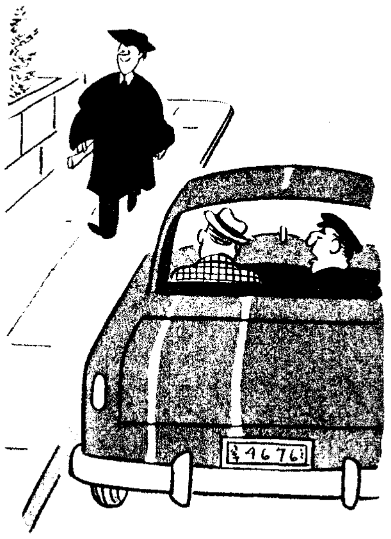
©1956, H. C. MOORES COMPANY, COLUMBUS 16, OHIO

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

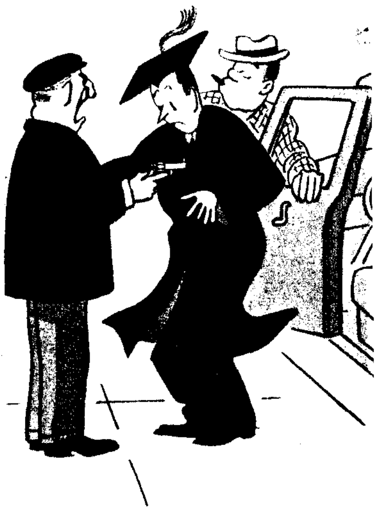
PREAM

COLD, COLD WORLD

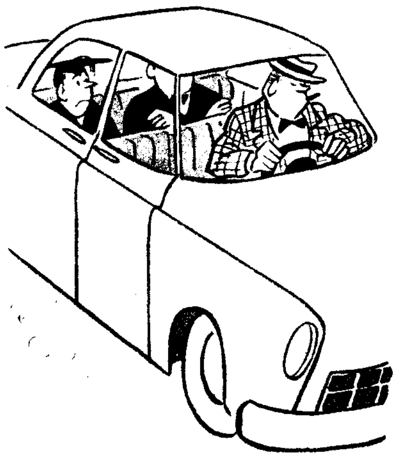
By TED KEY

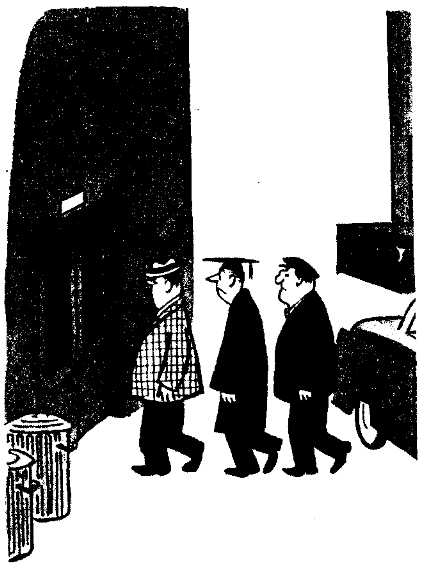


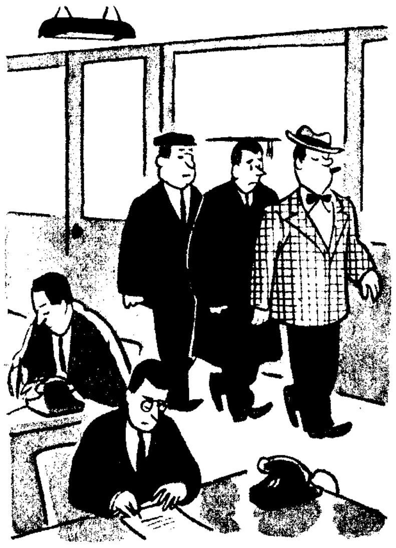
"Here he comes"

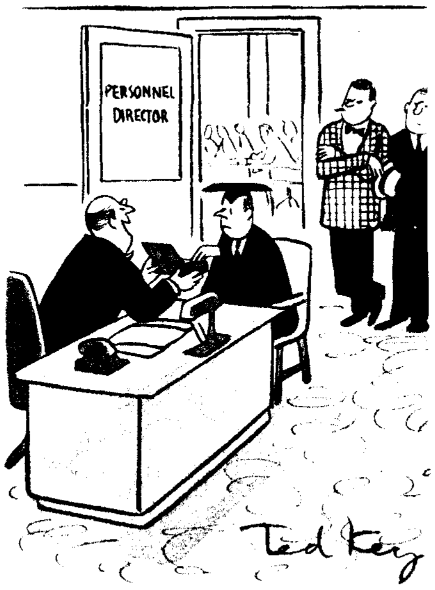


"Into the car"

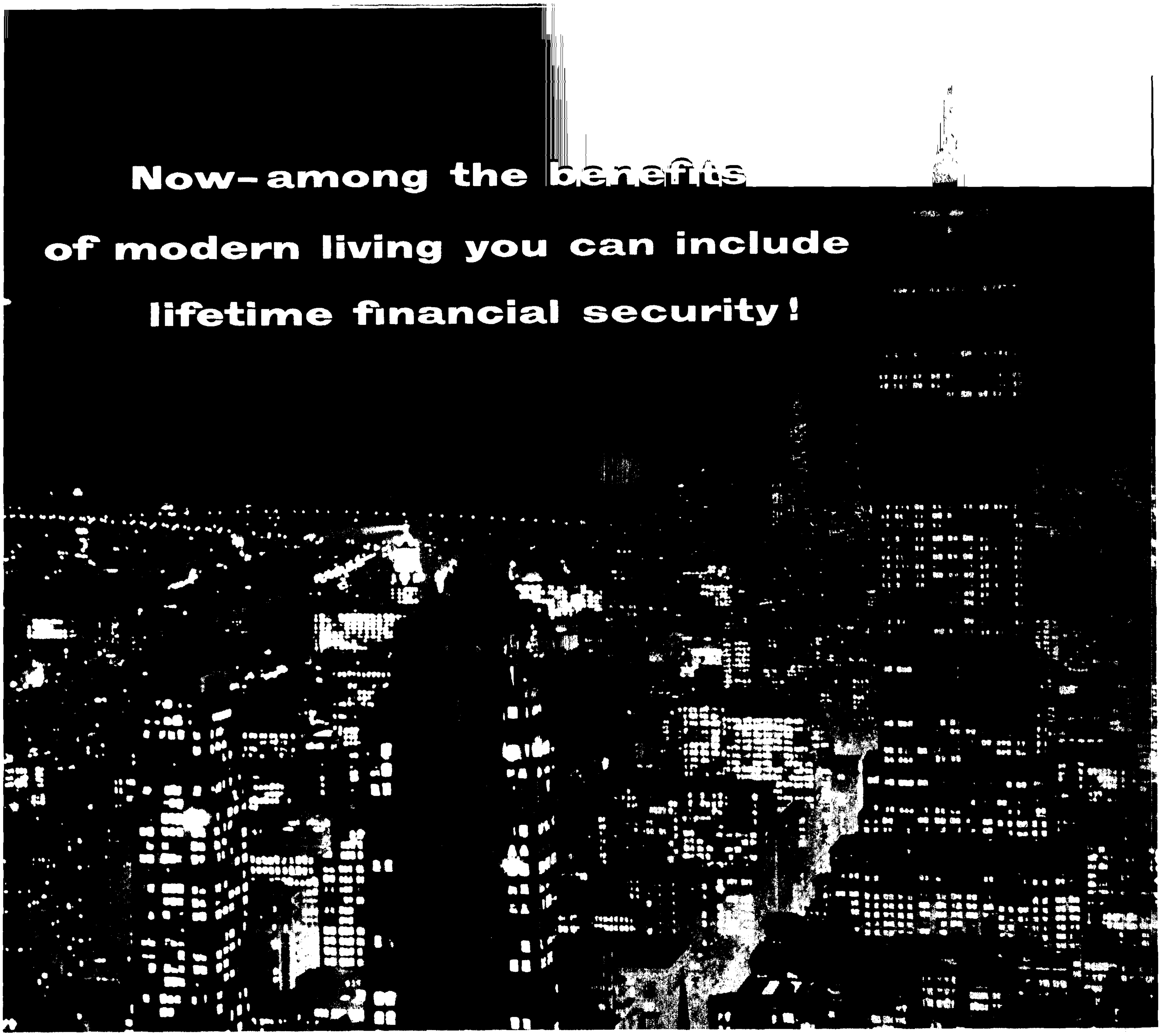








". . . trust you'll accept our apologies fc their behavior. Now then, we are prepare to offer you, as a graduate engineer . .



Now-among the benefits of modern living you can include lifetime financial security!

New York Life's WHOLE LIFE insurance offers your family protection of at least $10,000 today—can pay you a monthly income at retirement—all at budget cost!

Today, many young family men are finding it increasingly difficult to give their families all the important advantages progress has made possible—and at the same time build a vital backlog of financial security.

New York Life's Whole Life policy was designed to meet this problem. Its minimum face amount of $10,000 permits economies which are passed on to you in lower premium rates. These low rates can help make it possible for you to take out even more insurance protection and still have enough left in your budget to enjoy other good things of modern living. Yet, from the start, your family is substantially protected in case you should die unexpectedly.

Cash values build fast. At the beginning of the third year a growing fund is available for emergencies. At retirement, these substantial cash values can pay you a monthly income *for the rest of your life.*

Can you think of any simpler, surer way to provide for tomorrow while you're getting the most out of life today?

$10,000 MINIMUM FACE AMOUNT could serve as a solid foundation for family protection. Issued to age 70, Whole Life is usually available at higher rates to those who cannot qualify for insurance at standard rates due to health or occupation.

ANNUAL PREMIUM per $1,000 for standard Whole Life insurance is only $17.59 issued at age 25; $23.59 at 35; $33.64 at 45. Policies with waiver of premium and double indemnity benefits are available at most ages at slightly higher premium rates. Dividends can be used to reduce premium payments.

CASH AND LOAN VALUES accumulate rapidly—equal to the full reserve at the end of the seventh year; i.e.: Seventh year cash value per $1,000 taken out at age 25 is $92; at 35, $123; at 45, $164.

See your New York Life agent about Whole Life—or mail the coupon below today!

The New York Life Agent in Your Community is a Good Man to Know

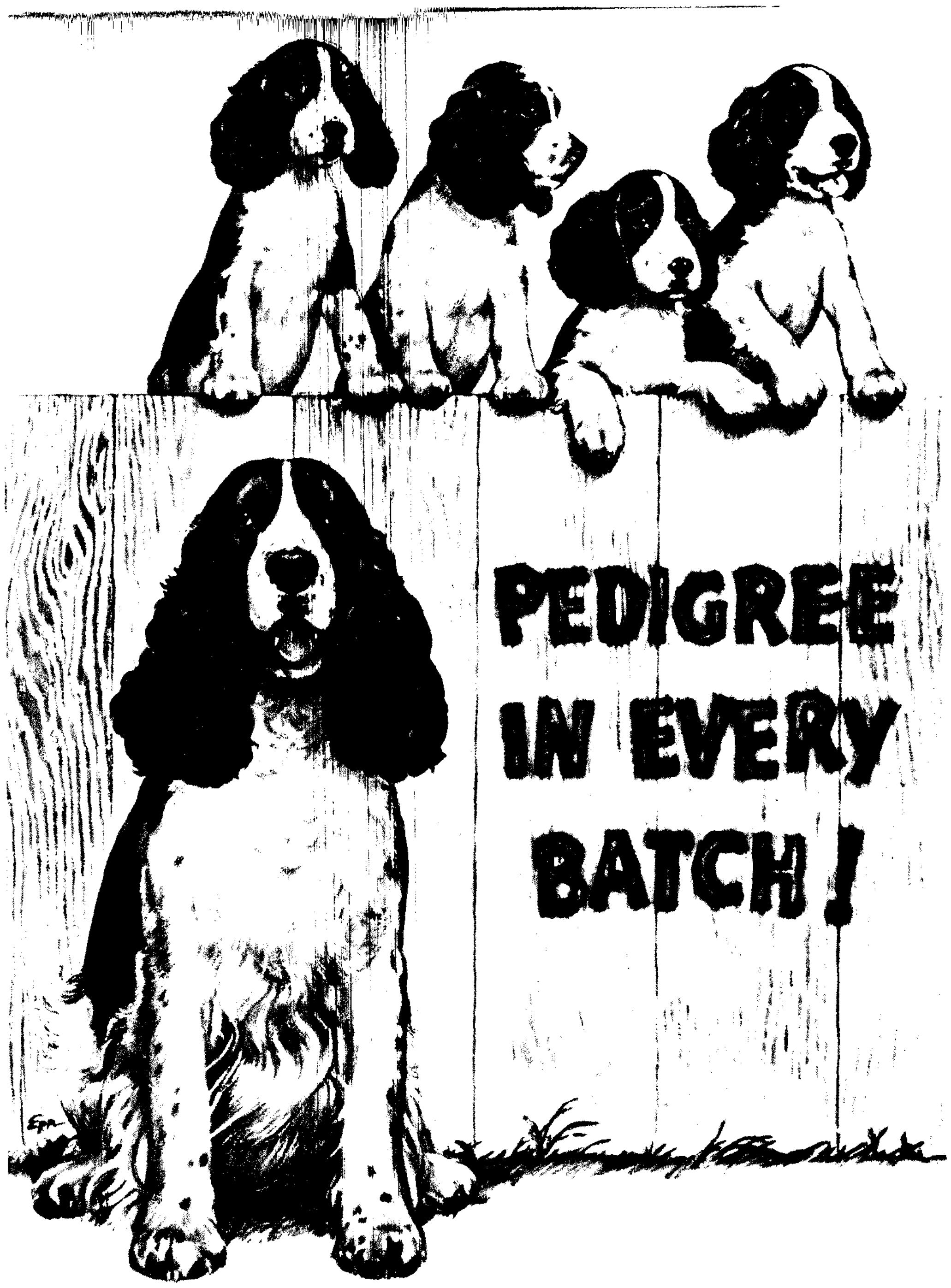
NEW YORK LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY
Dept. CR-18, 51 Madison Avenue
New York 10, New York
(In Canada: 320 Bay Street, Toronto, Ontario)

Please furnish me, without any obligation, your booklet "Measuring Your Family Security."

NAME________________________AGE________

ADDRESS________________________________

CITY__________________ZONE______STATE________


PEDIGREE IN EVERY BATCH!

Never a whiskey so *friendly* to your taste as the round full flavor of OLD CABIN STILL ... none so *faithful* as its dependable uniformity, bottle after bottle! That's because a century-old pedigree is inherited in every day's run—through our exclusive sour mash recipe which relates each new bourbon generation to the last. You'll find OLD CABIN STILL obedient to your call for a truly fine bourbon. Try a bottle and see.

91 PROOF

STITZEL-WELLER'S

CABIN STILL

The Sportsman's Choice!

Every drop distilled and bottled by

Stitzel-Weller Distillery, Estab. Louisville, Ky., 1849
Distillers of OLD FITZGERALD 100 Proof
Kentucky Straight Bourbon

Stitzel Weller 1849
KENTUCKY BOURBON
OLD CABIN STILL
KENTUCKY SOUR MASH BOURBON WHISKEY
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY
Stitzel-Weller Distillery
JEFFERSON COUNTY, KENTUCKY

COLLIER'S CREDITS

OUR ASSOCIATE EDITOR Howard Cohn followed Cary Middlecoff around the golf course while that big-money-winning golfer demonstrated and chatted about the problems of a weekend golfer (page 32). At one point he stopped, tossed a ball into a stand of grass off the fairway and said, "Now, for instance, how would you handle a situation like this?"

"I took his number three iron," Cohn now tells us, "and stood over the ball."

Middlecoff, watching quietly nearby, said, "Good stance. You hold the club well." Then Cohn swung, and the ball hopped about nine feet into some more tall grass.

Middlecoff came forward beaming, "Wonderful shot, Howie! It demonstrates perfectly almost everything *not* to do when hitting the ball out of the rough!"

Howard Cohn can always be depended on to deliver.

★ ★ ★

HARRY HENDERSON, who wrote Why Close Schools in Summer?, polled his three sons on the subject.

The results:

Al, a boogiewoogie-playing high-school senior: "It's no good. Summer is the only chance most kids have to work."

Harry III, football-minded freshman: "It's a good idea. To tell the truth, summer's a bore; there's nothing to do but swim and watch the Brooklyn Dodgers win."

Joe, first-grader, wrinkled his nose in disbelief and disgust when the idea was explained to him. "What! More school!" he exclaimed. "I won't do it. I'm going underwater-swimming."

★ ★ ★

SPEAKING OF SCHOOLS you've seen Ted Key's timely commentary on the previous page. The cartoonist says it really was a cold, cold world when he was graduated from the University of California at Berkeley in 1933.

"No mountains came to Mohammed in those days. I remember spending most of my time on the San Francisco docks trying to latch on to a ship to the Orient. I was sidetracked by an appendectomy during which, under local anesthetic, I had the bright idea of sketching my own operation.

"My motive was simple: man drawing his operation; publicity; job. I phoned Oakland and San Francisco newspapers. Reporters and photographers flocked into my hospital room. I made national news.

"And as a result of all this, I got a job. With my father."

★ ★ ★

RUSSELL LYNES is managing editor of Harper's Magazine and, besides doing some fine articles for it (remember Highbrow, Lowbrow, Middlebrow?) and for other publications, has written two Omnibus television shows, in which he took part too. He has two little books—Snobs, and Guests—to his credit and one fat one, The Tastemakers.

"This last one," he admits, "is an informal history of American taste—especially the visual arts, architecture, decoration, et cetera—from about 1830 to the present, and apparently qualifies me as a sort of expert on the subject."

Certainly that's the reason we requested Lynes to go to Boston to look into the Arts Festival there. He says: "I stayed at the Ritz, was exhaustively entertained and informed; walked my legs off, and snooped. I had a very good time with a group of extremely pleasant, civilized and energetic Bostonians who were as excited as a bunch of kids about the show they were putting on."

For the cause of the excitement, see Lynes's piece on page 98.

★ ★ ★

OLD YELLER (the second of three installments is in this issue) will come out in book form July 11th and is Fred Gipson's seventh novel, according to our count. His publishers, Harper & Brothers, tell us that his two books published last year have just been honored by The Texas Institute of Arts and Letters: Recollection Creek won the McMurray award as the "best Texas novel," and The Trail-Driving Rooster, the Cokesbury award for the best Texas juvenile.

That dog, Old Yeller, is closer to truth than fiction, Gipson writes us from the wilds of Mason, Texas. "My mother and father were children of Texas pioneers and the story was built out of the tales they told me of frontier dogs in the old days."

★ ★ ★

KNOWN AS LEADING authorities on food, Helen Evans Brown and James A. Beard separately have written many articles and books on the subject; they met in 1952, when Beard was asked to write a review of Helen Brown's West Coast Cook Book.

Last year they collaborated on The Complete Book of Outdoor Cookery, published by Doubleday, and in this issue they combined to do our picnic story.

Mrs. Brown lives in Pasadena, California, with her husband, who is in the rare-book business and who has stocked their home with thousands of cookbooks, some of which are centuries old.

"On my last trip there," says Beard, a New York bachelor, "the three of us did a long auto tour of 12 Western states, through the cheese and wine districts and to the fish and oyster centers.

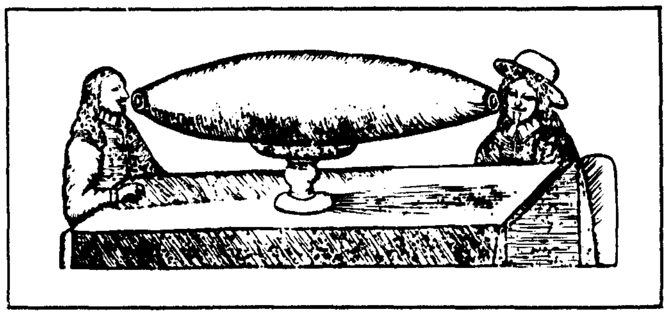
"We never bought a lunch the whole time. The back seat was so full of food samples that all we had to buy was a loaf of bread and we'd have the grandest picnic lunches you can imagine."

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

DOROTHY CONWAY

Helen Brown and Jim Beard cook together

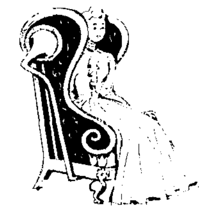
From a shout...



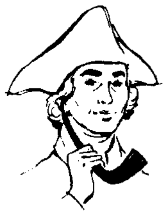
1673 – Earliest form of hearing aid known was this 6-foot, cigar-shaped hearing chamber, mounted on a fancy base. With the listener's ear at one end, the speaker would shout through the other.

...to a whisper

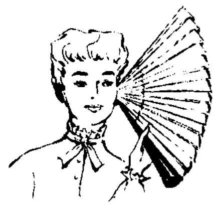
From Trumpets...to Transistor Hearing Aids



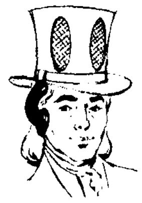
1706 – Acoustic Chair received sound waves through its trumpet-like apparatus.



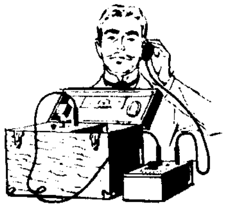
1800 – Trumpets, in hundreds of shapes and makes, were popular during the 19th century.



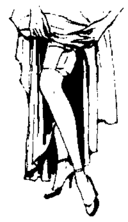
1880 – Hidden Sound Receptors camouflaged as ornamental combs, fans, flowers and canes.



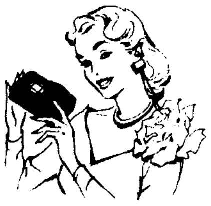
1890 – Acoustic Hat had a "sound screen" and a trumpet from the brim down to ear.



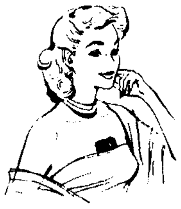
1900 – Electrical Hearing Aid introduced the power of the battery to make up for hearing loss.



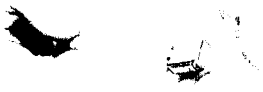
1907 – Carbon-Type Aid. Many wore the battery and carbon amplifier on the leg.



1937 – Vacuum Tube Hearing Aid, powered by two "Eveready" batteries, brought naturalness of sound.



1943 – All-In-One Hearing Aid. Smaller, more efficient batteries and vacuum tubes ended the two-piece hearing instrument.

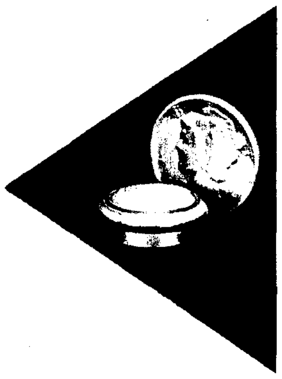


1956 – Electronic Transistor Aid, smaller than a lighter – is powered by one, tiny "Eveready" mercury battery.

Three hundred years and a world of sound apart! With the 17th century hearing chamber, even a shout would fade away. Today, a tiny transistor hearing aid, powered by a single, wafer-thin "Eveready" mercury battery delivers even the *dimension* of a whisper.

For over half a century, the development of more efficient "Eveready" batteries has made possible the smaller, lighter hearing instruments of today.

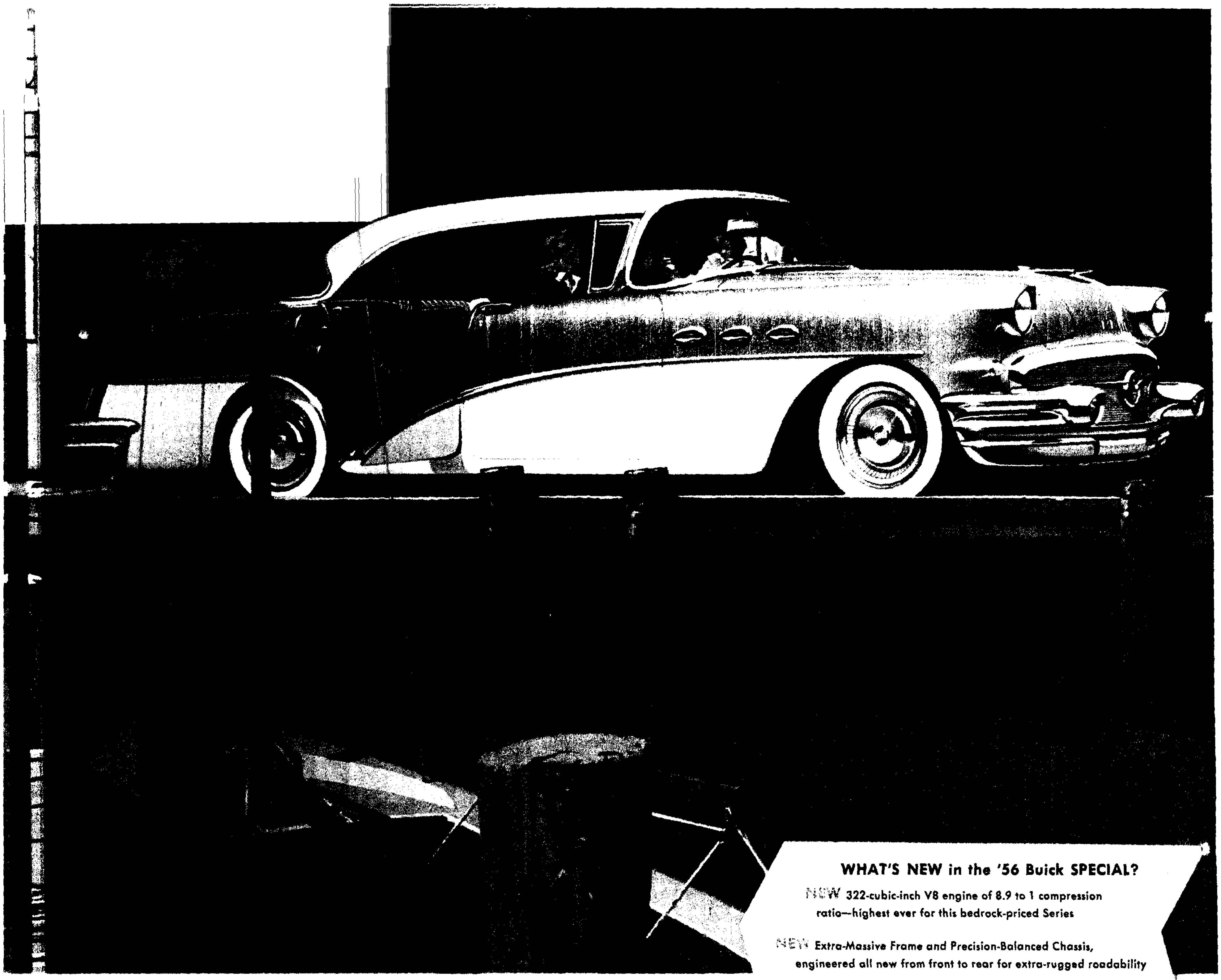
The transistor hearing aid reflects the contribution of scientists, hearing-aid manufacturers, dealers and battery makers in bringing to the hard of hearing a wider world of normal sound.



This "Eveready" mercury battery – smaller than a dime – operates the transistor hearing aid of today!

The term "Eveready" is a registered trade-mark of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY • **A Division of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation** • ***30 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.***



WHAT'S NEW in the '56 Buick SPECIAL?

NEW 322-cubic-inch V8 engine of 8.9 to 1 compression ratio—highest ever for this bedrock-priced Series

NEW Extra-Massive Frame and Precision-Balanced Chassis, engineered all new from front to rear for extra-rugged roadability

NEW Deep-Oil-Cushioned Luxury Ride—with all-coil springing and true torque-tube drive

NEW Sweep-Ahead Styling—with choice of Fashion Color Harmony inside and out

NEW Smoother-Action Brakes with Center-Groove Linings and Suspended Pedal

NEW Stepped-Up Gas Mileage

NEW Interlocking Safety Latches and Safety-Aim Head Lamps

When better automobiles are built Buick will build them

Special Edition of the Best Buick yet

(It's the biggest bundle of high-powered Buick ever to invade the low-price field!)

YOU can see that it's big, broad, bold and beautiful.

And seeing all this, maybe you figured this automobile was something you just couldn't afford. But listen:

This is a Buick SPECIAL — the bottom-priced Series in the Buick line.

That means you *can* afford a brilliant new '56 Buick if you can afford *any* new car — *because* SPECIAL *prices are right on the heels of those of the well-known smaller cars.*

How else could Buick be so firmly entrenched in the top 3 of America's best sellers?

But listen once again: What you get for your money here is all automobile — and lots of it — the biggest bundle of high-powered energy and high-fashion styling ever to carry the Buick banner into the low-price field.

For here's a car with massive physique — beautifully brawny in its nearly two tons of solid roadweight and its 17 feet of sweeping grace.

Here's the surging power of the mightiest engine in SPECIAL annals—a robust 322-cubic-inch V8 of record-high compression.

Here's the pulse-quickening performance of a new Variable Pitch Dynaflow* — asparkle with brand-new getaway and gas savings at only part throttle — and with a rich reserve of *instant* switch-pitch acceleration when you need it.

And here's the luxury of Buick interiors — of Buick's great ride—of Buick handling—of Buick solidity of structure, with all that this means in extra safety and steadiness and stamina.

So tally it up yourself. Can you ask for anything more?

Drop in on your Buick dealer this week, take the wheel — and discover, in the doing, what a wonderful deal is in the offing on your present car.

BUICK *Division of* GENERAL MOTORS

**New Advanced Variable Pitch Dynaflow is the only Dynaflow Buick builds today. It is standard on Roadmaster, Super and Century —optional at modest extra cost on the Special.*

SEE JACKIE GLEASON ON TV Every Saturday Evening

Troubled South:

Search for a middle ground

By C. A. McKNIGHT

An eminent North Carolina editor discusses the plight of the Southern moderate, caught between powerful forces in the desegregation battle

ROBERT PHILLIPS

C. A. McKnight, editor of the Charlotte (N. C.) Observer, has lived and worked in the South most of his life. Until a year ago, he was executive director of the Southern Education Reporting Service, an agency set up to report to Southern papers on developments following the 1954 Supreme Court segregation rulings

THE thoughtful man cannot but be deeply disturbed as he looks across the Southern region today and compares what he sees with what he saw two short years ago.

In the spring of 1954, the South was moving with assurance and excitement into the most promising, most fascinating stage of a regional history that had been long on fascination and short on promise.

Industry, having come lately to the region, was expanding, diversifying and spreading from the cities to the countryside. Agriculture was throwing off the bonds of single cash crops and sharecropper hand labor; diversification and mechanization were its watchwords. The airplane and the motor vehicle, particularly the lumbering tractor trailer, were slashing away some of the transportation barriers that historically had helped to keep the South in economic backwardness. Southerners were on the move, away from the small farms with their low per-capita income, to the sprawling urban centers and better-paying jobs.

Along with economic change, the South was growing more independent in its politics, and more conservative, so that it was no longer unfashionable to be a Republican and to favor high tariffs.

Race relations were better than at any time since the turn of the century. Slowly but surely, the Negro was getting a chance at decent employment. He was moving into better housing. He was voting in ever-larger numbers, and his vote was beginning to have an impact on primary elections in many areas. Lynchings were a thing of the past, and the last remnants of the Klan had been stamped out.

In sum, the region was booming. The people were busy and relaxed. The day was in sight when the South would win its long, uphill struggle to full economic partnership with the rest of the nation.

Then the 1954 and 1955 Supreme Court decisions in the public-school segregation cases were handed down. In their wake have come ugly race tension stirred by hatred, bitterness and fear; incidents of individual and mob violence; political demagoguery of the shabbiest kind; the eruption of a vast and angry resistance movement; the passage of a great bulk of frenzied, unwise and unnecessary legislation, and a very real, though yet intangible, threat both to the region's system of public education and to its continued economic progress.

To live in the South today is to be bewildered and dismayed that so great and so abrupt a change could take place in so short a time. White and Negro Southerners are going about their business as usual, but the race issue is always just beneath the surface. And many of us who have to deal with it know it is likely to affect our lives for a long time.

It was roughly six months ago that Collier's sug-

"I see no solution," says the writer, "in the approach of the militant Negro . . ."

The stubborn new strength of the Negro poses half of the dilemma for the Southern moderate

gested that I try defining for its national audience the dilemma of the white Southerner faced with the prospect of the collapse of the dual society to which he was accustomed. I begged off at the time, for I sensed then the beginning of the great emotional and political upheaval that we have witnessed since the beginning of the year, and I felt that not until it had temporarily spent itself could any accurate reading of the Southern temperament be taken.

It would have been easier to write this six months ago. The pattern of desegregation had been clear, and in a sense, historic. In general, this was the pattern: desegregation accomplished or in process in the border states where the proportion of Negroes to whites is small and where race had never been a major factor in politics; spot desegregation in three states of the mid-South and a policy of watchful waiting in the others; an ever-stronger determination to preserve segregation in the deep South. A 17-state area had thus been fragmentized, and there no longer was a Solid South but many Souths where the race issue was concerned.

The border states of Maryland, Delaware, West Virginia and Missouri, plus the District of Columbia, had moved toward prompt compliance after the first court decision. There were a few incidents, but on the whole desegregation proceeded smoothly.

From the very first, a hard core of deep South states—Georgia, South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana—had made it clear that they would evade the Supreme Court decision, if possible, and defy it, if necessary.

By the middle of the 1955-'56 school term, Kentucky, Oklahoma, Arkansas and Texas were well into the initial stages of a desegregation program. Virginia, North Carolina, Florida and Tennessee were still following a wait-and-see policy, with prospects of some spot desegregation, at least, in another year or two.

SINCE THE TURN of the year, this pattern has been sharply altered. The moderate states of Virginia, North Carolina and Florida are now moving rapidly into the resistance camp. Arkansas and Texas, despite successful spot desegregation, seem headed in the same direction. What will happen in Tennessee is anybody's guess.

The significance of this change is that a minimum of eight states, and perhaps as many as 10, will move into the 1956-'57 school term dedicated to the prevention of any mixing of the races whatsoever in the public schools. Most of them have on the books a variety of statutory and constitutional devices that will have to be tested in the courts, one by one, promising the "generation of litigation" that the late Justice Robert H. Jackson predicted.

To the non-Southerner, this undoubtedly is an incredible state of affairs. But it is a fact, and it calls for some objective analysis. I shall try to be as objective as a Southerner can be about so complex a subject as race relations.

At the outset, it should be said that the white Southerner often feels that his dilemma is not fully understood outside the region, and with some justification. In part, this is because newspaper, magazine and radio-TV coverage of the race story tends to single out the area of conflict, which is more spectacular, and to minimize or even to ignore areas of quiet, constructive accomplishment. In a larger part, it is because the non-Southerner is understandably handicapped in trying to comprehend the tangled emotions that the desegregation issue stirs up in the South. The non-Southerner has been brought up to idolize Abraham Lincoln. Though there may be islands of segregation all around him, he is not accustomed to the "White Only" legal manifestations of the system he sees posted above drinking fountains and rest rooms in the South. His slums are not so racially conspicuous. His culture has different antecedents from that of the Southerner. His politics is woven of a different fabric. Hence, even though he be a reasonable man, it is hard for him to understand the perplexity of the white Southerner who seeks to find a way through this crisis. And he is not likely to know, or to believe, that there are reasonable men in the South who are just as appalled as he is at some of the injustices of compulsory segregation, and just as apprehensive about its implications for our democracy.

It is important to remember that the problem of the Negro in the South is an old one. The Negro has been at the very core of most of the South's traditions and institutions, even though few white Southerners pause to think about it. He was the instrument of slavery. He made the plantation system possible. He was the worker whose strong back and arms built up our cash-crop agriculture. Over him a Civil War was fought, and around him swirled the turmoil of Reconstruction. In a negative way, he helped to fashion the one-party political system in the South. Much of our regional literature has been about him. His melodies are found in our music. His economic destitution was a factor in making the South at one time "the nation's number one economic problem," and his inability to break into higher-income vocations and carry his share of the tax burden had saddled the also-poor Southern white with a double load of taxation, reflected in higher proportionate state and local taxes for the services received.

Of late, the Negro has been leaving the South by the hundreds of thousands, migrating to the industrial states of the non-South, where his vote has helped to shape national policies often at variance with the preferences of many white Southerners.

In sum, the Negro has been a central fact of life in the South for the better part of two centuries, and the major Southern problem has been one of race relations—the business of peoples of different colors and different cultures living peacefully together in a segregated society. The problem, then, is not new. But in the past two years, it has taken on disturbing new proportions and new dimensions.

During almost all of this long period, the two races have lived in a dual society of the white man's making. And since 1896, the year of the Supreme Court's Plessy *v.* Ferguson decision, the "separate but equal" doctrine—and the mass of Jim Crow legislation it spawned—had the sanction of constitutionality. It is tragically true that the public services and facilities provided for Negroes, including schools, were more often than not separate but *unequal,* but the legality of the system stood unimpaired until, in the last decade, the Supreme Court began chipping away at it. Then, in 1954, the court flatly declared that "separate facilities are inherently unequal," and the legal foundation for a dual society collapsed.

IT WOULD BE a serious error to underestimate the strength and the sincerity of the resistance movement that has swept across the South in the last two years. There is a real determination to hold the line against any desegregation of the schools whatsoever, best and most often expressed in the dike analogy: if there's so much as a single leak, it is said, the whole thing will go.

The fact that areas with relatively small numbers of Negroes have desegregated schools smoothly and easily makes no impression in the resistance states. Neither does the fact that nearly half of the counties in the South have 10 per cent or less Negro population, and presumably could do likewise.

There is no single explanation for this majority white opinion in the resistance states. But there are at least four major factors, to which I would hesitate to assign any order of importance.

One is politics. It is good politics in the South today, as it has been many times in the past, to stand publicly and emphatically for separation of the races. Another is the arithmetic of numbers. In the so-called Black Belt counties, Negroes number from 40 to 80 per cent of the population, and the whites have a real fear of political domination. Still another is the sex angle—the fear, irrational though it may be, that school desegregation will lead to intermarriage and racial amalgamation.

Most important of all, perhaps, is the hard fact that, on the average, there are class, social and cultural differences between Southern whites and Negroes which go beyond skin color. This poses the most cruel dilemma of all for the white Southerner

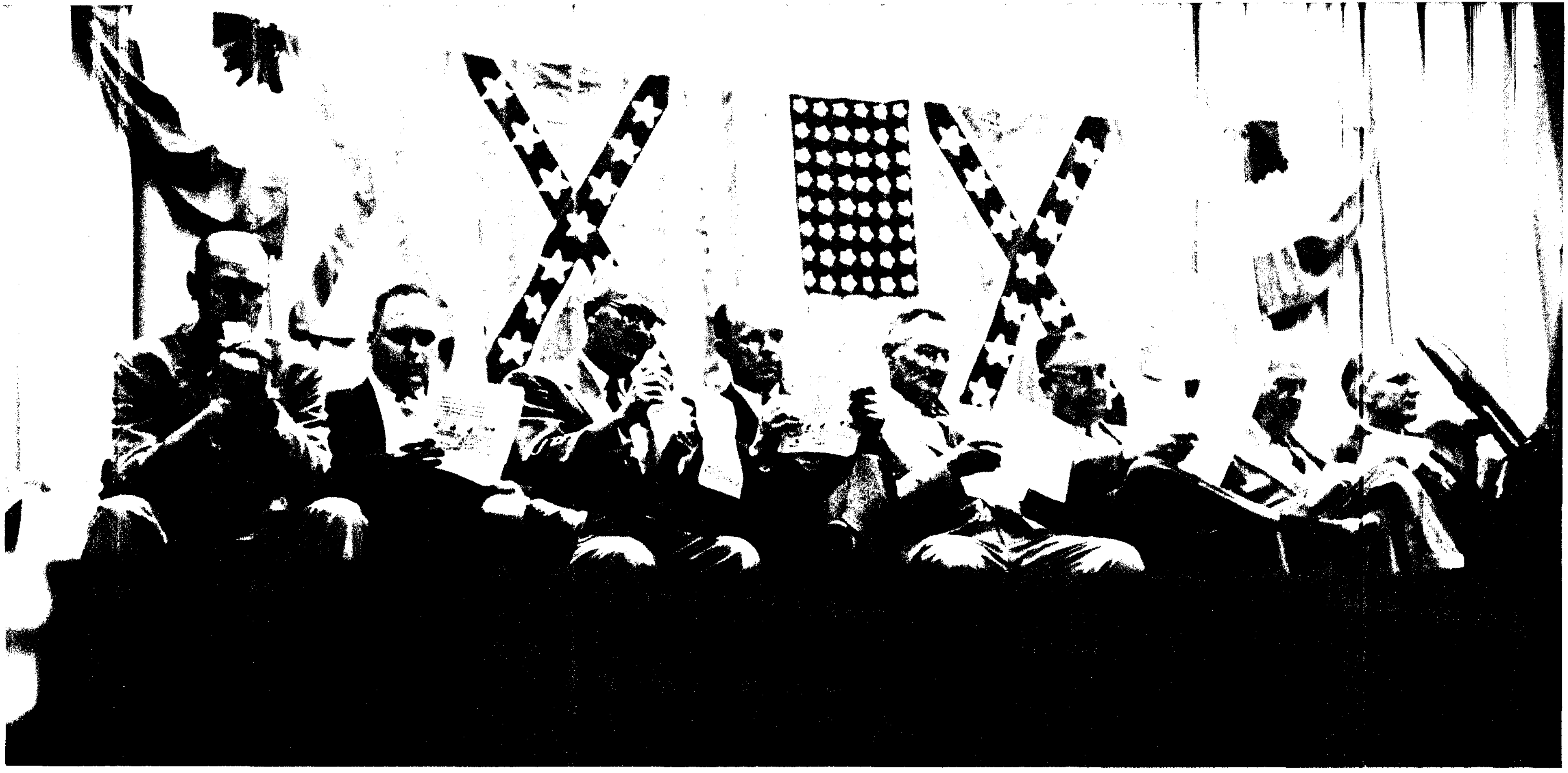
PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAN WEINER

The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, now stronger than ever in the South, recruits members in Montgomery, Ala., during bus boycott there

ELPOSEY PARKING LOT

Negroes in Montgomery await private transportation, arranged by leaders of Negro community after they had decided to boycott city's regular bus line for practicing racial segregation

The Reverends Martin Luther King, Jr., (l.) and R. James Glasco talk over strategy in the Montgomery bus boycott



DAN WEINER

Besides the militant Negro, the Southern moderate is confronted by the white extremists—like the Citizens' Council members above, shown at meetings in Montgomery

"... nor do I find a solution in the extreme resistance movement exemplified by the

who believes in both the inevitability and the essential rightness of the court decision, and who would like to see ultimate compliance everywhere.

Let us look at this man for a moment—and he may be more numerous than anyone suspects.

He knows that his region has been launched into an era of change. He is aware that compulsory segregation has been cruel to the Southern Negro, that "separate but equal" was largely a legal fiction, observed mainly in the breach. He is, like other Americans, basically a law-abiding citizen, with great respect for the traditions of the American democracy. Moreover, in his dealings with his fellow man, he is motivated by the same Judeo-Christian code of morality as other Americans.

Yet he turns away from those who advocate large-scale desegregation in the entire South at this time. He is fearful, first of all, that compulsory desegregation would literally destroy public education in many sections of the South. He is fearful, moreover, that the tensions inherent in the desegregation process will cause physical violence between the races, leaving scars that would heal slowly, if at all. Bitterness in Montgomery ... rioting at the University of Alabama ... bottle throwing in Chattanooga ... shootings in Mississippi and South Carolina ... these things add fuel to his fears.

Furthermore, the class, social and cultural differences between the races plague his thoughts. The Negro Southerner is not to be blamed so much as the system under which he has been forced to live, but it is nonetheless a fact that, on the average, his economic status is low. Because of this, rather than because of any racial characteristic, the Negro child often comes from sadly inferior, and sometimes almost primitive, family surroundings, where standards of health and sanitation are incredibly low. Particularly in rural regions where Negro farm laborers number a majority of the population, white parents are most reluctant to have their children in intimate, daily association with Negro children whose environmental background and educational level are so obviously inferior.

It is also a fact that there are social and cultural differences which are partially, but not entirely, the result of economic poverty. Once again, it may not be the Negro Southerner's fault, but codes of morality and behavior are different, with crimes of violence, illegitimacy and social diseases showing a much higher incidence than among whites.

Reservations about mixed schools felt by Southern white parents because of economic, social and cultural differences have nothing to do with the color of skin. They are the same reservations that middle-income non-Southerners would share if their children were assigned in minority numbers to schools in Northern industrial slum areas.

AND SO, for a variety of reasons, white majority opinion in a large part of the South rejects even limited, experimental desegregation, and has jelled behind the movement to resist any mixing of the races in the schools. How do Southern whites justify such an attitude? How do they rationalize the notion that the U.S. Constitution can mean one thing in their states, and another thing elsewhere?

There are two fairly simple answers.

Many white Southerners—perhaps millions of them—have convinced themselves, or have become convinced by others, that the Supreme Court exceeded its judicial authority and literally *amended* the Constitution instead of *interpreting* it. I shall not argue the point. I simply state it as a fact. Spokesmen for this view call attention to the omission of any direct reference to public schools in the Fourteenth Amendment; to the debates in the Congress which proposed, and the state legislatures which ratified, the amendment; to the action of the U.S. Congress in appropriating funds for segregated schools in the District of Columbia; to the Plessy *v.* Ferguson decision in 1896 which, in a "side remark," brought schools under the "separate but equal" doctrine; and they point to their own struggle over the years to provide equal schools for Negro children under this doctrine from the lowest per-capita income of any region in the nation. The U.S. Supreme Court, they argue, ignored all legal precedents and rendered a decision based on psychological and sociological reasoning. In so doing, they say, the Court usurped authority that rightfully belongs to the legislative processes.

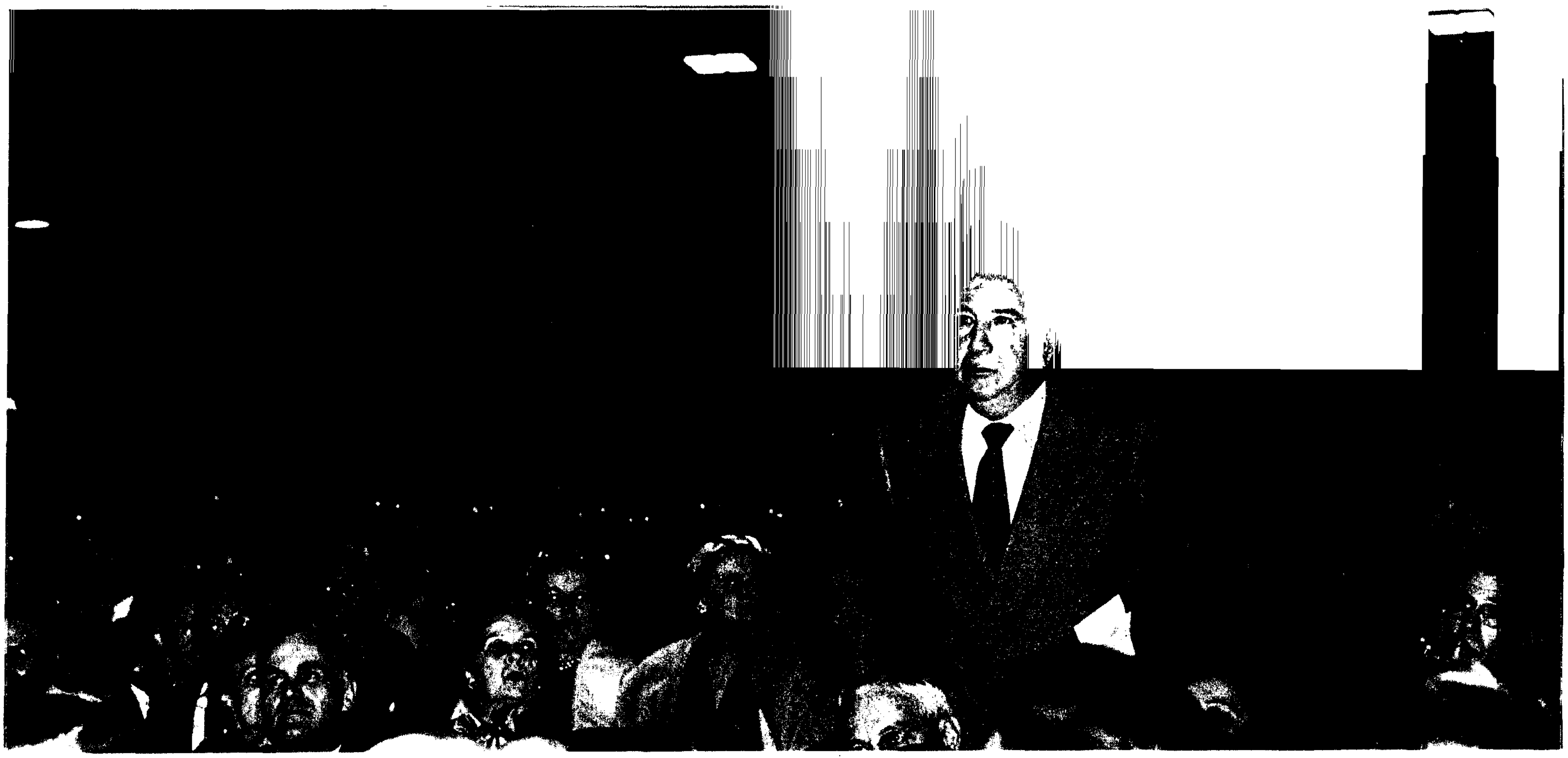
It is their contention that since the court acted illegally, they have a right to ignore or to defy the decision until a constitutional amendment is adopted specifically affirming the decision. That's another way of saying "for a long, long time," since the passage of such an amendment by Congress is a political impossibility at the moment.

White Southerners who oppose any mixing of the races in the school get further comfort from an opinion handed down on July 15, 1955, by a special three-judge court in one of the five original school segregation cases. The opinion, written by Judge John J. Parker of the U.S. Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals, said in part: "Nothing in the Constitution or in the decision of the Supreme Court takes away from the people freedom to choose the schools they attend. The Constitution, in other words, does not require integration. It merely forbids discrimination. It does not forbid such segregation as occurs as the result of voluntary action. It merely forbids the use of governmental power to enforce segregation. The Fourteenth Amendment is a limitation upon the exercise of power by the state or state agencies, not a limitation upon the freedom of individuals."

This dictum has been a major influence in shaping resistance strategy in Southern states.

The dual conviction that the Supreme Court acted illegally, and that even so it did not really order mixing of the races in the schools, lends respectability to defiance. Some white Southerners are fully as concerned over the loss of respect for the courts as over the race issue itself, believing that obedience to court orders is more important ultimately to the American system than whether any child, white or colored, goes to school.

The respectability of the resistance movement also has implications for national politics. Although



(l.) and Ft. Worth—who are determined to maintain segregation. "The moderates," says the author, "need more support from the millions of silent people in the South"

white Citizens' Councils..."

the more responsible Southern political leaders say now that they are cool to a third-party movement in 1956, it is nonetheless true that the ingredients are now present for a political revolt of such proportions that it might easily deny either major party a constitutional electoral majority, and throw the 1956 Presidential election into the U.S. House of Representatives, with results beyond calculation.

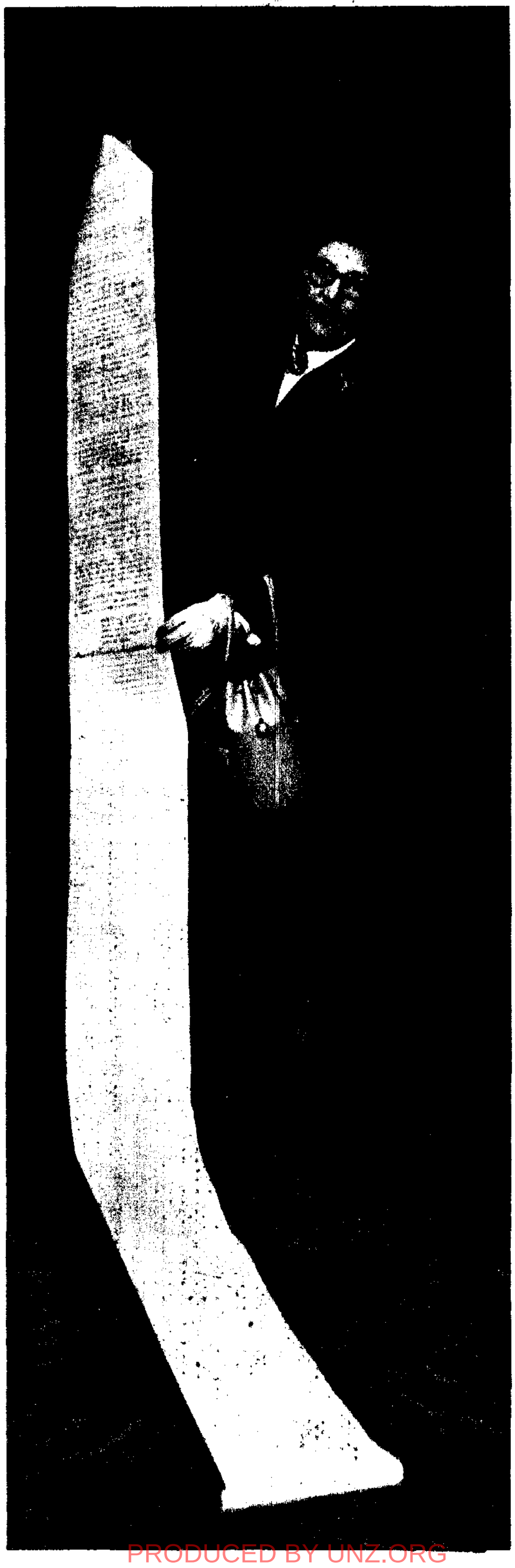
Finally, the white Southerner, as he has done for decades, conveniently finds any number of scapegoats for his troubles. Traditionally he has blamed "outsiders," particularly the Northern press and Northern politicians. To these he now adds the Supreme Court and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. The latter is a natural adversary and, beyond that, it has made tactical blunders which have further infuriated white Southerners.

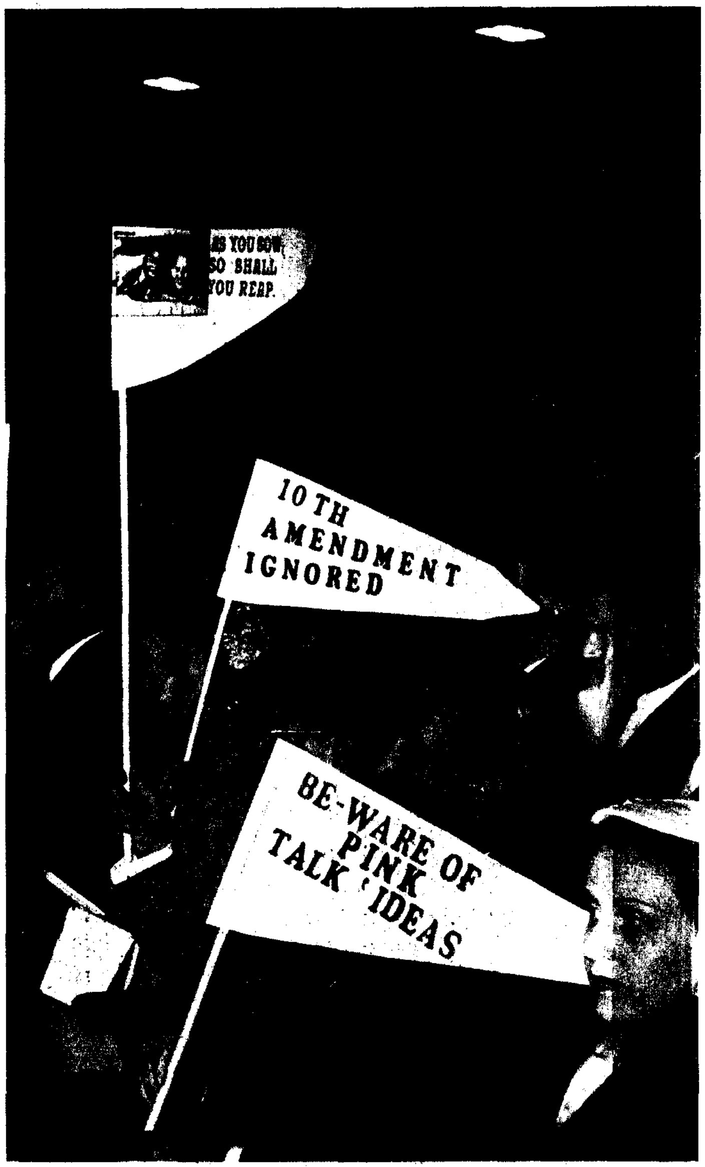
ONE OF THE TRAGIC developments of the last six months has been the quiet exodus of Southern moderates from the public-debate forum. By a moderate, I mean the fellow whose mind is still open to facts and opinions on either side of the segregation issue, and whose emotions are under such firm control that he can discuss the issue with his neighbors and friends calmly, temperately and with some detachment. Moreover, he is a man who would not be averse to seeing limited school desegregation tried in a few selected communities, so that future public policy in his state could be based on facts, and not on fear and fancy. The Southern moderate, by that definition, is finding out that the middle ground upon which he has been accustomed to stand is fast shrinking from beneath him. Strong pressure from the extremes is forcing him to shut up, or to join the resistance movement.

Examples abound. I shall cite but a few.

From the day of the first Supreme Court decision, the Nashville Banner, sturdily conservative on most issues, accepted the decision and urged eventual compliance. But the Autherine Lucy incident at the University of Alabama shocked the

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ELLIOTT ERWITT





Above, part of the audience at the Fort Worth meeting. Representatives of Citizens' Councils from nine Southern states attended conference

Left: This petition displayed at the Fort Worth meeting was addressed to the U.S. Supreme Court and accused the nine justices of "bad conduct"

The writer sees five forces at work which may help settle the South's desegregation problem

Banner. Castigating the NAACP, it openly reversed policy and began waving a "go-slow" flag.

In a more sensitive area, the Florence (South Carolina) Morning News, edited by young Jack O'Dowd, weary of bucking the tide, told its story in a long and tortured editorial in early March. ". . . Our appeal to reason," O'Dowd wrote, "has brought expressions of hatred, bigotry, unreason and filth. Our plea for moderation has been greeted with threats, lies, rumor and lack of good will . . . Since men of good will have been unwilling to 'outvote' men of smaller character and caliber, this newspaper must stop asking for honesty, integrity, moderation and Christian charity in attempts to solve this problem of race relations." And so the Morning News withdrew from the public debate.

LAST DECEMBER, the manager of a large life-insurance office in a mid-Southern city told me he was looking for two or three qualified Negro stenographers. He had already talked the matter over with his all-white force, and found no objections. Recently I asked him about his experiment.

"I wouldn't dare try it now," he replied. "I'm afraid of a boycott."

To this gloomy picture of the white moderate's position must be added the disappointment, resentment and bitterness the Negro Southerner feels because of the dashing of his exultant hopes for full legal equality and full human dignity. At the moment, no one can say whether this resentment will express itself on a region-wide basis in terms of the solidarity of the Montgomery, Alabama, bus boycott. But it is a possibility.

What's ahead for the South? I see several influences that, given time, will at least ease some of the high tension, smooth out some of the friction and enable responsible leaders of both races to sit down together and plan their mutual future.

The first is a truism of human relations—that customs, traditions and personal preferences have more powerful influence than law on the patterns of individual associations. Segregation is the dominant pattern in the North, where there are no laws to support it—and it is reasonable to expect that in the South, where social customs are more deeply embedded, there will be an even greater amount of segregation by custom, regardless of what the courts say or do. If enough white Southerners come to that conclusion—that social segregation will remain even if legal segregation goes—the intensity of current racial animosity would diminish.

The second involves the always sensitive pocketbook. From so respected a spokesman as Boyd Campbell, of Jackson, Mississippi, president of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, there came a warning to Southern businessmen that "the integration issue cannot fail to have its impact on Southern business and industry—and on Southern labor."

Modern industry considers many things when looking for a new plant site. Prominent among them are political stability, an expanding consumer market, good schools, good recreational facilities and a friendly, easy relationship among citizens of the chosen community. Thoughtful Southern businessmen are beginning to ask themselves:

Can the South offer new industry the prospect of political stability when the atmosphere is so supercharged with group hatreds that the people will blindly elect a candidate for high office who has no qualifications other than a sturdy pair of lungs and a choice vocabulary of race-baiting phrases?

Can the South offer new industry the prospect of an expanding consumer market when boycotts and counterboycotts, many of them based on sheer rumor, may threaten the sale of its products?

Can the South offer new industry good schools for the children of its executives and workers, when the total abolition of public education is the card up the sleeve, to be played when all else fails?

Can the South offer new industry good recreational facilities when parks and playgrounds are being shut down to prevent their use by Negroes?

And can the South offer new industry the prospect of a stable labor market and easy community relations when anger, hatred and irresponsibility may, at any moment, erupt into mob violence?

When Southern businessmen face up to the answer to these questions, they may join the public debate on the side of moderation.

A third factor now at work in favor of lessening tensions is the improvement of communications between the South and the non-South. In April, 1955—11 months after the first Supreme Court decision—I spoke to the American Society of Newspaper Editors on Press Coverage of the Desegregation Story. In general, the talk was an indictment of the U.S. press for superficial, inadequate and frequently unbalanced coverage of one of the biggest domestic stories of the century.

That indictment no longer has validity. On the contrary, the Southern region has literally been "invaded" of late by a huge corps of correspondents, carrying to every corner of the nation the story of the region's tortured struggle with the problems growing out of the two court decisions. Most of the reports reflect better understanding of the scope and complexity of the problem, gained from firsthand reporting. I welcome the trend. If, as a result, the South's dilemma comes to be better understood outside the region, pressure from above the Mason-Dixon line and hostility below it should both subside somewhat.

A FOURTH INFLUENCE for improving race relations is the church. In the year following the first decision, all major Protestant denominations in the Southern region adopted high-level policy declarations which, in varying degree, embraced the basic philosophy of the Supreme Court decision. The Catholic Church set about desegregating its parochial schools. More recently, many Protestant clergymen have found themselves in conflict with their lay congregations. Some, in fact, have lost their pulpits. And they are less vocal than they were a year ago. I feel this is relatively a passing phase. If religion means anything, the churches will once again exercise a more active role in behalf of better human relations.

A fifth is the younger generation. Its ideas about race are not so inflexible and not so deeply rooted in the past.

Finally, I would hope that there is a growing realization that the problem of the American Negro is essentially a national problem, and not exclusively regional. Largely because of migration, the

SOCIAL CUSTOM

Segregation-by-personal-preference exists in the North, says the author, even if it isn't enforced by law. He suggests many white Southerners would feel less uneasy about giving up legal segregation if they understood that social segregation would generally continue—as it does in the North

INDUSTRY

The South is seeking industry—which may hesitate to go there while the segregation fight threatens the area's labor markets, political stability, schools, recreational facilities and community relationships. Once the Southerners realize that, some of the desegregation furor may subside

COMMUNICATION

Not long ago, McKnight says, Southerners could justifiably complain that Northern newspapers were making no effort to see what was happening in the South. But now there has been an "invasion" of newsmen, and he hopes the problems of the South will be better understood

RELIGION

Although the churches aren't as vocal in support of desegregation as they were a year ago, the author feels that situation is just a passing phase, due to change. He says: "If religion means anything, the churches will again exercise a more active role in behalf of better human relations"

YOUTH

Editor McKnight places great hope for an ultimate solution in the South's younger generation, noting that "its ideas about race are not so inflexible nor so deeply rooted in the past" as those of older folks. Someday these young people will set the pattern of racial relations in the South

Negro population of the South increased less than two per cent between 1940 and 1950, whereas the Negro population of the rest of the country increased more than 56 per cent. In general, Southern Negroes are moving into the big cities of the industrial states, posing educational, economic and behavioral problems not unlike those in the South. Tension and even violence have sometimes resulted.

Something more than civil rights and economic-educational equality for the American Negro is needed if he is to become a full working partner in the American democracy.

A wise and experienced newspaperman suggested to me recently that we may be making a mistake in assuming that there *is* an answer to the race problem. Some problems, he said, have no answer save time. In the segregation issue, he added, there may be an insoluble conflict between a moral absolute on the one hand, and nearly two centuries of aesthetics on the other. He is right, but only to a degree. The American democracy has never relied on time alone to solve its problems. Somehow, in every crisis, it has produced the leadership, the machinery and the climate of opinion for positive and constructive action.

The leadership is here, though latent; the machinery is faulty, but it can be improved. And it may be that the climate of opinion will get better.

I AM AWARE that many Southerners of both races say privately, with a shaking of the head, that the race problem "is going to get worse before it gets better." Certainly it can get worse; thoughtless or deliberate acts by all-or-nothing advocates of either viewpoint could provoke grave civil strife.

But it could also get better. Sooner or later, the race issue had to come to a boil. It did so in the spring of 1956. Some of the incidents which took place then, notably the mob violence at Tuscaloosa, the bus boycott in Montgomery and the attack on Negro crooner Nat (King) Cole in Birmingham, shocked and sobered many thoughtful Southerners of both races. Now that there is an awareness throughout the region that a major racial explosion would destroy all the human values and institutional traditions that we cherish, there may follow a period of calm and restraint, during which the people can weigh all the facts. I hope that we are just entering upon such a period.

I see no solution in the approach of the militant Negro, however much I may sympathize with his burning desire for equality in fact as well as equality at law. In fact, I suggest that the NAACP, having won a significant legal victory, should take off the pressure for a while in sensitive areas and turn its talents to the improving of human relations in areas where desegregation is currently feasible.

Nor do I find any solution in the extreme resistance movement exemplified by the white Citizens' Councils that have sprung up all through the South—though as a native Southerner I understand, and have considerable sympathy for, the viewpoint of its more respectable leadership. The trouble with a resistance movement of this kind is that responsible leaders cannot hold in check the thugs and hotheads in the lower echelons who take matters in their own hands.

If there is hope for the South, it lies in the moderates who know that the elevation of the American Negro to full equality must be an evolutionary, and not a revolutionary, process. The moderates are under extreme pressure in many areas. They need more support from the millions of silent people in the South; they need the understanding and the forbearance of the more impatient non-Southerners. Without both, the retreat of the Southern moderates may become a rout, at an incalculable cost to the entire nation. THE END

You have a long shot from a downhill lie. How much club can you take: a five iron? A four iron? Your four wood? A great pro has the answer, whether your goal is to break 100 or 80

CARY MIDDLECOFF'S

10 tips to weekend golfers

GOLF is a game of lies. I'm not talking about the tall tales you hear at the 19th hole. I mean the position of the ball for each shot it takes to play a round, whether it adds up to 65 (lucky man!) or 130 (well, it's exercise). The very size and natural variety of a course force a golfer to be ready to hit a ball from every conceivable resting place. He's continually facing long fairways, deep rough, sand and greens, plus trees and rocks and brooks. Knowing how to play a difficult lie correctly can be as important to saving strokes as a proper grip or a good swing.

On these pages I've selected the 10 lies I find most troublesome for "the weekend golfer"—my label for the overwhelming majority of players who are able to squeeze in only a round or two a week. The selections here aren't freakish situations; they're common lies that we're all likely to encounter each time we tour a course. But they cost too many players far too many strokes. As I try to show in the captions and pictures, even the tougher shots can be played without sending your scores shooting upward.

Since each player's degree of skill should determine how he plays a shot, I've directed the tips, when they apply, to three specific categories of golfers: the very large group whose day on the course is a success if they break 100; the better players striving to break 90; and the superior weekenders out to break 80.

But it's impossible to teach golfers how to cope with the longer-shot lies without first trying to correct the most general fault I find in the weekend player—his selection of clubs. I find him constantly overestimating his power and picking out too weak a club for a given distance. For example, I'll come up to a 165-yard par-three hole with a not-too-expert amateur I can outdrive by 50 yards. But when I select a five iron—the club I should use for the distance—he invariably takes out the same one and winds up short.

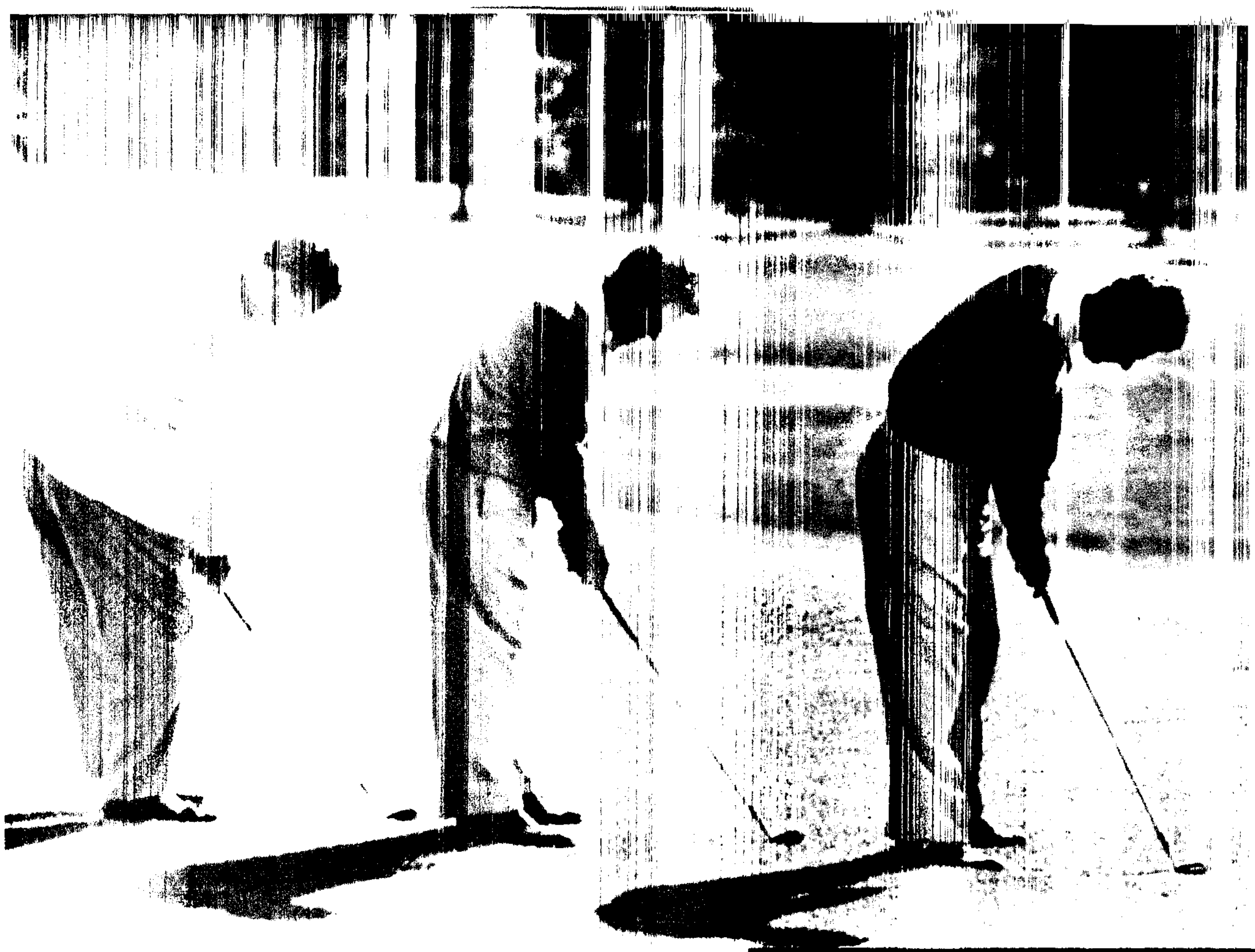
He's the victim of false pride—the feeling that there is only one proper club for the golfer with any skill at all to use for a certain-length shot. This attitude is dead wrong. Score is what counts in golf and the *proper* club is the one that will take the individual golfer where he has to go. And it can vary considerably, depending on each player's physical strength and skill.

When I recommend that players go up or down a club for some of these lies, I'm referring to the club *you* should be using as a standard for the distance in a normal fairway lie. Further, in club selection always remember to allow for wind and to measure distance in terms of the pin, not the edge of the green.

These tips are intended to save each category of golfer an average of a stroke a lie. Your new goals probably are going to be: out to break 90, out to break 80, and "Watch out, Middlecoff!"

Downhill lie

Any shot on a slope is difficult, but I find the downhill lie the toughest of all because it's so easy and common to top the ball. The shot properly should be taken with the ball somewhat to the right of center. Your weight is on the left foot with the right leg bowed. Since the hill will give you added distance, use less club than usual for the yardage. But the 100 golfer should not take more than a five iron, no matter how far he has to go. The player out to break 90 is safe up to a four iron. Out to break 80: might use a four wood on a very long shot—but it's a gamble.



Controlling an iron shot to a small green

Chances are the player who sprays shots wildly around the green (instead of on it) is standing incorrectly or aiming with the top instead of the bottom of his iron, which should be lying perpendicular to the hole. Jimmy Demaret, Masters champion Jackie Burke and I (l. to r.) are going for the same hole—and standing correctly, too. Jimmy has his feet a bit to the right of center, with his shoulders and hips to the left. Burke is using a square stance with everything in line. I'm reversing Demaret with feet to the left, shoulders and hips slightly to the right. Pick the best position for you, but don't mix them.

Tee shot facing a slight dog-leg

The weekend golfer adds to his miseries on a hole like this one by trying to shave the trees and aim directly for the green (at left). The stroke-saving rule here is caution: you don't beat this shot; you just meet it. The added length and weight of a driver, plus the urge to murder the ball, offer many chances to make mistakes. If you're wild with your driver, switch to a brassie and select as your target a spot as much as 40 yards to the safe side of the hole. I've sighted on the scoreboard, which is about 30 yards to the right of the pin. This would be the proper target for most golfers. Only a good player who *has* to gamble would brave a ball in the woods by aiming his drive any closer.

Long shot from a sand trap

If the ball is on top of the sand—and it usually is—this shot shouldn't offer much more trouble than an average fairway lie. But players make it tough by trying to scoop the ball out. The goal should be to bring the club directly into the ball without taking any sand. The stance is firm, flat-footed and with the ball an inch or two closer to the right foot than usual. The swing is confined as much as possible to the arms and shoulders, with a minimum of body action. Out to break 100: sacrifice yardage for security by selecting the next club in sequence for higher loft than you'd usually take for the distance. Out to break 90: take your usual club. Out to break 80: go for—and you can make—the green with one club stronger than usual.

continued

Shooting over trouble

The problem here is mental. The ball is just a middle-iron distance from the hole—150 yards or so—yet many weekend golfers can just visualize their ball plunking into the water or the sand. Consequently, they press so hard they alter their swing and the worst comes true. The player who has real confidence in his irons can stick to his usual club for the distance. But I strongly suggest a four wood for everyone else. Choke the club to the end of the grip as I'm doing and swing normally. You may lose some accuracy, but you'll clear those hazards.

In a divot hole

Too many golfers try to lift the ball out with a conscious down-and-up swing. They wind up dubbing the shot by hitting well behind the ball, which should be played a little closer than usual to the right foot. Go up one number in loft from your usual club for the distance. Take an abruptly descending swing and fix your mind on smashing the ball solidly. Your club will provide the needed loft with no loss in distance, since the altered stance tends to close the face somewhat before the ball is hit.

Approach shot close to the green

When the ball lies just a few feet away from the green, the next shot should leave you just a stroke away from putting out. Yet I see golfer after golfer using a sharply lofted club, which requires great skill for control, on these short approaches. The average player will be far more consistent on a shot like this one using a putter, or a three or four iron choked and used like a putter to get close to the pin. As often as not, even the pros do it this way.

Over or under the tree?

There is an option when the green is fairly close. But you'd never know it, because every weekend golfer seems to take the high road. Most would be better off going under the branches as I'm doing here. To do it, choke up on a two iron or even a putter. Use a more distinct downward swing than normal, with a restricted follow-through. Unless you're a consistent player with lofted clubs, going under gives you far less chance of hitting timber and just as much of landing on the green. As for the argument that using a two iron or putter for this shot isn't real golf, I maintain that the one object of the game is to score well, and the smart player picks his clubs accordingly.

Long uphill putt

Most players seem to dread a downhill putt. I find an uphill one even tougher because it's so difficult to learn to hit the ball hard enough. The standard putting tips are well known, but too few players know how—or take the time—to read the green. A putt like this one should be studied from the rear to determine direction and from the side, as I'm doing, to judge the pitch. You'll judge better standing than crouching. It's a good idea, too, to walk around the hole looking at the grass. If you spot a shininess, it indicates the grass grain is growing in the direction toward which you're looking. Putt easier if the grain is with you, harder if it's against you.

Long shot from the deep rough

The average golfer who finds his ball in heavy grass likes to take out his longest iron or a wood. Then he swings as hard as he can. As a result, he often winds up just 10 yards away and still in the rough. This situation requires a sharply lofted club and an exaggerated down-and-immediately-up swing. You may lose a half stroke in distance, but playing it incorrectly will cost you one and possibly two. The golfer out to break 100 should stick with an eight, or possibly a seven iron. The golfer out to break 90 is safe with a seven iron. The player whose goal is breaking 80 can go as low as a six iron.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JAY LEVITON

BREAKAWAY PLANE

By **JAMES J. HAGGERTY, JR.**

THERE WAS A TIME, not very long ago, when the appearance of a supersonic plane created a sensation. Today, while it could not accurately be termed "old hat," the mere faster-than-sound aircraft is losing its luster in the light of unbelievable new aviation developments. Already in test status are a number of planes capable of flying at *twice* the speed of sound, and in at least one secret hangar a Mach 3 (2,000-mile-per-hour) fighter is under construction. Incredible, indeed, are these performance strides. Equally incredible, however, is the lack of progress in one area of supersonic flight research: pilot protection. How does a flier escape from a crippled airplane moving faster than its own sound? The startling answer is that, with current equipment, he cannot.

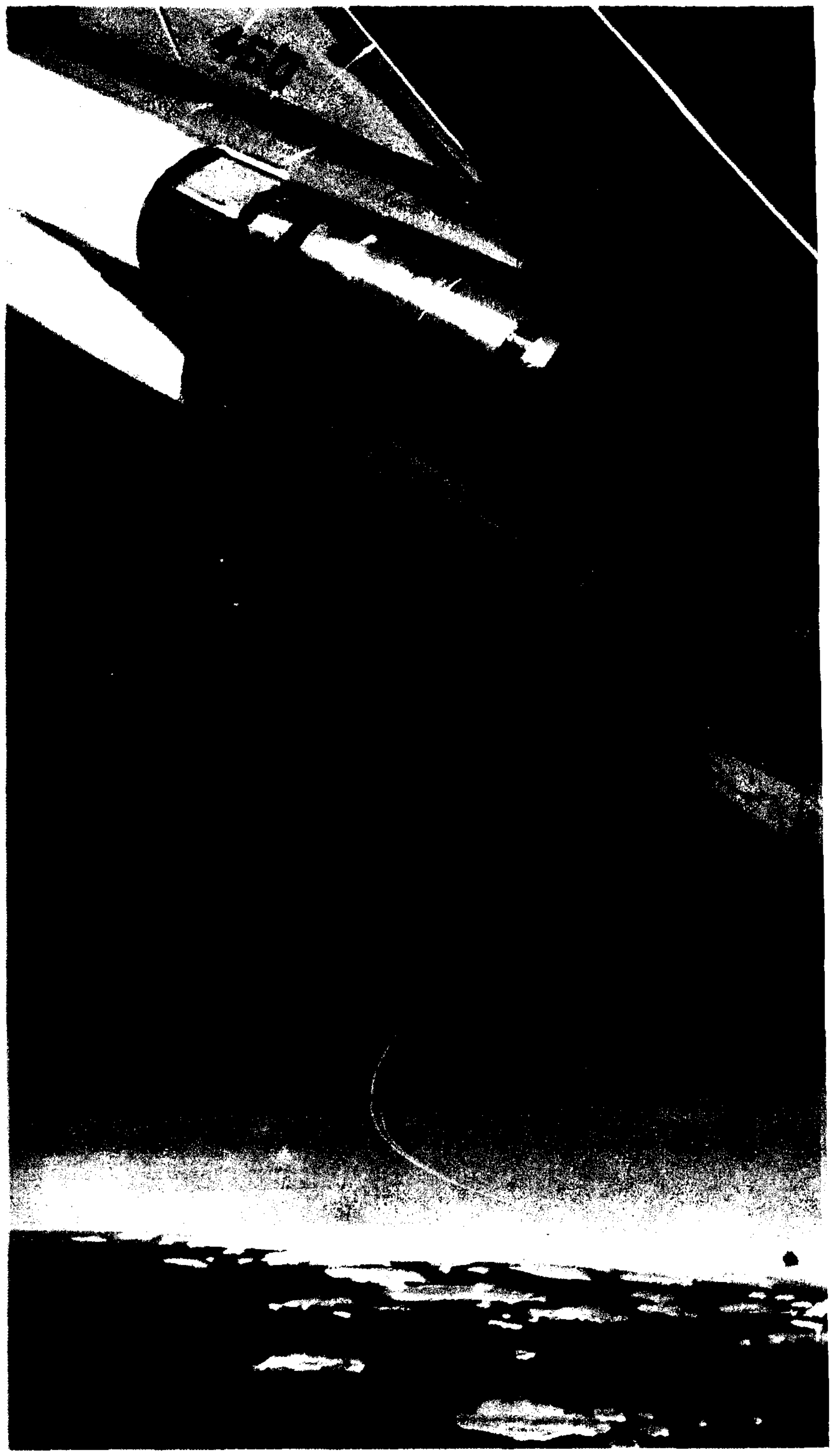
Pilots to a man, and a great number of sympathetic bystanders in the aircraft industry, have been clamoring for attention to be given this problem. Already in operational service are planes that can fly at more than 800 miles per hour—yet they have the same type of escape mechanisms that were used in the 500-mile-per-hour jets of a decade ago. It is difficult to pin down why personal safety development has lagged, but the reason seems to be a compound of engineering problems, indecision and quibbling over methods, lack of co-ordination between research agencies, not enough money and downright official lethargy. As one aircraft engineer put it: "The attitude seems to be 'Let's hope that when trouble comes it comes at low speed.' "

Aside from purely humanitarian considerations, today's pilot is not expendable. Regardless of missile progress, any foreseeable war will demand the use of manned aircraft in certain jobs. It costs an estimated $114,000 and takes 17 months to train a "rookie" interceptor pilot. No one can even estimate the worth of a "regular" with five years' and several thousand air hours' experience, for if the next war is fought with atomic weapons, there will be no time to train a replacement. Belatedly, the Air Force and Navy have recognized this fact and have begun an accelerated effort to solve the problem of pilot safety in flying emergencies.

To find out what is being done about providing for escape from high-speed aircraft, I recently visited a number of aircraft plants and research installations. There are, I learned, several fascinating new projects in various stages of perfection. Some already have been tested, others are still "in the works." The projects include ejection seats which "fly" on their own power, pilot-enclosing capsules which can be blown loose from the airplane, and even "airplanes within airplanes"—whole sections which come apart from the fuselage, fly briefly with stub wings of their own, then lower the pilot gently to the ground by parachute. These are not visionary projects for some future age, but well-researched ideas which will be incorporated in the next, or possibly even the current, generation of military aircraft.

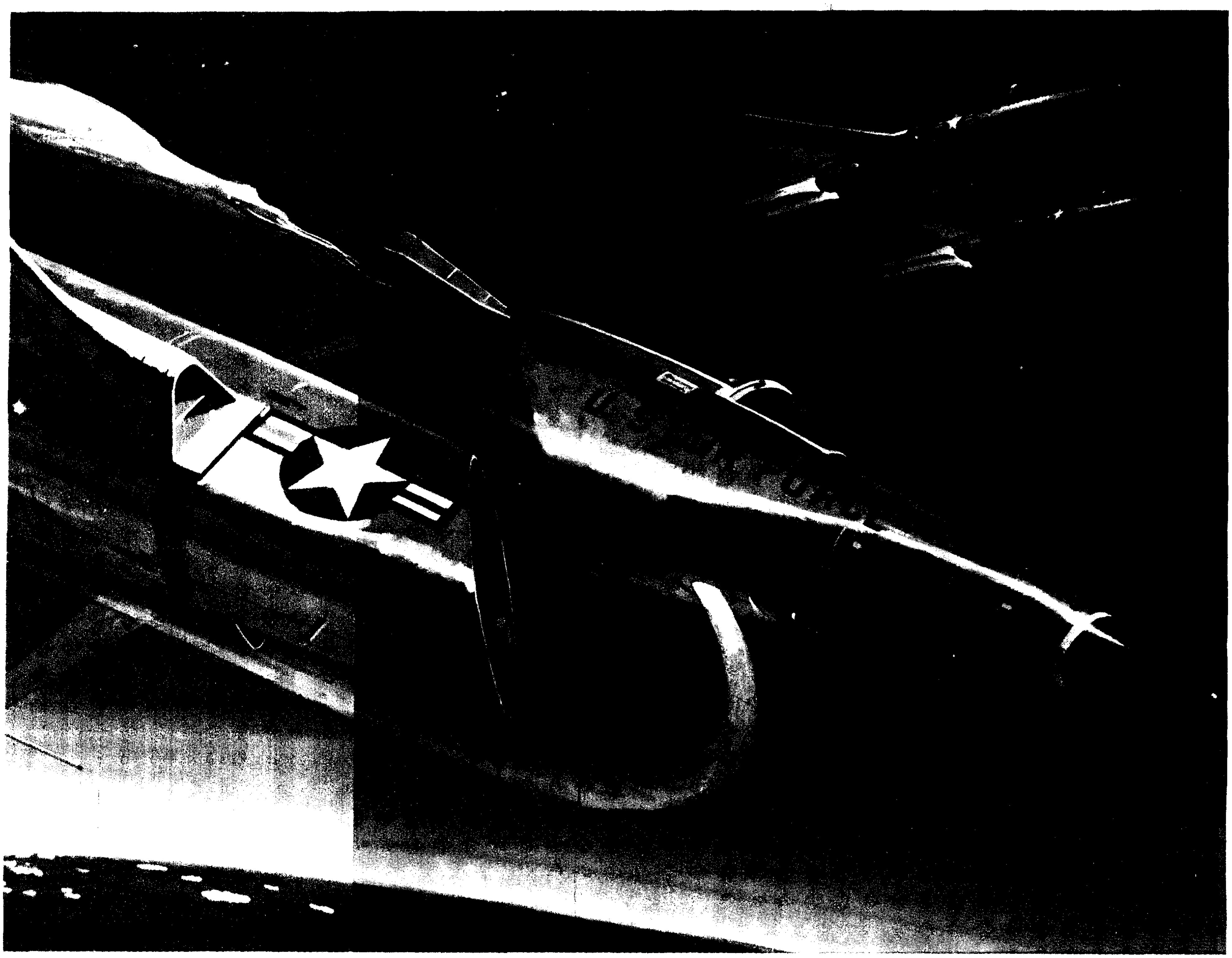
At Hurricane Mesa, adjacent to Utah's Zion National Park, I inspected one of the research installations where the problem of high-speed bail out is being explored—Project SMART, which stands for "Supersonic Military Air Research Track." SMART, operated for the Air Force's Air Research and Development Command by Coleman Engineering Company of Los Angeles, features a 12,000-foot railroadlike track which ends abruptly at the edge of the mesa, overlooking a drop of some 1,500 feet. Rockets propel a sled at high speed along the track almost to the cliff edge. At top velocity, a dummy is catapulted from the sled's cockpit, the dummy's parachute opens automatically, and the figure drops over the cliff and floats to the ground far below the mesa rim. The experiment simulates a high-speed pilot ejection.

It is in the cliff-edge location that the Hurricane Mesa track differs from the Air Force research track at Holloman Air Development Center, Alamogordo, New Mexico, where Lieutenant Colonel John Paul Stapp has traveled on a rocket sled at speeds up to 632 miles per hour (Fastest Man on Earth, Collier's, June 25, 1954). The (*Continued on page* 38)



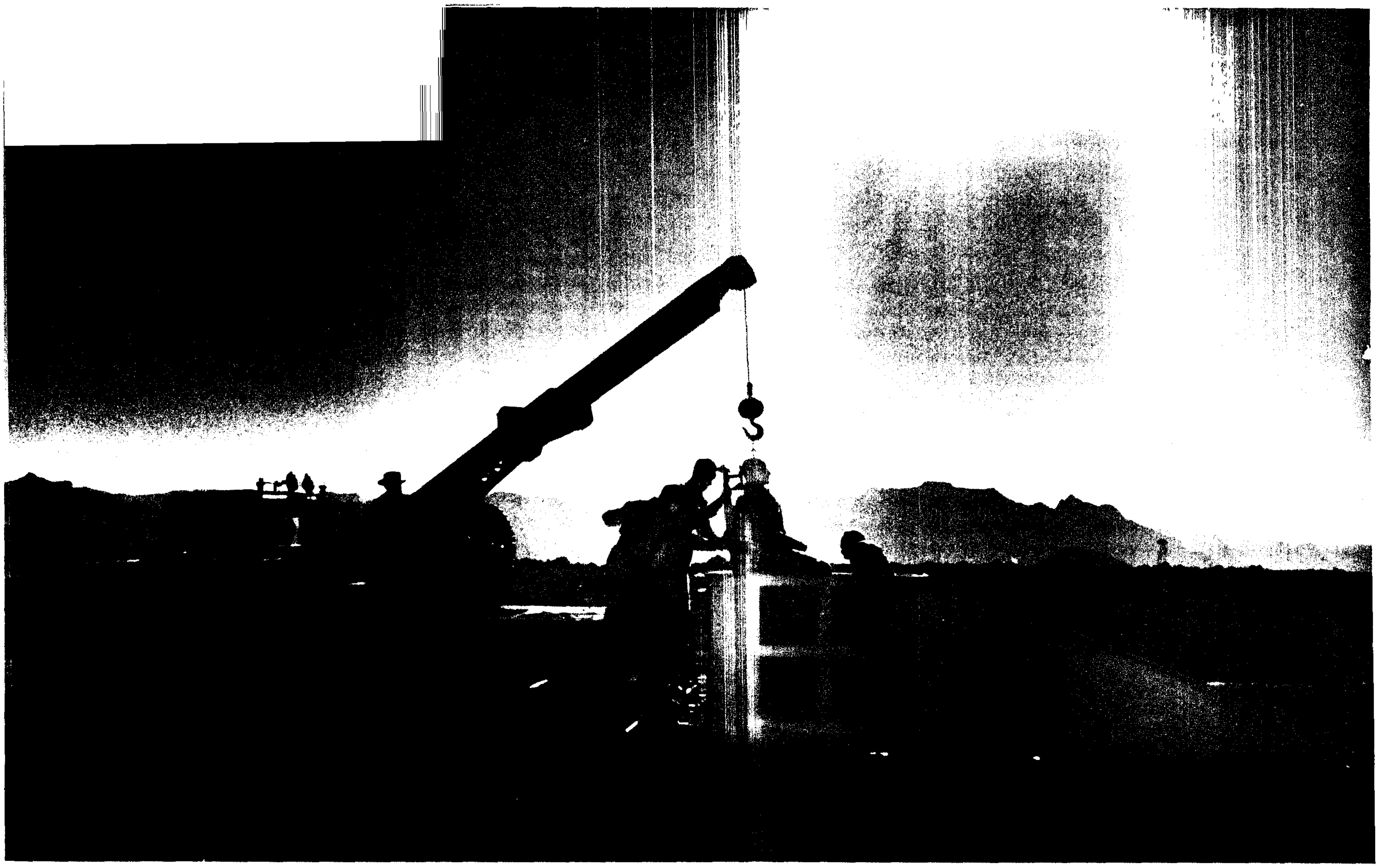
Artist's conception of the ultimate solution to the problem of safe bail out from a damaged ultrahigh-speed aircraft: the breakaway plane. As described by Republic Aviation's Charles Russell, who has been working on problem for several years, it has rocket motor mounted under pilot's compartment

Faster-than-sound planes are commonplace now, and we've even got one under construction designed to go 2,000 miles per hour. But suppose something goes wrong at supersonic speeds. Can the pilot escape? The shocking answer: No. But a solution to the problem may be in sight



ROBERT MC CALL

which, when release "panic button" is pushed, propels nose section upward and to rear (note smoke from rocket exhaust beneath nose section). For stability, retractable fins pop out from the rear of section, after which a parachute floats it down gently to earth. This device gives pilot complete protection against wind blast and deceleration injury. Top photo: Here's the mock-up of nose section of another type of breakaway plane, this one under development by Douglas Aircraft Company at El Segundo, California, plant. Model has been tried on rocket sled and dropped from plane in tests



At dawn a crane lowers dummy called Hurricane Sam into a rocket sled on Hurricane Mesa, Utah. Coleman Engineering Company operates the track for Air Force

The stars of our research into supersonic bail out: Murgatroyd and Hurricane Sam

Convair's San Diego (Calif.) plant is working on interim solution to bail-out problem: a self-contained "flying seat" (top). At left, Earl Kops of research staff rides test chair on vertical-rail device used to study effects of deceleration, while dummy called Murgatroyd (in foreground) awaits his turn. At control panel is research engineer John Kalogeris

Holloman track is set down in the middle of a desert, and no parachute tests are possible.

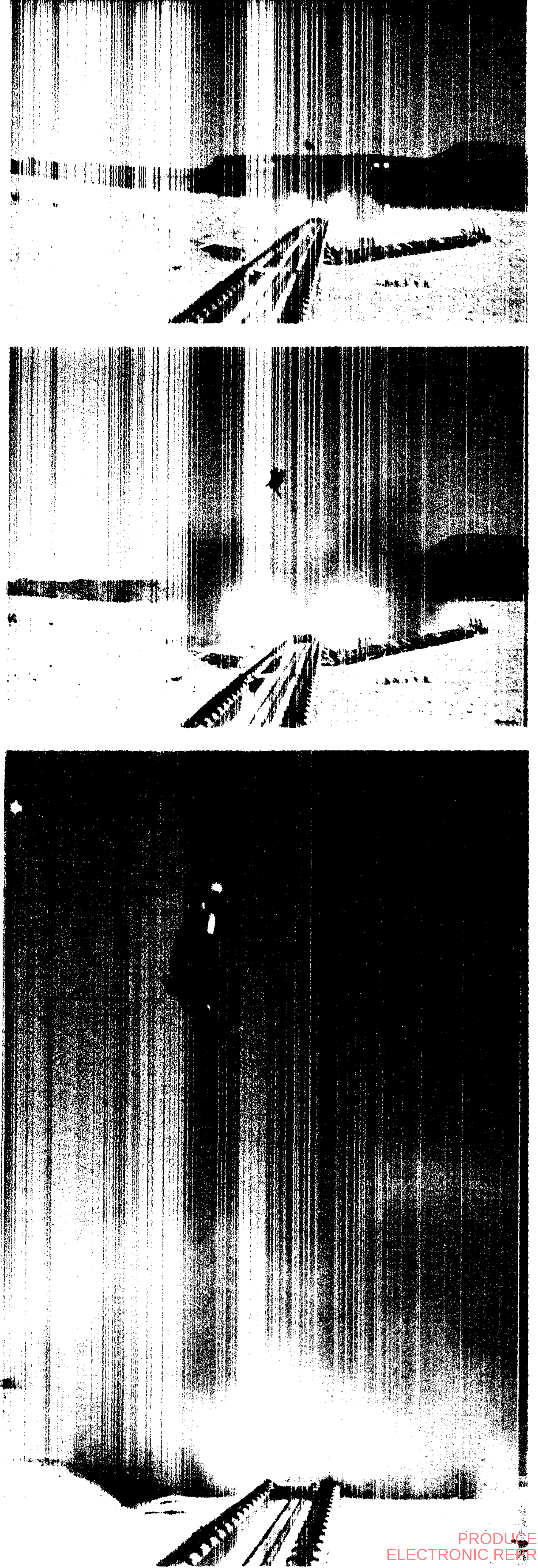
The problem posed in the Hurricane Mesa sled tests, Coleman engineers explain, is this: the pilot of a crippled airplane has a velocity equal to that of his plane as long as he is in it. When ejected from the cockpit, however, he slows down within a few seconds from the airplane's speed to zero. This terrific deceleration is literally like slamming into a brick wall. The faster the speed at which the bail out takes place, the greater the decelerative force. This rapid slowdown is measured in terms of g (g is equivalent to the acceleration due to gravity). Decelerations above 35 g's are considered fatal—although one such has been survived—and even at much slower deceleration severe injuries can be incurred.

But the violent slowdown is only part of the problem; wind blast also must be considered. Thrust your arm from the window of an automobile moving at 60 or 70 miles per hour and you will get an inkling of what the wind might do to you if you were suddenly shot from an airplane moving at, say, 1,000 miles per hour. At such extreme speeds, wind blast can tear off all a pilot's protective equipment and in itself cause serious injury.

THERE IS A THIRD segment of the problem. Current aircraft ejection seats are fired upward by a cartridge mechanism. At low speeds, where wind blast is negligible, the seat is blown well clear of the plane. At very high speeds, however, the wind blast catches the seat as it emerges from the cockpit and slams it horizontally—possibly into the tail of the aircraft. One remedy, now in use, is to drop the seat downward, where there are no projecting plane surfaces, but this might not be effective in a plane completely out of control, spinning and twisting through the air.

Still another problem point in bail out in the rarefied upper air is oxygen supply. A pilot cannot breathe in the thin air above 15,000 to 20,000 feet. One solution is a timing device which delays opening of the parachute until

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN BRYSON



Left: In three-picture sequence running from top to bottom, camera mounted at the rim of Hurricane Mesa records what happens after rocket sled hurtling toward it suddenly ejects dummy Hurricane Sam in supersonic bail-out research test. Top: As Sam sails over edge of mesa (right), orange-and-white parachute opens and floats him down (small speck, left) to rocky floor. Six feet tall and weighing 200 pounds, Sam is an anthropomorphic dummy; his metal bones and joints and foam-rubber flesh simulate as closely as possible characteristics of human body. The body is full of wires and gauges to measure stresses and strains to which it is subjected in tests. Tests reveal type and extent of injuries to which human pilots are liable in supersonic bail outs and provide proving ground for the new devices sought by the Air Force to prevent such injuries

a safe level has been reached. But at the altitudes contemplated for the Mach 2 series of aircraft, the pilot might have to drop as far as 10 miles before he reached breathable air—and he might black out or die in the meantime. Thus, for very-high-altitude bail outs, it appears that oxygen must be provided during the descent.

At Hurricane Mesa, the Coleman test group is first of all gaining experience on its sled for a series of ultrahigh-speed tests—up to twice the speed of sound—which will start this summer. Secondly, the researchers are studying what happens to the ejection seat itself when it hits the wind blast. Finally, from instruments in the dummy's chest, they are measuring the tremendous forces of wind blast and deceleration that an ejecting pilot would encounter at various speeds. I witnessed one test run, an impressive and frightening demonstration of the factors a pilot must contend with when he leaves a rapidly moving plane.

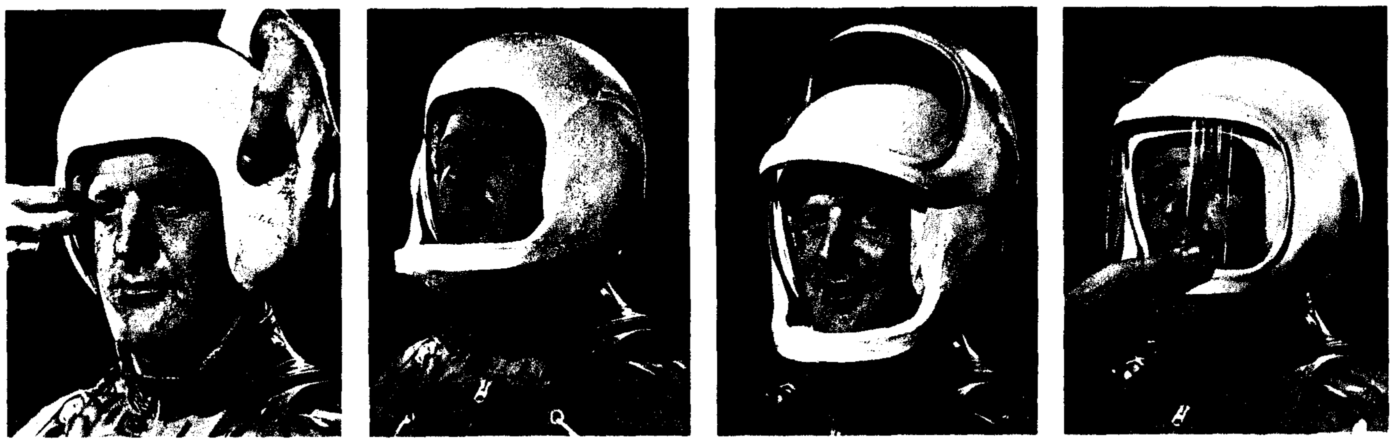
A SMALL CRANE lowered Hurricane Sam, the dummy, into the cockpit of the sled. Sam, six feet tall and 200 pounds, is an anthropomorphic dummy—he has metal bones and joints and foam-rubber flesh, simulating as closely as possible the characteristics of the human body.

"He's a little nervous today," one of Sam's handlers said, jokingly. "His last ride was a tough one." On the previous test, the parachute had popped too soon; Sam's head and one arm had been torn off, and the body had been ripped to shreds.

Next, the crew affixed the rockets to the rear of the sled. The five power rockets, with a total of more than 20,000 pounds of thrust, would push the sled up to a top speed of about 560 miles per hour. In addition, there were six 1,000-pound-thrust "retro" rockets facing the opposite direction. They would fire after Sam was ejected and slow the sled to a point where an arresting gear, similar to those used on aircraft carriers, would jolt it to a halt.

As the sled crew started its final check of the automatic mechanism within the sled, we retired to an observation tower at the rim of the mesa. The "count-down" was already under way. "Ten minutes to firing," blared loudspeakers all over the track area. From 16 vantage points, cameras were

Engineers try to improve and simplify helmets to give fliers more protection in bail outs from supersonic jet planes



Convair's test pilot Bob Myrann tries on an experimental helmet. Developed for use with "flying seat," it is in three sections: headpiece, chinpiece and visor

U.S. AIR FORCE

Here's test pilot Bob Myrann in the Air Force's conventional high-altitude helmet. It's part of G-suit, which counteracts pressures encountered at extreme altitudes

trained on the sled. They would follow the dummy's ejection from start to finish, providing a photographic record for later study.

"One minute to firing," the loud-speakers warned. A siren screamed. On the tower, everyone was silent, all eyes focused on the sled. Perhaps the observers were wondering, as I was, how it would feel to be sitting in that cockpit.

"Five seconds . . . . four . . . . three . . . . two . . . . one . . . !" In the blockhouse at the end of the track the controller pressed a button. From the five rockets came a long streak of orange-colored flame, and the sled hurtled down the track. It had covered a thousand feet before the roar of the rocket blast reached our tower, a half mile away. Faster and faster the sled sped toward the mesa rim, its steel grippers holding it to the track.

SUDDENLY, the cockpit canopy shot off and spun high into the air. Hurricane Sam and the ejection seat were blasted about 40 feet upward, at the same time hurtling forward at a terrific rate. An automatic timer released the seat and Sam plummeted headlong, almost faster than the eye could follow, toward the cliff. Then, as the dummy sailed over the mesa rim, a brilliant orange-and-white parachute billowed open and Sam floated down to the rocky floor below. There were noticeable sighs among the observers, as though each had mentally been riding with Sam on his ejection.

"That will give you an idea of what the pilot is up against," said John Lechner, chief of the Coleman Engineering staff at the mesa installation. "Actually, that was a low-speed run. Later on, Sam will be taking some much more interesting rides."

"There is a wide divergence of opinion as to the upper speed limit of safe ejection," added T. C. (Ted) Coleman, president of the company which bears his name. "During the coming year it will be our job to find out by means of these sled tests just what that limit is. It's a little early in the program for firm conclusions, but it appears likely that at some very high speed, we will have to protect the pilot with some kind of enclosure as he leaves the airplane."

George Smith, of Manhattan Beach, California, agrees with Coleman. Smith, a test pilot for North American Aviation, is an authority on the subject; he is the only man who has ever survived a low-altitude supersonic bail out. Last year Smith had to eject from a North American F-100 Super Sabre, the fastest plane in Air Force service, at close to 800 miles per hour.

In the few seconds after he left the diving airplane, Smith took probably the worst beating that any pilot has ever survived. His deceleration was actually beyond what are considered fatal limits. It was estimated at about 40 g's; in other words, the force exerted against him by the wind blast was four tons. His helmet and oxygen mask were ripped off and the tip of his nose was torn loose. Air forced down his throat distended his stomach, and other internal organs were dislocated and damaged. Blood poured into both his eyes. Although some of the panels of his parachute were rent by the opening shock, the chute miraculously opened and lowered him into the Pacific Ocean, where he was picked up by a fishing boat. He was unconscious for five days and in the hospital altogether for some six months. At first it was feared he would lose his sight, but his damaged retinas mended and his vision is now normal. He has gained back half the 60 pounds he lost and, in best test-pilot tradition, is once again flying the same type of plane which almost cost him his life.

I asked Smith what type of equipment he would prefer if he ever has to leave a plane again. "Let me state flatly that it is an experience I don't

V-8
V-8
Cocktail
VEGETABLE JUICES

Famous 8-in-1 flavor!

Even livelier flavor than tomato juice!

Even fewer calories than fruit juice!

Brimful of refreshment and health . . . that's V-8 by Campbell's! It's the 8-in-1 vegetable juice that's deliciously different.

Gay, sparkling flavor puts V-8 in a class all its own. (Plus those vitamins and minerals.) No single juice . . . indeed, no other mixed vegetable juice . . . can capture the flavor the Campbell folks are famous for!

Why not taste what we mean before dinner tonight? One cool, refreshing sip of V-8 calls for more—and more!

V-8 Vegetable Juices—a delicious blend of 8 different juices—the juices of the Campbell Tomato, celery, carrots, beets, spinach, lettuce, watercress, and parsley.

By Nature it's wholesome...by Campbell's it's delicious!

V-8 is a trademark owned by the makers of Campbell's Soups.

ever care to repeat," he replied. "But I don't discount the possibility. If I ever have to go again, I want to be inside some sort of capsule, preferably one I can ride all the way to the ground."

"Capsulation," as engineers call it, seems to be the generally accepted answer to the question of supersonic escape from a damaged plane. A capsule is an integral part of the airplane—either an enclosed seat, the whole cockpit or an entire nose section—which is ejected as a unit. This type of development is being actively pursued by a number of research groups as the solution to bailing out at speeds of up to three times that of sound—at up to 2,000 miles per hour at high altitude.

CAPSULES, HOWEVER, cost weight, the design engineer's bugaboo because added weight limits aircraft performance. One company is working on an interim measure, lighter and less complex than a complete capsule, which might be adaptable to "slower" airplanes—those whose top speed is below Mach 2, or 1,300 miles per hour.

At its big, sprawling plant in San Diego, California, Convair Division of General Dynamics Corporation is perfecting this interim device. It is a sort of "flying seat," an ejection unit which has its own power plant and "flies" momentarily as it leaves the airplane, reducing decelerative shock and ensuring clearance of the tail structure. I watched a series of experiments at San Diego aimed at reducing the deceleration load.

Convair has a vertical rail 16 feet high, along which rides a dummy—Murgatroyd, this one is called—on an ejection seat. Murgatroyd is released at the top of the rail and stopped with a terrible jolt by a braking device. By regulating the length of the drop and the suddenness of the stop, Convair test engineers can simulate decelerations up to 40 g's and determine the effect on anthropomorphic Murgatroyd.

In conjunction with these tests, Convair has developed a special load-reducing harness designed to cut down the effect of deceleration. It is a tight, corsetlike garment which fits around the pilot's torso; it is also connected, by straps and cables, to the seat itself, so that, in an abrupt deceleration, part of the shock is transferred to the seat. In tests, the torso harness has proved highly effective. On one heavy jolt of 29 g's, the shock recorded on instruments inside Murgatroyd was only slightly more than half that. In an actual bail out, it would be a rough impact, but a survivable one.

The harness, together with a new-type pressure suit and visored helmet, will be part of the flying seat. The seat itself is a "contour chair," designed to protect the pilot against deceleration shock. In front and on either side are grooves into which the pilot fits his arms and legs just before ejection. As he presses the ejection button, steel bands spring out from the seat and lock arms and legs in position—a flailing limb would be broken by the wind blast. At the same time, heavy lap and chest straps tighten automatically, holding the pilot securely in the chair.

The seat starts its movement out of the airplane by the ordinary cartridge method. Before it clears the plane, however, a powerful rocket engine cuts in automatically and literally flies the seat out of the cockpit, clear of the tail. The rocket is also canted at an angle to push the seat away from the decelerative "brick wall," reducing the shock in much the same manner as a boxer rolls with a punch. Retractable fins pop out from the rear of the seat to provide stability during the slowing-down process, for end-over-end tumbling is another danger—it can cause brain hemorrhage.

As the rocket power gives out, a small pilot chute is automatically released to help slow the seat down. A timing device "decides" when the seat has slowed down to an acceptable degree, then pops open the larger parachute, which lowers the whole unit to earth. If the escape takes place at high altitude, an oxygen supply in the rear of the seat provides an air flow inside the pilot's visor. When a survival kit trailing below the seat touches the ground, the arm and leg locks are released and the pilot can undo the other restraining belts.

"This method is not the ultimate in high-speed escape," said Convair design engineer Hugo Mohrlock. "But we feel that it is attractive in certain speed ranges because of its relatively light weight and lack of complexity." It can provide effective escape, Mohrlock feels, at speeds from more than 800 miles per hour at low altitude to twice the speed of sound above 50,000 feet, where the shock is less severe because the air is less dense. The "flying seat" will be tested next year at Hurricane Mesa, and Convair plans to incorporate it in a new, still-secret high-performance Air Force fighter the company is building.

The next step beyond the flying seat is the "capsule," of which there are three basic types. The first, being built for the Navy by Goodyear Aircraft Corporation at Akron, Ohio, is the "enclosed seat," consisting of "clamshells" behind and below the seat. When the ejection process starts, one clamshell moves down over the top of the seat, the other moves up from the bottom to join it, forming a complete (although claustrophobia-inducing) enclosure for the pilot. The whole unit is then fired out of the plane.

A different type is the "canopy capsule," under development by Stanley Aviation Corporation at Denver for the Air Force. Here the pilot's seat is hinged so that it may move upward. When he decides he must eject, the pilot pulls a lever and the seat moves from its vertical position to the horizontal, so that the pilot is lying on his back inside the cockpit canopy normally over his head. The canopy and the bottom of the seat form the capsule, which is then blown out of the airplane and lowered by parachute.

The third type of capsule represents what most engineers and pilots feel is the last word in escape devices. It is a "nose capsule," in which the whole forward section of the airplane, containing the pilot in his normal position, breaks away from the fuselage, then drifts to earth by parachute, the pilot still in it. From Charles Russell, a development engineer with Republic Aviation Corporation of Farmingdale, Long Island, who has been studying capsulation for several years, I learned the details of one model of this interesting escape system.

The nose capsule is literally an airplane within an airplane, and it is attractive to pilots because the flier never actually leaves the plane—he just gets rid of part of it.

In the pilot's compartment there will be installed a powerful rocket motor. When the pilot decides he is in trouble, he hits the "panic button" to start the breakaway. That's all he has to do—the rest is automatic. First, the rocket will blast off and the fuselage connections will be released, separating the nose from the "afterbody," the portion of the plane behind the cockpit. The afterbody, shorn of its streamlined forward section and exposed to terrific air pressures, will probably disintegrate immediately.

The rocket power will force the nose capsule upward and rearward, again "rolling with the punch." For stability, to prevent tumbling or twisting, retractable fins resembling a miniature tail section will pop out of the rear of the capsule. The small pilot chute will start the slowing-down process. Installed in the capsule will be an "altitude-velocity detector," a sensing device which determines when the flying nose is moving slowly enough to permit release of the main parachute (a premature opening might tear the chute). The main chute—it will be a very large one, probably about 40 to 50 feet in diameter, to allow easy descent and reduce the landing impact—will then billow out.

AT THIS POINT, the pilot has an option. He may elect to bail out of the capsule, using his ordinary parachute, or he may ride the capsule all the way to the ground. Russell feels that since capsules are going to involve a great deal of weight and complexity, designers might as well go all the way and build a unit which the pilot does not have to leave.

"Getting down to the surface is not the whole problem," Russell added. "We have to assume that the ejection might take place over water, or over jungle or arctic terrain. So we have to build survival kits into the capsule." For example, he explained, the capsule will have to be floatable, in case of water landing. Should the bail out occur over arctic country, there must be some provision for keeping the pilot warm, such as a battery for an electrically heated suit. And, assuming that the landing might be in an area where rescue might not come immediately, the capsule must contain food, shelter and other provisions for a long wait in any climate. It must also contain an oxygen supply so that if the separation should occur at a very high altitude, the pilot could breathe normally.

Such capsules are not fanciful, futuristic projections. Douglas Aircraft Company, working at El Segundo, California, under a contract with the Office of Naval Research, has already completed a "mock-up"—a full-scale model—of a detachable escape capsule similar to the one described by Russell. The Douglas-ONR concept goes a step further; it is designed to be a complete nose unit which could be coupled with a number of different types of afterbodies and used as a fighter, bomber or trainer, making for cheaper and simplified production by standardizing the cockpit section. This capsule has been rocket-sled-tested and has actually been dropped from a plane in flight tests.

In addition, less complex versions of the ultimate breakaway nose are already flying in two research aircraft, and a new Air Force experimental fighter now under development will have a capsule of some sort—the USAF isn't saying which type.

Capsules admittedly have their penalties. Aircraft-design engineers, who will argue for a week about an added 10 pounds, shudder at the weight that a nose capsule involves—the rocket motor, the heavy parachutes, the automatic timing mechanism, floatability provisions, survival gear and so on. Engineeringwise, capsules will make even more complicated the now almost unbelievably complex supersonic airplane. But, designers reluctantly admit, there seems no other way out of the problem.

"Sure," says test pilot George Smith, "there are all sorts of engineering problems. But it took a lot of engineering to get to supersonic speed in the first place. Now that we're there, we might as well go the rest of the way. I'm undoubtedly prejudiced, but I think pilots are important people." THE END

More days of fun! (She's got The Hertz Idea!)

Nice, huh? Sure, she makes every day of her vacation count. When it's time for 2-weeks-with-pay, she goes by fast train or plane, and has a Hertz car meet her there. That's The Hertz Idea!

Vacationing with The Hertz Idea saves you days on the way. Days you can spend on nothing but fun in a new Powerglide Chevrolet Bel Air or other fine car. It's yours with just your driver's license and proper identification. And all you pay on a national average rate is $6.95 a day plus 8 cents per mile. All gasoline, oil—even proper insurance is included.

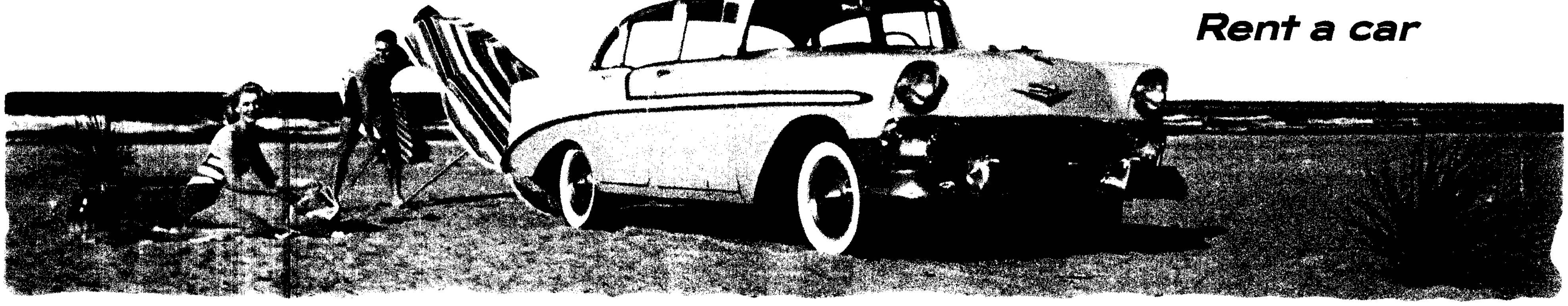
What's more, you can reserve a Hertz car for as long as you want it just about *anywhere*. You see, Hertz has over 1,000 offices in more than 700 cities around the world.

Doesn't your vacation call for a car—*there?* If so, be sure to call for a Hertz. We're listed under "H" in your phone book. Hertz Rent A Car, 218 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago 4, Illinois.

More people by far...use

HERTZ

Rent a car



Hertz has new Powerglide Chevrolets (or other fine cars)—just like your own!

By MILDRED CLINGERMAN

She was terrified that her dream about her husband would come true. Then she found peace, in a way that would haunt her always

FIRST LESSON

THE house was very ugly—one of those narrow three-story Queen Anne houses with scalloped siding and a turret. Back in the nineties some other woman, perhaps, had occupied the turret bedroom and considered it romantic. Sometimes in the late afternoons I'd lean my arms on the window sill and stare down through the green leaves of the tulip tree, watching for Hugh to turn into this quiet street, and I'd remember that tower rooms were the traditional vantage points for wives of soldiering husbands. There were half a dozen other wives waiting in that house for their men, but I knew that none of them waited with my peculiar fear.

As a matter of fact, Hugh and I felt ourselves very fortunate to be in that house. Hugh was neither an officer nor an officer candidate, and the landladies in that town upheld Army tradition by almost never mixing enlisted men with the officer caste. But our landlady had a streak of romance and rebellion. She also had a soft spot for the enlisted paratroopers, who seemed to represent for her the essence of the crazy wildness Southern women find so attractive in men. Moreover, I was able to fall into Southern speech at will. I had only to remember the tones of my grandmother's voice, and my tongue obligingly produced the sounds that made my landlady happy; my voice grew higher and draggingly sweet, and the rhythm of the words changed subtly. One used almost any weapon to acquire a room in those days, in that town. Mrs. Allen, our landlady, had grown very fond of me almost immediately.

The officers' wives were not in the least fond of me. We smiled coolly at one another when we passed on the stairway. They were punctilious about allowing me my turn in the bathroom, but the only conversation I'd ever had with any of them was once when the tall dark one ran out of cigarettes and borrowed a pack from me. She was in a great hurry to get back to her room and only paused long enough to tell me that the turret room was charming, really charming. Her enthusiasm alarmed me. I was afraid she wanted it for friends and might influence Mrs. Allen to make

(*Continued on page* 48)

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DWYER

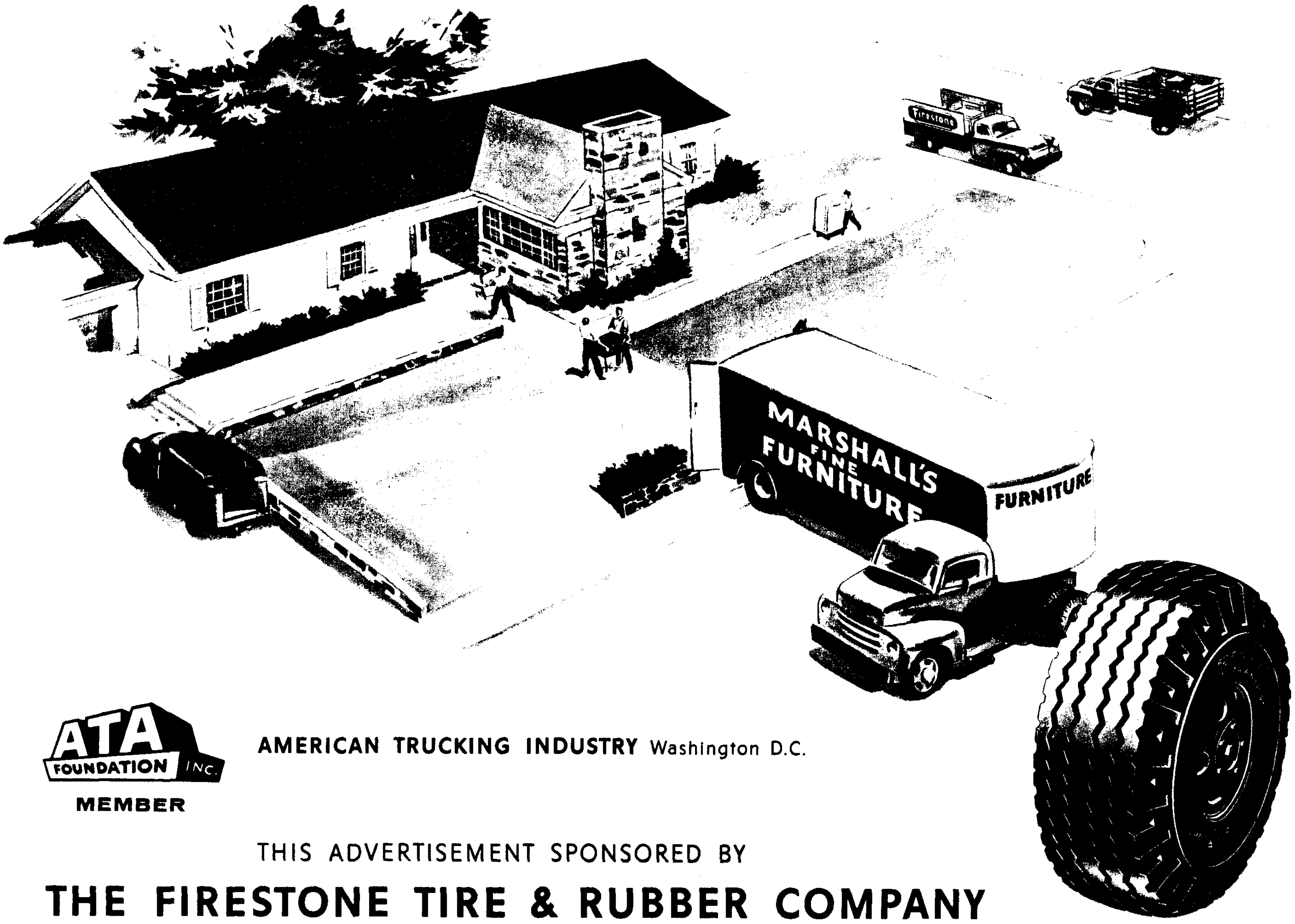
Wedding Bells and Rolling Trucks Mean Happy Days Ahead

TRUCKS AND WEDDING BELLS! What do trucks and wedding bells have in common? Just this—every time wedding bells ring we know there is to be another home in America. And every home, old or new, depends upon the services of trucks for its needs, comforts and the good things of life.

Without trucks it would be completely impractical, if not completely impossible, to build a new home today, because every brick, every stick of lumber, every pipe and every pane of glass arrives at the homesite by truck. If trucks were to stop rolling, the carpenter, the mason and the plumber soon would have to lay down their tools. Home building would come to a swift and sure halt. And when a family changes homes, the moving is always done by trucks.

Everything in the home comes by truck. When you think of the high standard of living enjoyed by Americans and their families, remember also that America has more trucks than any other nation in the world.

And so, trucks and wedding bells do have much in common because the lives of newlyweds and everyone else, too, always will be influenced and enriched by the services of trucks.

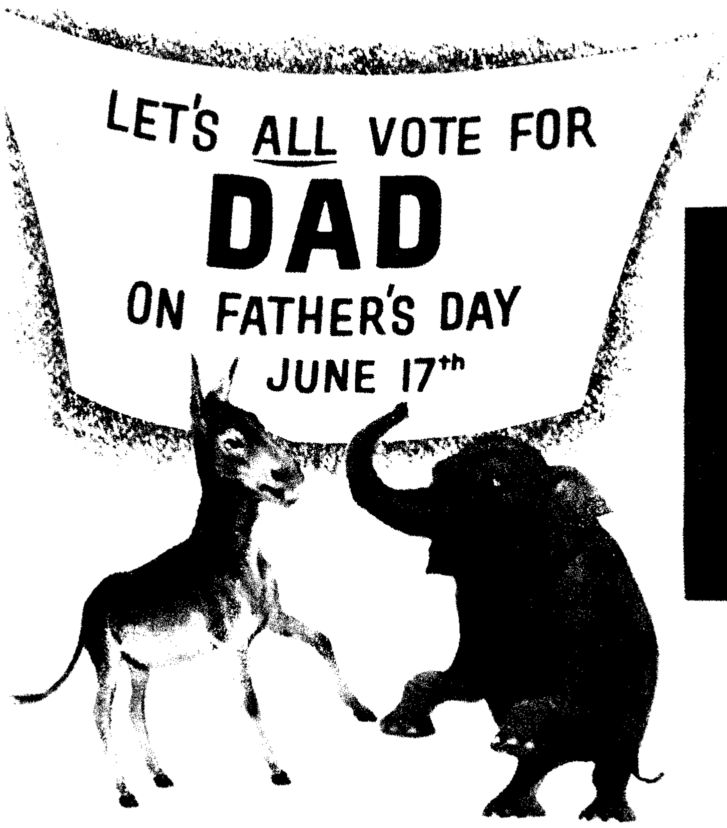


ATA FOUNDATION INC.
MEMBER

AMERICAN TRUCKING INDUSTRY Washington D.C.

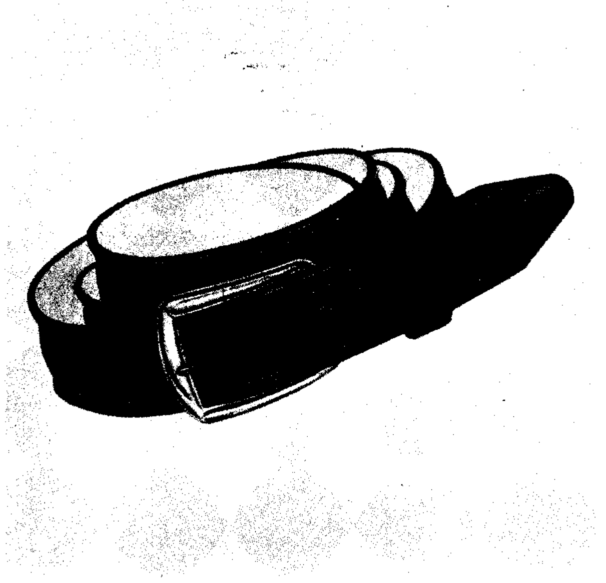
THIS ADVERTISEMENT SPONSORED BY

THE FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY

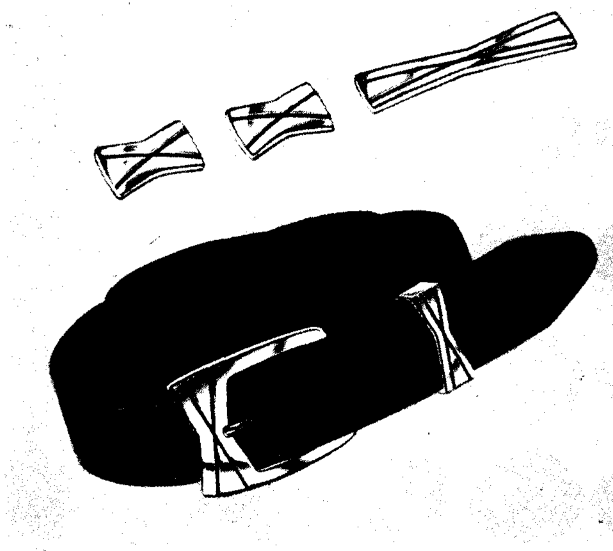


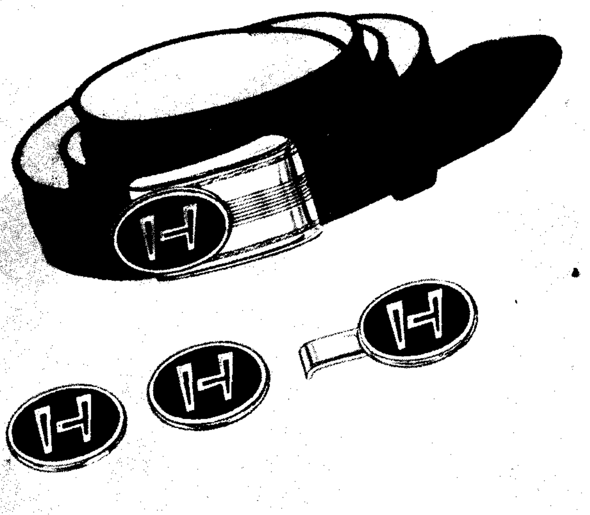
HICKOK

New Giant Collection



The Sierra Belt, here shown in lustrous Mahogany, is the world's most popular belt. Carefully hand-finished for outstanding beauty. Also available in Tan, Black, Gray, $2.50.

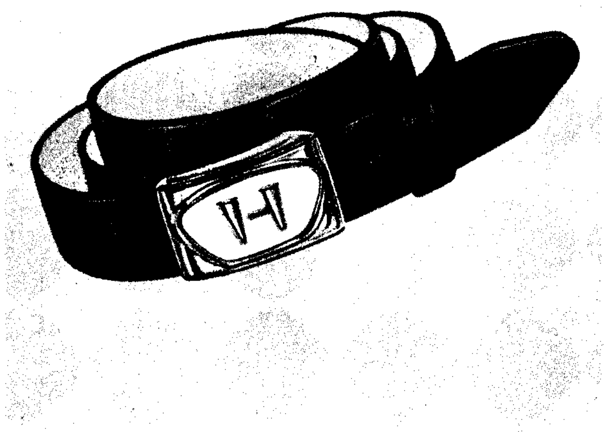




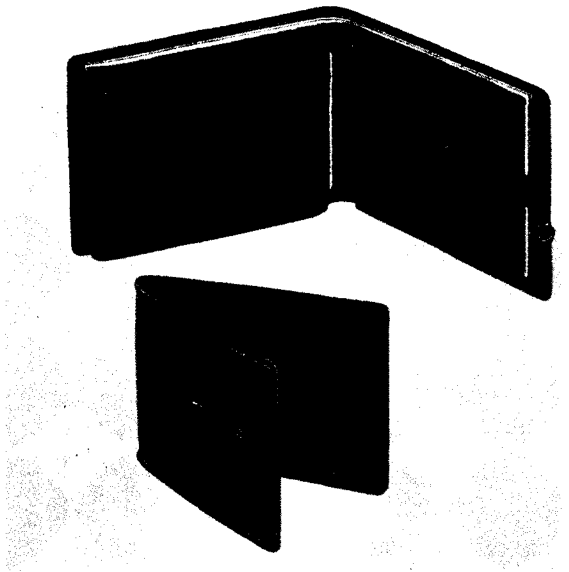
Europa Tie Bar is $2.50*, Cuff Links $2.50*, Set $5.00*. The Black Europa Cowhide Belt with Metal Loop is $3.50. The Belt and Matching Jewelry Set, handsomely gift boxed, is $8.50. Also shown: Black Sierra Belt, $2.50, Olymp Oval Initial Buckle, $2.50*. The set $5.00*. Olympic Ov Cuff Links, $2.50*, Tie Bar, $2.50*. The set, boxed, $5.00

Gentlemen's jewelry in fine jeweler's metal. Top: Fretted Tie Bar $2.50*, Cuff Links $2.50*, Set $5*. Bottom: Flying Gull Tie Bar $2.50*, Cuff Links $3.50*, Set $6*. Gift boxed.

*Prices plus Fed. Tax.



The belt, crafted of the finest Mahogany Bridle Cowhide, is $2.00. The handsome two-tone Initial Buckle is $1.50*. Complete set $3.50*. Also available in Black and Brown.

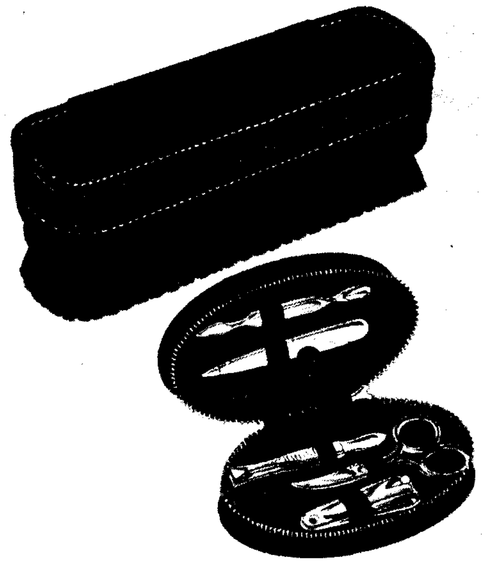


"Courier" Wallet, with new expandable feature, is $5.00 The unusual "Sport Clip" holds bills, change, identific tion—and clips to your pocket for safe carrying. Only $2.95

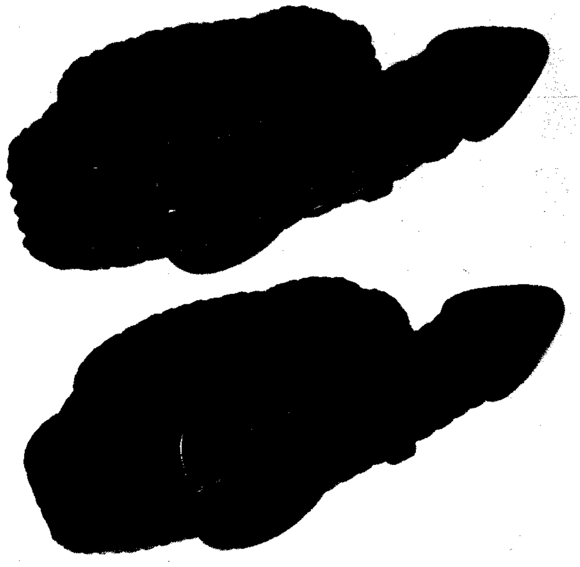
GIFT SHOW

of Beautiful Gifts for Every Occasion

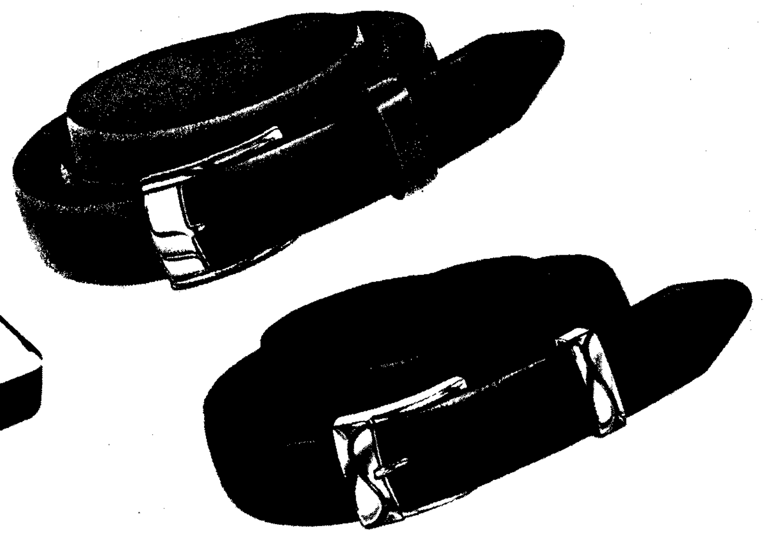
Dad wins by a landslide—
a landslide of magnificent
gifts by Hickok, the
master beltmaker to the
world! Choose your
favorite gifts—for dads,
grads, grooms, birthdays,
anniversaries and
every gift occasion—at
your favorite men's or
department store, today.



Two fine gifts for the traveler! "Commuter"—completely fitted Brush Kit in Ginger Cowhide, only $4.95*. The fitted Manicure Kit in matching Ginger Cowhide is $4.95*.



Especially designed for summer wear! New Red Ombre Elastic Belt, $2.50. Charcoal Blue Braided Elastic Belt, $2.50. Both available in a variety of other striking colors.



'll like the personalized touch when you give him the ipper Initial Tie Bar and Cuff Link Set, beautifully xed for gift presentation. Only $3.50* complete. The handsome tan Belt with Hickok Stud Buckle is crafted from the finest full-grain Cowhide. Only $3.50. A really unusual gift is the black, Imported Morocco Belt for $5.

The "Commuter" Travel Kit in handsome Ginger Cowhide with water-proof lining has plenty of room for all toilet articles. $4.95*. Imported Morocco "Lancer" Wallet. $5*.

*Hickok Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y.

(*Continued from page* 44) us move. But then I recalled Tall Dark's New Jersey accent and knew how unlikely it was that Mrs. Allen would ever be swayed by crisp consonants.

I ought to have been very lonely, I suppose. I was homesick for mountains and desert and distance, and I was often sickened by that hate and fear, so palpable in the South it oppressed one's breathing at times, but I wasn't lonely. Unless there was a night jump scheduled, Hugh came swinging down the street every afternoon, having been deposited at the corner by the bus labeled JORDAN, which one must always remember to pronounce "Jurdan." Later *the two of us would sally forth for the* evening meal, since the turret room had no cooking facilities.

So, except for the recurring dream that tortured me most nights, the evenings were good. I never told Hugh about the dream, and when I cried out in my sleep, he woke me with sleepy little kisses, murmuring all our familiar love words till I slept again. I roused briefly when his alarm clock rang at 4:00 A.M. and lay blinking at the brightness of the overhead light while Hugh dressed, listening to the heavy sighing with which he greeted another day of soldiering. Watching his meticulous lacing of the paratrooper boots had such a hypnotic effect on me that generally I fell asleep again and never even heard his departure.

MRS. ALLEN gave me coffee in the late mornings. She kept her coffeepot full all day—I was free to help myself. Several times a day she stood at the foot of the stairway and summoned me in her fluty, penetrating voice to come have a "dope" with her. Bottled cola drinks in the South were so strong they made me feel as if my scalp were floating, and I rarely managed to down more than one a day, while Mrs. Allen easily disposed of six or eight.

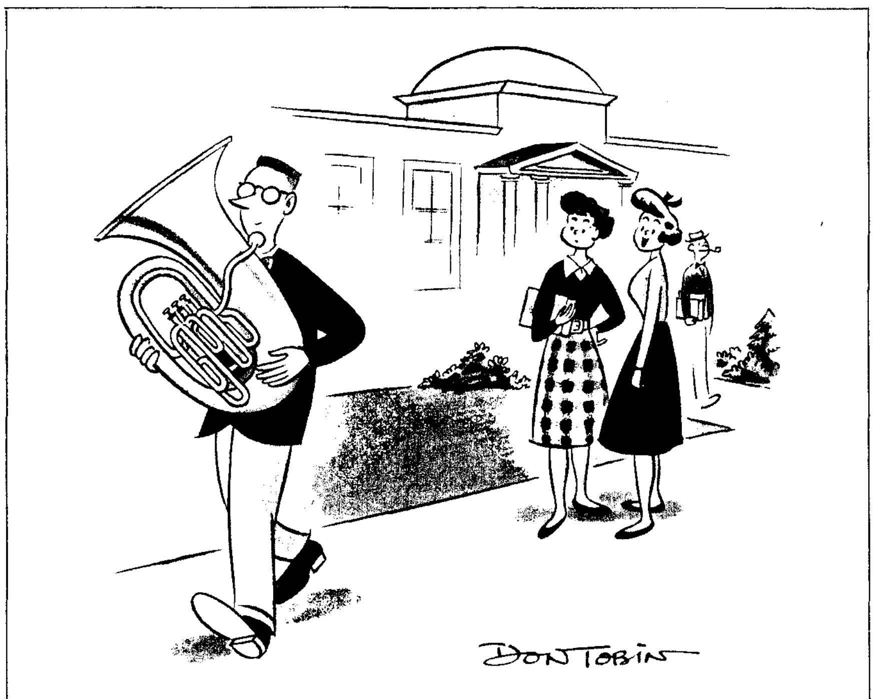
When Mrs. Allen wasn't drinking coffee or cola, which she drank always standing up, staring exhaustedly at the kitchen sink, she was following the colored maid around, exhorting and pleading in a sweetly despairing voice audible all over the house. Iris was a sullen-faced young woman who never swept the corners of rooms, but plied her broom in aimless circles while she gazed inscrutably at the cobwebs hanging from the high ceilings. One often met Iris carrying a mop bucket full of cold, greasy black water and dragging a string mop that resembled a tumbled heap of dark worms.

Between the two women there was sometimes an ominous silence that kept me confined to my room, despite my longing for coffee. There were days, I knew, when the widowed Mrs. Allen woke up "suffering" and dosed herself liberally with bourbon. The kitchen wasn't a pleasant spot on such mornings. But after a few hours I'd hear Iris and Mrs. Allen laughing together—shrieking, rather—their laughter so much alike I couldn't distinguish one voice from the other. I'd go down then and have my coffee before I dressed to leave the house for a late luncheon.

I was one of an army of wives that invaded the streets at that hour. Most of them walked in pairs like schoolgirls, eating together, shopping together, sharing little private jokes, and occasionally quarreling with the bitter intensity of bored women. I came to recognize many of these couples, and we all smiled and nodded, but I had no desire to join them, or to link myself with any of the other unattached women who made tentative efforts to form an alliance. My reluctance was, I suppose, a kind of snobbery, but it was also a healthy effort to maintain some semblance of my normal, civilian life which had never depended on just that type of feminine companionship.

I explored the town on foot and by bus. I spent hours in the library. The war was going badly for us at that time, and any day Hugh's group would be shipped out. In the meantime they were practicing night jumping with full equipment, and with this step-up in the training program my nightmare dream became more insistent, more detailed.

I became less and less able each morning to shake off the horror of the dream. Mrs. Allen began to chide me for looking so poorly. Even Iris, who had ignored me for the most part, began to cluck a soft, wordless counterpoint to Mrs. Allen's mournful inventory of all that was wrong with my appearance. I was much too pale, they assured me; my eyes looked like two burned holes in a blanket; my bones would soon be poking out of my skin.



"He's not much to look at, but *boy*, can he kiss!"

COLLIER'S DON TOBIN

IRIS followed me back to my room one day carrying the mop bucket and the squirming mop, with the avowed intention of doing up my room for me. At her insistence I retreated to the bed while she smeared the middle of the worn linoleum with the liquid that resembled swamp water. Her eyes flashed with something like friendliness when I offered her a cigarette and asked her to sit down a minute and talk to me. She dropped into the straight chair, as far away from me as she could get in that small room. For a while we simply smoked, avoiding each other's eyes, both of us acutely embarrassed.

Finally Iris said, "You 'bout worried sick?"

I shook my head. "I keep having the same dream," I said. "It's so real—I can't forget it in the daytime. It haunts me. I know it's silly to let it bother me so much . . ." My voice trailed off, and I tried to find something in the room to look at, because Iris's eyes were unreadable.

"Is it a real bad dream?"

"Horrible," I said. We stared earnestly at each other then for a long moment, and something stirred between the black woman and me—a tenuous thread of communication that seemed to dispel all the barriers we'd each put up. I forgot that I was not superstitious, and I realized I was asking for help. I can't be sure, but I think Iris forgot for an instant that I was white and too know-it-all to be deserving of help. In any case her response came almost automatically.

"Tell Iris . . ."

I drew a deep breath and told her. I told her about the inky night sky and the droning airplane and the tense men lined up in the aisle of the plane, wait*ing for the signal light that would tell* them they were over their drop area. I told her about Hugh, standing in the open door, just behind the lieutenant who was to lead off the jump. I saw the first man whisked out the door, with Hugh right behind him. I saw their grimacing faces when the opening shock hit them—somewhat comparable, I told Iris, to hitting a padded brick wall at eighty-five miles an hour. But this was all right, this was normal. It always happened when they hit the end of the static line and the chutes opened.

I told her about the expanse of white silk that billowed over Hugh's head for a moment, before it partially collapsed; of how he shook the lines, his head strained back, his voice cursing in the sudden silence; of how, finally, the chute blossomed out again, but with two panels blown. Beside him and above him, men called to one another—some laughing from relief of tension. One man, far off in the windy darkness, was talking coaxingly to his parachute, "Come on, baby, baby—sweet baby."

Suddenly a voice warned, strident and angry, "Slip to the right! They've dropped us over the trees!" Hugh reacted instantly, tugging at his lines. He began to oscillate. He seemed to be dropping faster, swinging in a great arc. Never mind. Get set for the landing fall, knees slightly bent and together, shoulders hunched for the rolling tumble, head down, chin in. Was that the ground? Don't tense . . .

He never saw the jagged, heavy fence post. His back was turned to it, and he could not know that it was slanted toward him, waiting like a giant fork. Only the watcher in the dream saw the fork spear the man through the back, and emerge, glistening and sticky, through his torn chest. There wasn't any outcry from the man at all. It was the dreamer who cried out in horror and grief. The man hung there, impaled, while the uncollapsed chute danced angrily where it touched the meadow, tugging unmercifully at the dead man and the fence post. . . .

Iris shuddered and opened her eyes. I found I'd been staring at one of the brass knobs at the foot of the bed, but I hadn't known I was looking at it. My eyes had been turned inward to the dreadful vision that was becoming more *real than anything else in my life. It* was queer how the dream gathered details to itself as time went by. At first I'd seen only the body on the fence post. I hadn't known it was Hugh. Little by little the dream had developed backward from that moment, till now it was as if I were accompanying Hugh in the airplane, jumping beside him, watching and listening, hovering near him in terrible anxiety and helplessness.

THERE was something else about the dream that frightened me. Hugh rarely spoke of his job to me. Was it possible for me to have gathered so much knowledge about his jumps from the little he'd said? Perhaps. I'd never jumped out of an airplane in my life and I hoped I never should. Still—it was just barely possible that I might imagine how it was. I think it was this daytime reasoning that had kept me free, for a long while, of the suffocating panic I now experienced.

Iris brought me a cigarette and lighted it with shaky hands. "What—what do you think, Iris?" I asked.

"It sound bad to me," Iris said. "You tried prayin'?"

I shook my head. "I—the truth is, Iris, I don't know how."

Iris looked at me in surprise. "Ain't you got faith?"

"I guess not." I turned away from Iris's eyes. They had a look that said I was a strange breed of cat.

"Don't you believe in nothing?" I could tell that Iris was not so much censuring me as indulging her curiosity.

"A few things, maybe. Bad things, mostly, I guess. Obviously I'm beginning to believe in this rotten dream."

"Yeah," Iris said, and it was comment enough. Clearly Iris regarded me as a pitiful object. "You got any ideas?" she asked, after a long silence.

"None," I said. "I can't very well go to Hugh's commanding officer and ask him please not to make Hugh jump any more, because I've had a bad dream."

"No," Iris acknowledged. "You reckon your man could play sick?"

"He wouldn't do it. Anyway, I've never told him—I won't tell him—about the dream."

"You did right there," Iris said. "It would only fret him. When he gonna jump again?"

"I don't know. In a few days, I guess. He'll tell me beforehand."

"Well, now, listen," Iris said. "They *is* something you can do." She looked at me measuringly. "You got twenty dollars? That's what it costs—twenty dollars. And you gotta do just like I say. You just give me the money, heah? I'll fix it all up so's you don't need to worry. Now, listen . . ."

I listened with a kind of numbed distaste to the instructions Iris gave me. When she finished I protested that I could never, never believe in such fool-

Year after year more people enjoy Seagram's 7 Crown than any other whiskey in the world

Seagram's
Seagram's
since 1857
Seven 7 Crown
BLENDED WHISKEY
A whiskey of distinctive character smooth, rich, full flavored without a trace of heaviness
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS, INC.
LAWRENCEBURG, IND.

Sure proof that Seagram's 7 Crown is American whiskey at its finest

Say **Seagram's** and be **Sure**

SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY
BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

ishness, or magic, whatever she wanted to call it.

"You don't have to believe," Iris said. "They's others will do the believin'. You just pays the money. And anybody could do the rest of it—them two little bitty things I told you. Lordy! Ain't you willin' to spend any amount to save your man?"

I got up and found my purse and gave Iris a twenty-dollar bill. I didn't believe for a minute that she could help me any more than she'd helped me already, simply by listening to me.

"I gotta go," Iris said. "Remember, tomorrow, you listen for the strawberry man." She stood in the open doorway with the mop and pail. Just before she closed the door, she spoke again, her voice sly and amused. "Don't be surprised none if you start believin' in it yourself. Most folks *does* believe in the power of a twenty-dollar bill."

THE next morning I got up and dressed much earlier than usual. When I went to the kitchen for coffee, it was empty, but I heard Iris and Mrs. Allen in the front part of the house. I didn't want to see Iris that day, so I drank my coffee hurriedly and sped back to my room to wait for the Negro peddlers whose distinctive calls would soon sound in the quiet street.

The first one to appear pushed a barrow filled with fresh black-eyed peas. "BACK! Ah, peace . . ." the man called, with a poignant, sorrowful cry. He got a good response from the housewives or their maids. I leaned on my window sill to watch. After ten minutes or so of silence, the street was filled with the cry of the strawberry man. "Star bees? RIPE star bees . . ." It was a charming, plaintive question and answer. Often when I'd been lying half awake listening to it, I'd tried to imagine just what a "star bee" looked like, tempted to empty my purse for a swarm of them. This morning, though, the call meant something else to me, something dark and alien and faintly disgusting. Whatever it was I was buying from the man, I was certain it wasn't anything so nice as star bees.

He had rested his barrow directly beneath my window, and stood there as if waiting for my appearance. I called down to him and gestured stiffly when he looked up at me. On my way down to him I was glad not to meet anyone on the stairs.

The strawberry man, I saw, was very old. He pulled a long, wrinkled earlobe by way of greeting me. From his torn old coat he produced from an inside pocket a small gray envelope and handed it to me.

"Iris sent me," I said unnecessarily, since I already held the envelope.

He nodded and seemed to look far beyond me. "You f'm Arizony?"

"Yes," I said.

"Cowboys," the old man murmured. "And Indians." He nodded positively at me as if to assure me that the world held endless riches. Then the old, yellowed eyes filled with tears and his pendulous lower lip trembled. "Some *say* . . ." He looked a thousand questions at me, as if doubt tormented him.

"Oh, it's *true,*" I answered, and his face lighted with delight. I turned away then, because I didn't want the strawberry man to see in my eyes that the cowboys and Indians I knew were not in the least like the godlike creatures he dreamed of, that the mythical men he revered were exactly as numerous as star bees, and truth more elusive than either.

Back in my room I opened the small envelope and examined its contents—three pieces of white rice paper, scrawled all over with red ink. I recognized the paper as leaves from a book of cigarette papers. I couldn't make anything of the scrawled writing. If there were words written on the papers, they were in no language I had ever seen. Some of the words seemed to flow into minute, scratched pictures, one of which might have been a rooster, another a goat. But, according to Iris's reiterated instructions, it wasn't a part of my task to decipher the markings. I had only to chew up the papers and swallow them.

You've gone this far, I told myself. Why balk now? The papers went down more easily than I had expected. The next part was even simpler. I fished two pennies out of my change purse. As I slipped them into the envelope I saw that the rim of one of them was dented, as if someone had hit it hard with a hammer. I thought briefly that I ought to find a newer penny, but then decided not to bother; Iris had not stipulated as to the condition of the coins.

I left Mrs. Allen's house then and took a bus to town. From the bus terminal I walked eight blocks to the river. From the pedestrians' walk on the bridge I threw the envelope with its pennies into the muddy water. Afterward I ate a good lunch and went to a movie, and I felt strangely peaceful.

I had scarcely returned to my turret room when Mrs. Allen called me to the telephone in the downstairs hallway.

"It's Hugh," Mrs. Allen told me. "I expect he's going to be delayed."

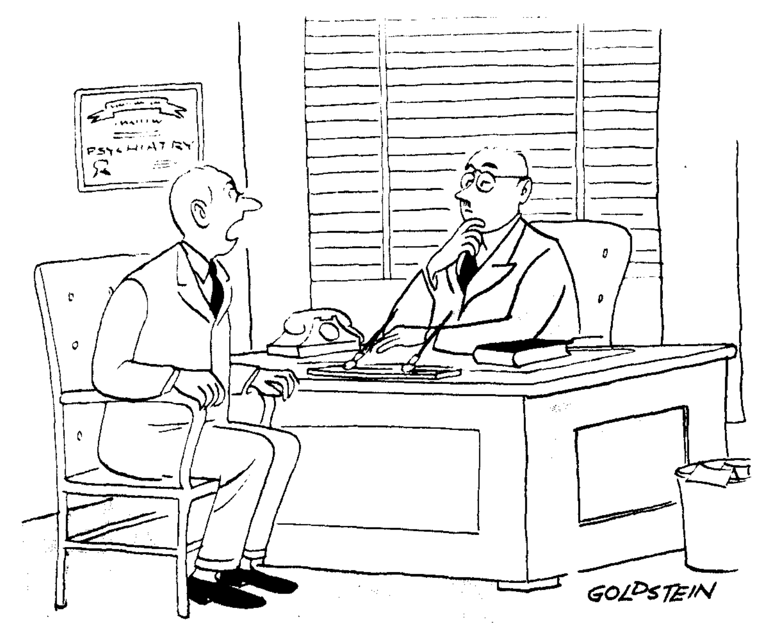
"Sorry, darling," Hugh said. "I'll be late tonight. They've scheduled another jump. You'd better go have your dinner without me. I'm not sure just what time I'll get back. They've got a whole mob of us stacked up here at Malfunction Junction."

"Malfunction Junction" was the paratroopers' wry name for the airport.

IT WAS a long evening. I wasn't hungry enough to go out to eat. I drank coffee with Mrs. Allen and ate a candy bar I found in our room. I tried to read, but I was unable to bring to my reading the same quality of attention I usually devoted to it on the nights Hugh jumped. But that fact was, in a way, a relief. I hated ever to use reading as one uses a drug. I sat in my room and tried to decide if I was as fearful as I had been over past jumps. Yes, but with a difference. What was it? For one thing, I was able to sit still without the anchor of a book. For another, I had made some kind of contact with the future, with tomorrow, by my imitation of an act of faith. Unable to believe for myself, I was yet able to believe that somebody, somewhere (more primitive, more gullible) was believing in my stead. As I say, it was a very long evening, and I had plenty of time for thinking—thinking with a difference.

At ten o'clock when the tall, dark girl from New Jersey knocked on my door, I was able to answer without any show of fear. How many times I'd waited for Hugh, terrified that somebody would come knocking to tell me he was dead.

Don't miss the *fun* of smoking



"I need an excuse for my miserable disposition"

COLLIER'S WALTER GOLDSTEIN

Seeing my light, she said, she'd come to borrow cigarettes again. She was appealingly shamefaced about it, remembering that she'd never paid back the first package. It took me a few moments to realize that she hadn't really come for that reason. After I'd shared my cigarettes with her and invited her to sit down, she admitted she'd met Mrs. Allen hovering in the hallway, and that Mrs. Allen had asked her to step in and keep me company for a little while.

"My husband's away this evening too," the girl said. "Isn't this a dull hole to be stationed in?" We talked for an hour and then parted with shy friendliness.

At midnight I was still sitting in the lumpy old wing chair, numbly waiting for the sound of Hugh's boots on the stairway. At 2:00 A.M., when he opened the door, I knew at once that something disastrous had happened. Hugh was very pale. I remember thinking that he looked exactly as if somebody had dusted his face with flour. He came to me at once and put his head against mine. His hands gripped my shoulders so hard I wanted to protest, but I didn't. I began to cry very quietly, and for a time neither of us spoke.

Finally Hugh said, "Three of them drifted into the river. All drowned. Lots of them landed in the trees, but none seriously injured. Two malfunctions—one man with a streamer hit the ground, still flipping at his lines. We yelled at him to pull the chest pack. It was as if he couldn't hear us. Was it windy here? Very windy over there across the river . . . I came down by a fence. You know those barbed-wire fences they have out in the country here? Like military entanglements, almost. There was a jagged post . . .

"Somebody yelled at me. Baby, it was close! What startled me—everybody, you know, was yelling tonight—was that it sounded like you. Whoever it was, some real young kid, I guess, he called me by my first name. He saved my life. It was a loused-up jump from the word go. The pilot must have seen what he thought was the ground signal—probably some farmer's lantern—and he thought he was over our drop area. It took hours to find everybody. Darling, darling, don't cry . . ."

Slowly Hugh relaxed enough to begin undressing for bed. He talked softly, monotonously, though, all the time he was unlacing his boots. "Look, here and here, at the riser burns on my neck. . . . And my helmet fell down over my face—separated from the helmet liner. Took me forever, it seemed, to shove it back so I could see anything. The opening shock was bad tonight. I blew two panels. Shook one old boy right out of his boots . . ."

Hugh pulled off one of his own boots, and a penny rolled out. He stared at it in disbelief, and then slowly pulled off the other boot and shook it. Another penny rolled across the floor.

"Now what stupid idiot did that?" Hugh was shaking with anger. "Anybody knows it's dangerous as hell to do silly, superstitious things like that—those damn' pennies could have buried themselves in my feet if they'd got turned sideways."

I picked up the penny nearest me and saw it had a dent, as if somebody had hit it hard with a hammer . . .

THAT was the last jump Hugh made in the States. A week later he was shipped out for Europe. I should have been very happy if I'd known when I said good-by to him that I'd see him again in two years, that he would be the same Hugh, a little quieter and older, but otherwise untouched.

I gave up the turret room to friends of the tall, dark girl from New Jersey. I told Mrs. Allen and Iris good-by and went home to the desert to work and wait. Mrs. Allen sent me a Christmas card that year and enclosed a note from Iris. It read: *They is a kindygarten for faith, too. You just swallows the good words and casts your bread on the waters. That was all I meant to teach you. All that fancy stuff was just plumb foolishness, like you said. The strawberry man is my daddy. It was me drawed the pictures with red ink. It was me and my daddy that prayed. Excuse me, but your letter don't make any sense to me. I never put no pennies in your mister's boots. How could I? I thought they went in the river. Please answer, because them pennies are fretting me. Best wishes from Iris.*

—MILDRED CLINGERMAN

Mildness is a Pleasure with Pall Mall

FOR FLAVOR AND MILDNESS

FINE TOBACCO FILTERS BEST

● Don't miss the *fun* of smoking. Mildness is something you enjoy . . . it's a *pleasure* with PALL MALL, because PALL MALL's natural filter—greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos—travels the smoke further, filters the smoke and makes it mild.

● So—get more *fun* out of smoking! Enjoy smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette can offer. Buy PALL MALL in the distinguished red package today!

PALL MALL FAMOUS CIGARETTES
IN HOC SIGNO VINCES
"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

Your appreciation of PALL MALL quality has made it America's most successful and most imitated cigarette.

Outstanding...and they are Mild!

Remember the "Old Grad" with a carton of PALL MALLs on Father's Day!

©A. T. Co. PRODUCT OF The American Tobacco Company AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF CIGARETTES

The sunshine specials in

Four convertibles—pretty as new-frosted cakes—for people who like the top-down life.

Clockwise, from upper left: *the Ford Thunderbird, the Ford Sunliner, the Lincoln Premiere, the Big M Mercury Montclair.*

Certain things distinguish these from any other convertibles on the road. One of those things is performance. These are cars that move as effortlessly as a ghost. They take corners as easily as a schoolboy racing home for lunch. They have big engines overflowing with *reserve* power. In emergencies, this *reserve* power means that each of the Ford Family of Fine Cars can carry you quickly and safely away from danger—in seconds.

And speaking of safety: these cars have all the new safety features—the built-in and optional safety features—

THE FORD FAMILY OF FINE CARS

that are actually saving lives today. This new safety was pioneered in the Ford Family of Fine Cars.

One more thing—out of many. Their tops come down neatly and quickly. Take the top off one of the Ford Family of Fine Convertibles today—and see for yourself. You can see them at any Ford, Lincoln or Mercury showroom.

Visit Michigan's top tourist attraction this summer! It's the Ford Rotunda and its fascinating motor car exhibits and displays. In Dearborn, Michigan; open daily.

THE FORD FAMILY OF FINE CARS FORD · THUNDERBIRD · MERCURY · LINCOLN · CONTINENTAL MARK II

THE MAN IN THE GRAY

The most publicized outfit, the gray flannel suit—emblem of the suburb-dwelling, city-working young executive—has a Dacron summer substitute. Easy to care for and newly elegant, here Dacron goes to town on genuine commuters in the New York area

DACRON SUIT

Wrinkle-resistant Dacron-cotton suit solves his commuting clothes problems for Dick Grossman, publishing executive, who daily hops trains to and from Larchmont, N.Y. (Mirro Lite, $40)

At left, Mr. V. Gebb, of Montclair, N.J., wears Dacron-Orlon suit by M. Wile ($40). Artists' agent Gebb commutes by car and bus, is shown here at a rooftop parking lot. The New Haven R.R.'s bar car, right, makes for convivial trip home to Darien, Conn., for ad executive Charles P. Murphy. Dacron in his crisp-looking suit (Linett, $50) gives hitherto impractical white linen outfit new washability

WHITE PLAINS NORTH STATION
ENTRANCE TO TRACK
4·52 P.M.
N.Y.C.R.R.
WHITE PLAINS LOCAL EXPRESS
125th STREET
MOUNT VERNON
FLEETWOOD
BRONXVILLE
CRESTWOOD
SCARSDALE
WHITE PLAINS
WHITE PLAINS NO. STA.

Only forty-five minutes from Madison Avenue is White Plains, N.Y., where plastics salesman Dick Julius lives with his wife and daughters. Above, he waits for the 4:52 wearing Dacron-cotton cord suit (Currick & Leiken, $40). Bermuda-length shorts promise to keep him cooler in heat of summer

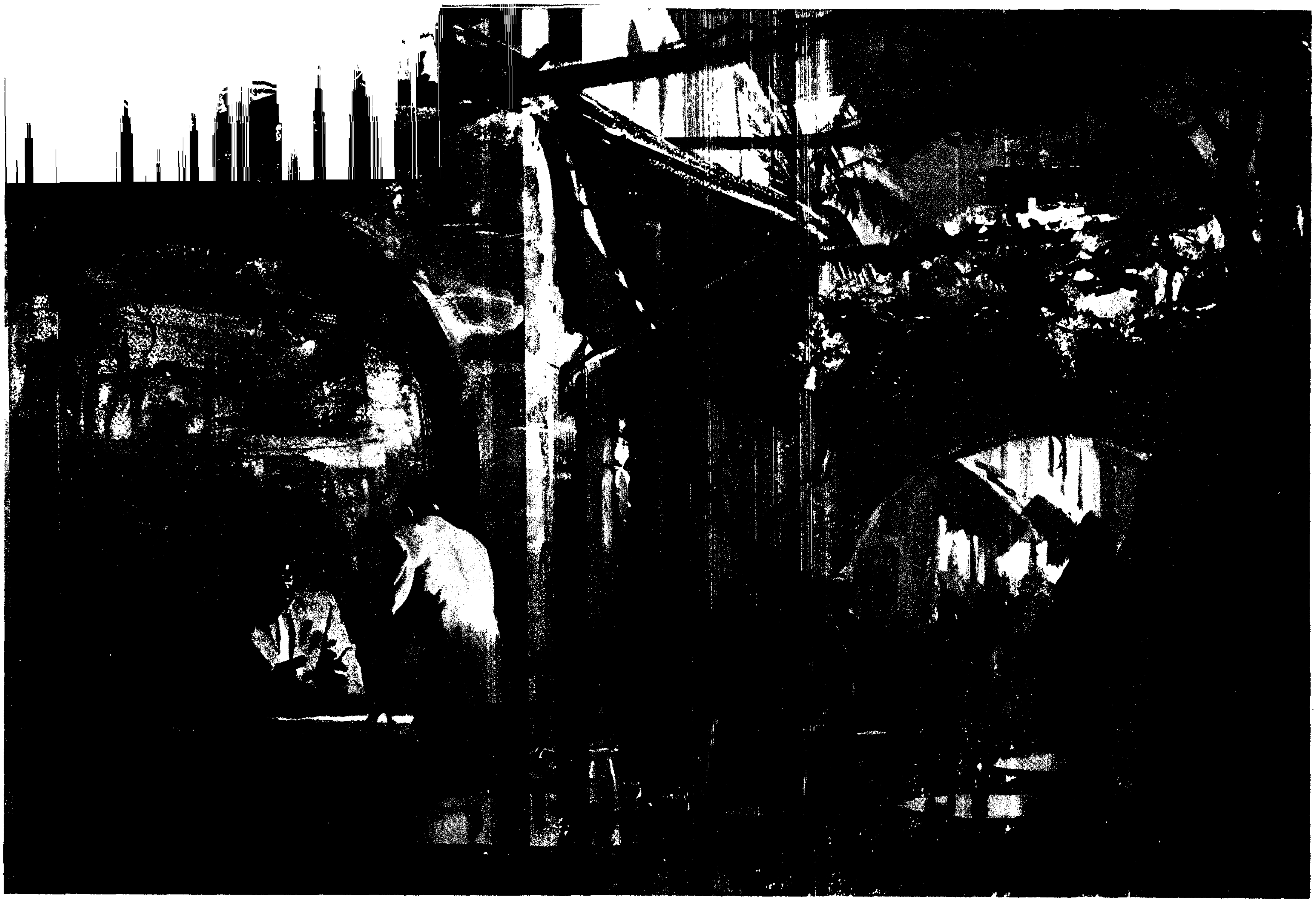
In his trim, uncreased Dacron-cotton suit (Gordon of Philadelphia, $43), Norval D. Jennings looks unharried after hard day's work in his mid-town office. Upon arrival at the Greenwich, Connecticut, station, advertising director Jennings is met by his daughter Joan, 9, while wife Lucille, Jackie, 4, and Kate, 3, wait in the car

Foggy mornings on the ferry to Manhattan Island are a regular part of the commute for Sumner Wheeler White, of Maplewood, N.J. A trainee in a Wall Street investment firm, he chooses sharkskin-weave by Haspel ($45). Dacron and cotton fabric makes suit stand up to high humidity of trip across Hudson

TIPS ON CARE OF DACRON SUITS: (1) Wash five minutes in warm water and heavy-duty detergent—do not allow spinning or wringing. (2) Hang on wood or plastic hanger and drip dry; smooth seams by hand. (3) Use warm iron if you press

Hats by Lee, Mallory, Champ, Stetson, Elis; Dacron and cotton shirts by Arrow, Matson, Ramey, Van Heusen; Dacron ties by Wembley, Smoothie, Regal, Prince Consort; brief cases by Samsonite, Rexbilt, Lifton, Doppelt; shorts and blouse by B. H. Wragge; washer-dryer, a Bendix Duomatic

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEORGE BARKENTIN



"You devil!" the man shouted and brought his hand out from under the table. Inspector Chafik found himself looking into the eye of an automatic

All over Baghdad there were whispers about a man who planned to take his own life.
But Inspector Chafik was wary: Was someone cleverly setting the stage for murder?

DEATH STARTS A RUMOR

By CHARLES B. CHILD

ONE day in Baghdad, a small boy who carried his shoes dodged through the ferment of traffic on Rashid Street and arrived, miraculously unscathed, outside the drab headquarters of the security police. He ducked under the arm of the guard, threw open a door lettered *Chafik J. Chafik, Chief Inspector, Department of Criminal Investigation,* and cried, "My father! There is a man who will kill himself and it is not proper to do away with the life that has been given us and—" His breath gave out.

Inspector Chafik got up from his desk, which was walled in by filing cabinets, and angrily reprimanded the guard. "An assassin, instead of my son, might have made this unceremonious entry!" he said.

Chafik, immaculate in a well-tailored white suit appropriate for the hot summer of Baghdad, was a slight, small-boned man whose swarthy face was sharpened by high cheekbones and a prominent nose. The profile he turned was as arrogant as that of a Babylonian king, but his face and voice softened as he said to the guard, "I do wrong to blame you. Nobody can stop my son when he is running. He is of the bazaars."

Chafik dismissed the guard and turned to the boy, gazing tenderly down at the elfin face and huge dark eyes. This was his adopted son. Chafik had chosen him from the many waifs who lived by their wits in the great bazaars of Baghdad, and taken him into a childless home. Polygamy, permitted by Islamic law if the first wife proves barren, was unacceptable to Chafik. He loved Leila, his lady of many happy years, very dearly, and they both loved the boy they had taken to be their son.

With effort the Inspector hardened his heart and said sternly, "Faisal! Why do you not wear the shoes your mother bought you?"

"My father, I do not wear shoes because I had to run faster than fast to tell you about the man who will murder himself, and shoes do not help the feet to go fast, and—"

"I have a slipper at home that goes very, very fast!"

Faisal looked pleadingly at his father. "Please do not spank me because I bring news Mr. Shaddock is going to cut his throat!"

"Eh? You say Shaddock?" exclaimed Chafik. He began talking to him-

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

"It's a joy to keep house with today's GAS appliances!"

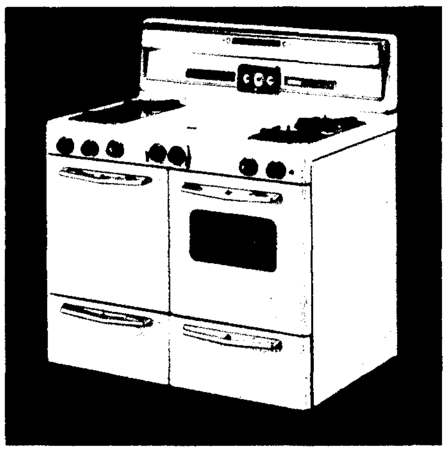
says the new MRS. AMERICA,

(MRS. CLEO MALETIS)

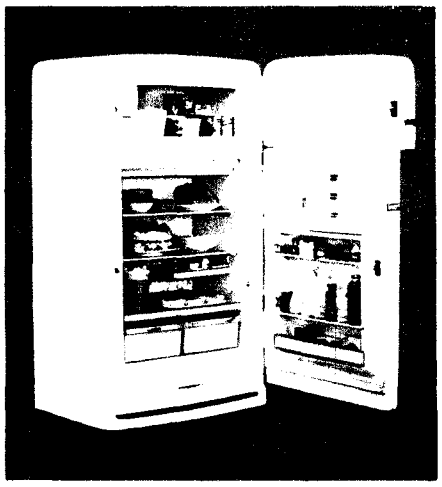
Meet the new queen, Mrs. Cleo Maletis of Portland, Ore., chosen for her wonderful talents for giving her family good food, good health and good living.

Cabinets by American Kitchens (Div. of Avco Mfg. Corp.)

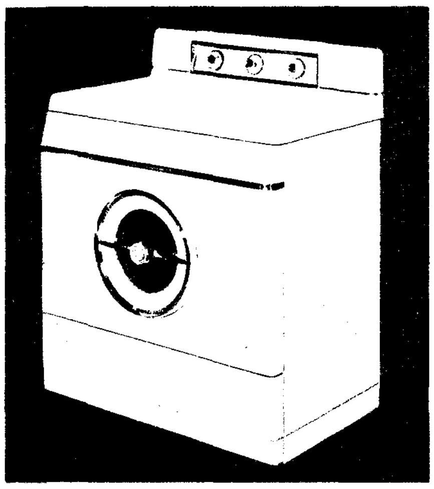
"The New Freedom Gas Kitchen and Laundry* I worked with deserve full credit for helping me win a great honor. Being a good homemaker comes easily with the fast, clean efficiency of modern Gas appliances."



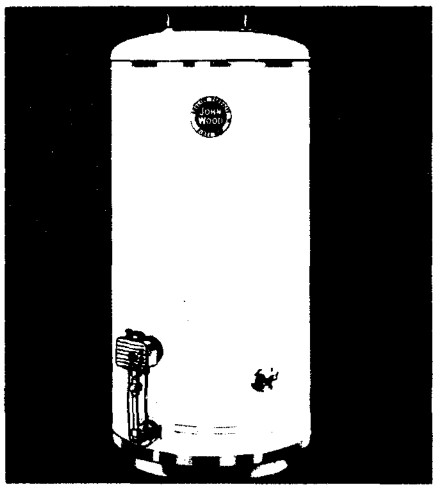
"Practically anyone can be a superb cook, with the help of a modern, *automatic Gas range!* From self-lighting burners, fuel-saving pilots . . . to giant ovens that cook dinner with unvarying, instant on-off heat, without watching . . . everything's automatic. And with the marvelous new 'Burner with a Brain', I was able to turn out prize dishes I could never attempt before!"



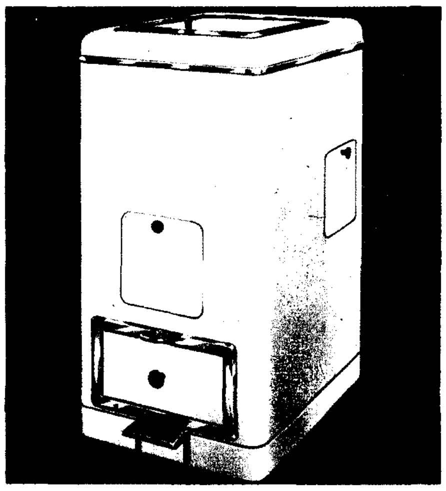
"I didn't even have to fuss with icetrays, with my *Servel automatic Gas Refrigerator.* Its Ice Server automatically made and served enough cubes to keep a supply on hand. What a wonderful feeling—to know that your clean, silent, dependable Servel is backed by a 10-year warranty. That's twice as long as any other refrigerator offers!"



"I loved taking part in the ironing contest . . . my *Gas washer-dryer* made it so easy. Just one setting of the dials and, in less than one hour, clothes were so soft and fluffy—wrinkle-free, too—it only took a few touches with the iron to do a beautiful job! Found I could use my washer-dryer as a washer only, or a dryer only, whenever I wished!"



"Every good homemaker knows the importance of plenty of really hot water. Modern detergents demand it for top cleaning performance. And my *John Wood automatic Gas Water Heater* was everything anyone could ask for! With silent efficiency, it delivered all the hot water I needed . . . never 'ran short' even on laundry days!"



"Nowadays, Gas even takes over the one chore that every homemaker dislikes . . . getting rid of trash. Don't know how I ever managed without a *Gas incinerator.* It burns up everything except cans and bottles—without smoke or odor or noise! Believe me, today's Gas appliances are modern wonders in every phase of housekeeping."

Don't miss seeing all the wonders of modern Mrs. America—endorsed Gas appliances, on display now at your Gas company or Gas appliance dealer's. AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION

ONLY GAS gives such matchless performance

The modern, economical fuel for automatic cooking . . . refrigeration . . . water-heating . . . clothes-drying . . . house-heating . . . air-conditioning . . . incineration.

*Reg. A.G.A.

"It's almost like a real visit, son. Call again soon"

Two people—you and the person you call—get a lot of satisfaction out of a telephone visit. Yes, it's almost like a real visit—as if you were there in person.

And the cost is so low, you can afford regular telephone visits with your out-of-town family and friends.

Why not try it tonight? Call your mother, father . . . sister, brother . . . son, daughter . . . husband, wife . . . sweetheart, friend.

And you, too, will say, "It's almost like a real visit. I'll call again, soon."

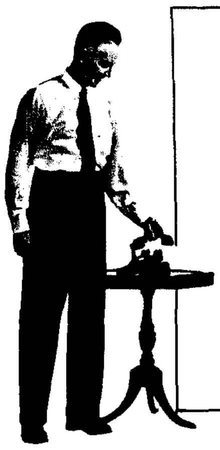
LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

Here are some examples:

Philadelphia to New York	40¢
Dayton to St. Louis	80¢
New Orleans to Dallas	95¢
Detroit to Boston	$1.10
Los Angeles to Washington, D.C.	$2.00

These are the Station-to-Station rates for the first three minutes, after 6 o'clock every night and all day Sunday. They do not include the 10% federal excise tax.

Call by Number. It's Twice as Fast.



self in a singsong voice: *Shaddock, Ali. Age, fifty. Profession, import merchant. Recently suspected of smuggling activities, no previous conviction. Married. Name of wife—"* The Inspector heard himself quoting from the official dossier and stopped; thinking aloud was an old and unbreakable habit, but it never failed to annoy him.

"The wife is named Anina!" Faisal said quickly, eager to placate. "All Baghdad knows he is going to do it because of her, and because she left him, and because he must forfeit the dowry he gave her when they got married, and because he's pockets-down with debts, and—"

Chafik paced the carpet of his office, deep in thought and forgetful of the boy. "Nonsense!" he said sharply, as if to an adult. "The religious courts, which deal with matters concerning the dowry given by the husband to the wife, and with divorce, will decide in his favor. I am informed that there is another man in the story, that it is *she* who seeks the divorce."

"Everybody knows she has pulled him around by the nose these many years!" Faisal said.

Chafik became ruefully aware of his son. "Rumor shouts from the housetops!" he said. "You have been with the bazaar boys, that Army of Little Ears that infests keyholes!"

"It is true I had the report from my men, my father, but the tale is told everywhere."

The Inspector sighed and gently drew Faisal to him. "About this matter of rumor," he began. "Listen! There was once a respected chicken, and she lost a feather searching for fleas with her beak. A second chicken told a third chicken about seeing the feather fall, but the gossiping chicken made it two feathers. So the news went around the coop, and each time *another* feather fell—until it was said the original chicken had plucked out all her feathers and was running about undressed. So they pounced on her, beat her, clucked, 'You're a disgrace!' and threw her out."

The Inspector raised an admonishing forefinger as he finished his parable: "Before you help spread rumor, my son, always remember how softly fell that first feather! Remember—"

The telephone interrupted. "Chafik J. Chafik!" he said curtly. Then, hearing a deep warm voice, he added hastily, "Never am I too busy to talk to you, Wife!"

"My man! Faisal has not yet returned from school, and I wondered if—"

"He is here and has no immediate desire to return home. A rendezvous has been made between a certain part of his anatomy and my slipper!"

The wife of Inspector Chafik laughed. "Ah, so you say now!" she mocked. "Without doubt you will feed him many honey cakes in a café somewhere and forget the matter of delinquency. . . . My man, I was at our sister's just now, and there was a lot of talk, and everybody wondered what you would do about Mr. Shaddock. He—"

"Wait!" Chafik broke in. "I have just narrated a parable on that subject to our son."

"So he knew too?"

"You both have unrivaled sources of rumor," Chafik said dryly and closed the conversation.

THERE had been a discreet knock on the door, and now a large man entered. He wore a sergeant's stripes, and the holster at his belt was as worn as his mahogany-colored face. "Sir!" he said and saluted.

The Inspector studied his dour assistant and said, "Abdullah, you are the shadow of a kite hawk that circles over a desert kill!"

"Yes, sir," answered Sergeant Abdullah, and glanced disapprovingly at the Inspector's son.

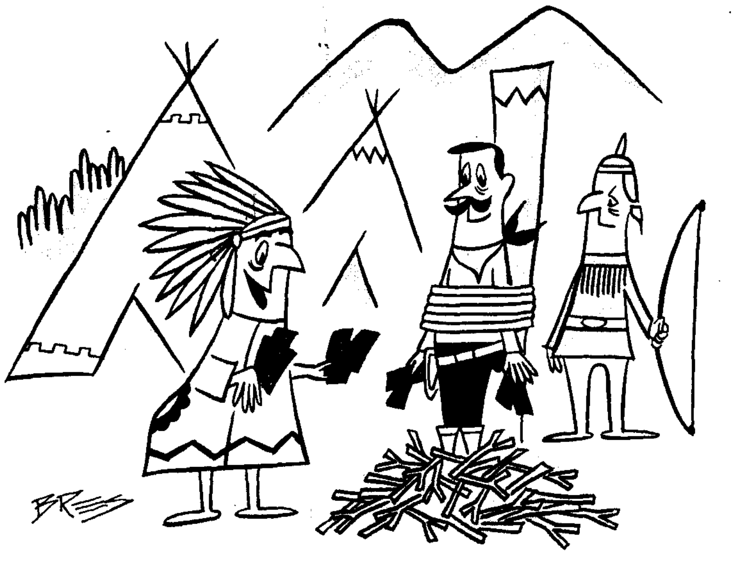
"To send Faisal from us," said Chafik, "would only encourage his curiosity and leave him with the nasty answers of an uninstructed boy. You would not understand, Abdullah—you only have daughters."

"Three, sir. They curb their curiosity," the sergeant added smugly.

Chafik reddened. "Report!" he said gruffly.

"Sir," Abdullah announced, "the individual named Ali Shaddock, who is of interest to us, has apparently drowned himself. His body awaits you across the river, near the place where his estranged wife lives. I venture to point out that all this was anticipated. Everybody knew that Shaddock intended—"

"Enough!" Chafik's face flamed. He drove his fist into his palm and shouted, "Sons of jinn (*Continued on page* 62)



"Release him. Paleface speaks with straight tongue!"

COLLIER'S FRANK BRESINGER

Mr. Service" in all 48 states

REGISTERED
REST ROOM
A TEXACO DEALER SERVICE
TEXACO

REGISTERED
REST ROOM
A TEXACO DEALER SERVICE

MILLIONS OF MOTORISTS APPRECIATE THIS CONVENIENCE CLEAN ACROSS THE COUNTRY, AND STOP WHERE THEY SEE THIS FAMILIAR GREEN AND WHITE SIGN

"MR. SERVICE" WILL GLADLY GET YOU FREE ROAD MAPS WITH ROUTES INDICATED, PLUS THE LATEST HIGHWAY INFORMATION—FROM TEXACO TOURING SERVICE

DRIVE NOW—PAY LATER. TEXACO IS THE ONLY PETROLEUM CREDIT CARD HONORED UNDER ONE SIGN IN ALL 48 STATES—AND IN CANADA, TOO

FOR TIRES, BATTERIES AND ACCESSORIES, THE FINEST PETROLEUM PRODUCTS AND THE BEST OF CARE FOR YOUR CAR EVERYWHERE—SEE "MR. SERVICE"

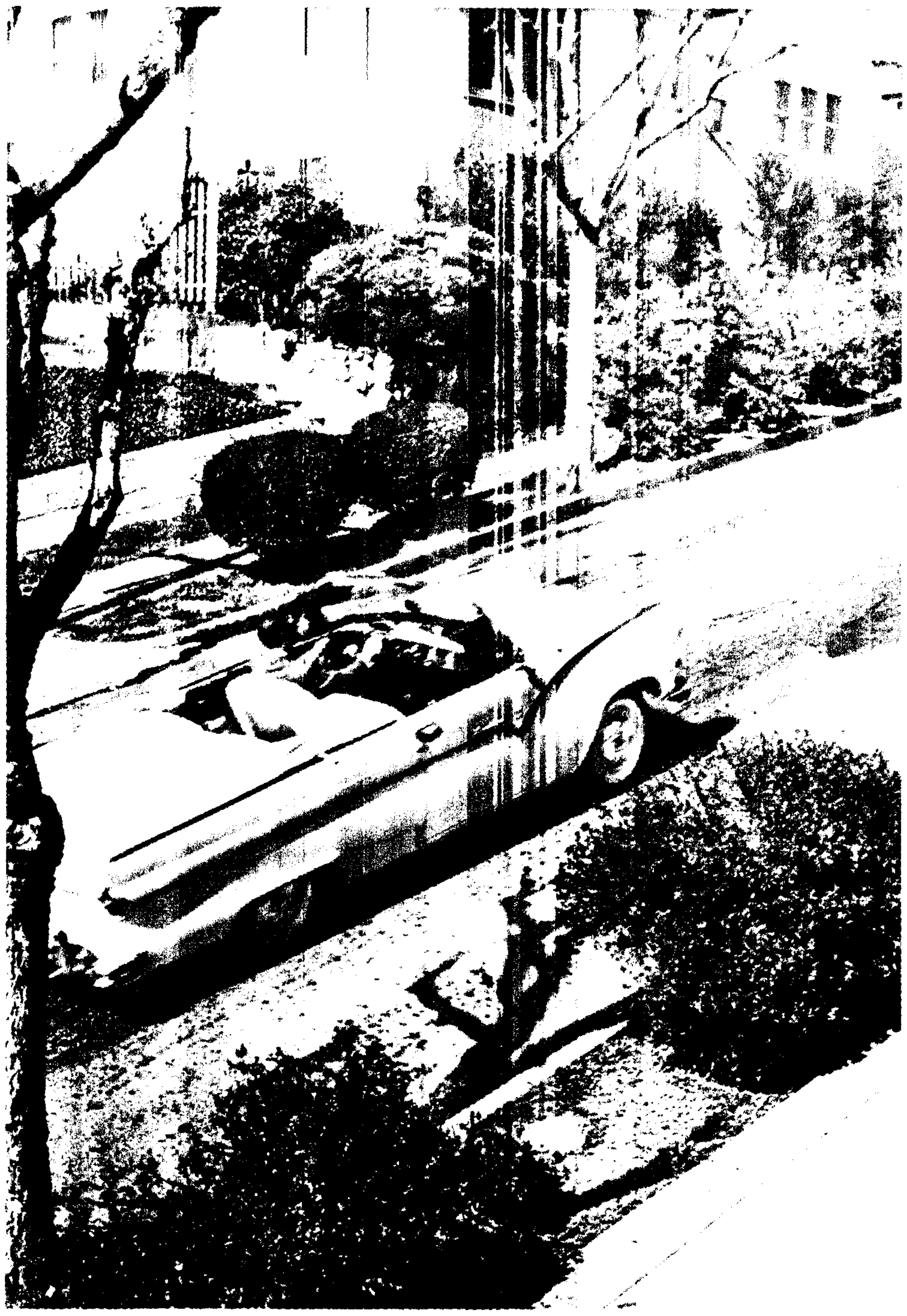
TEXACO
REG.T.M.

THE
TEXAS
COMPANY

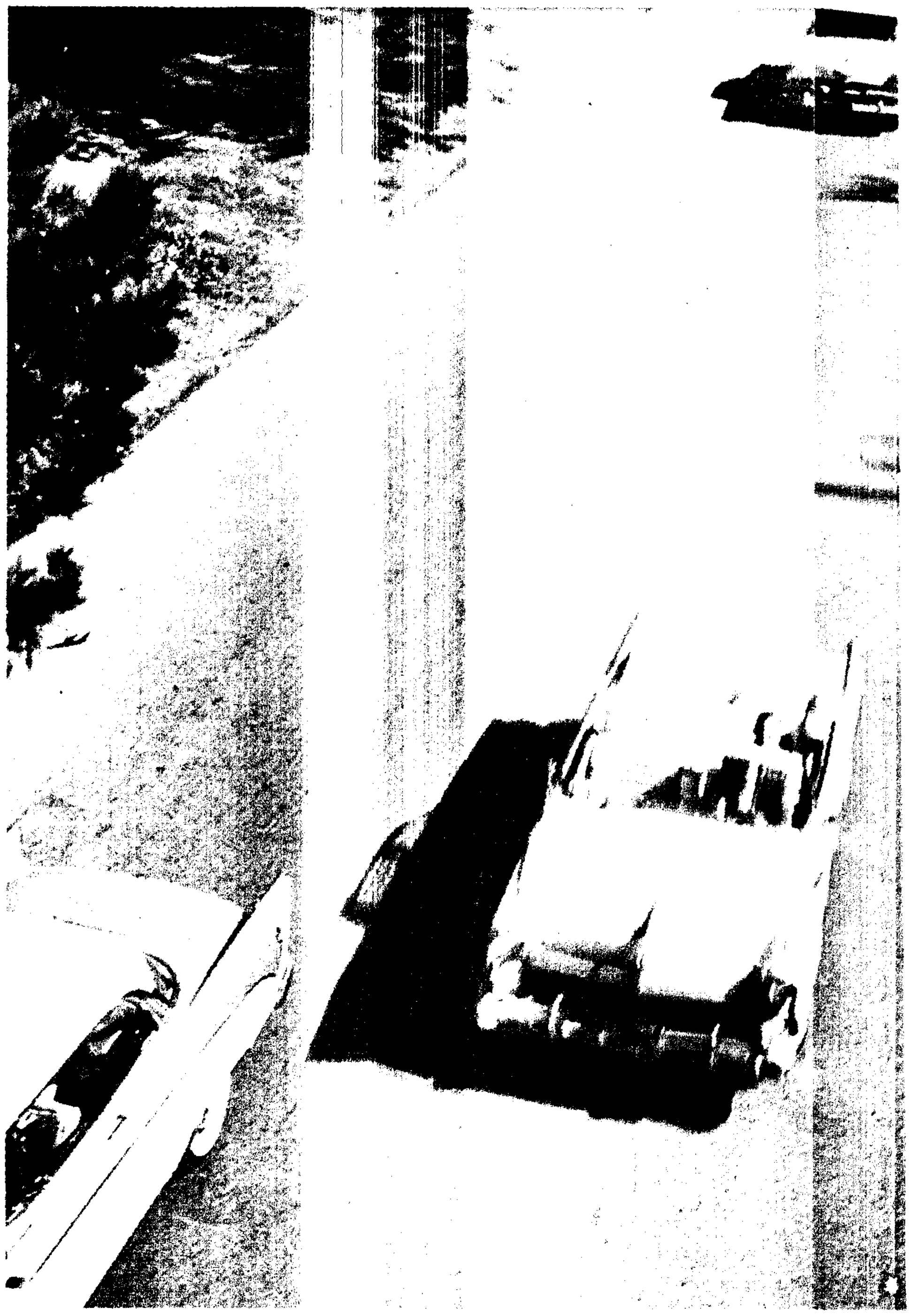
Tour with Texaco

TUNE IN . . . TEXACO STAR THEATER starring JIMMY DURANTE on television, Saturday nights, NBC

TEXACO
DEALERS
IN ALL 48 STATES
Texaco Products are also distributed in Canada and Latin America



24% **more road horsepower—for hill climb!**



24% **more road horsepower—for passing!**

Champion introduces a great new spark plug

Tests prove new Champions give big power boost to cars that have gone about 10,000 miles without a spark plug change. If you haven't changed your plugs recently, put in new Champions—and feel the difference immediately!

You just can't imagine what a difference new 5-rib Champions can make in your car's actual road horsepower.

But this difference has been proved—without a shadow of a doubt—in tests conducted by one of the country's largest independent research centers. Regular passenger cars whose plugs had gone roughly 10,000 miles were tested first with their regular plugs; then with new Champions.

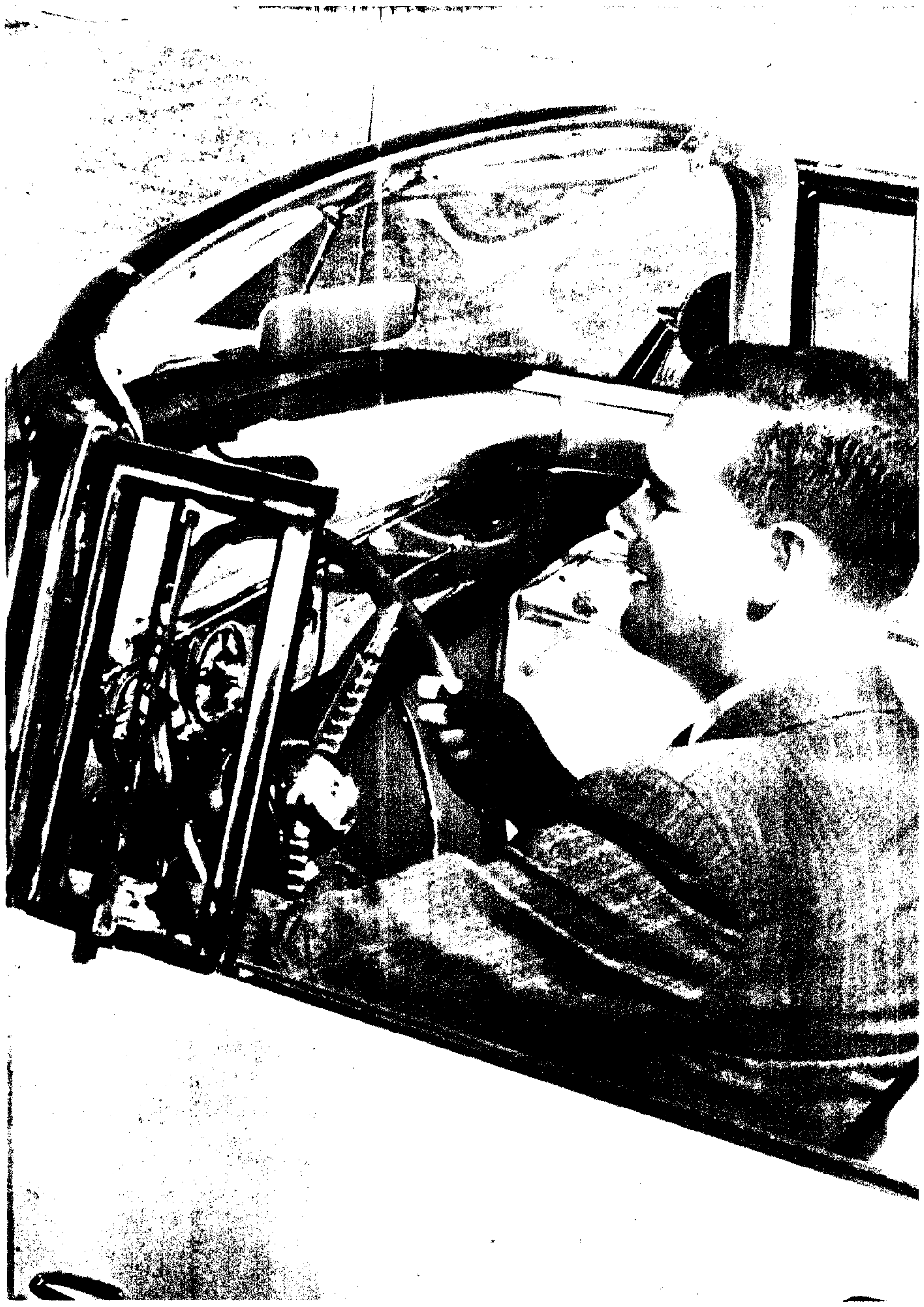
Nothing about these cars was changed except their spark plugs. Yet there was an immediate increase in their road horsepower—the real power actually delivered at the rear wheels!

Some of the results were spectacular. For example, a 1955 six-cylinder car whose plugs had gone 10,000 miles actually showed a gain of 72.5% in road horsepower! A 1954 V-8, whose plugs had gone 12,000 miles, got a boost of 53.5%. Some cars, of course, showed smaller gains; 20% in the case of one 1955 V-8 and only 6.5% (the smallest gain) in another. *But the average road horsepower gain for all cars tested was a fraction over 24%!*

And what a difference these new plugs can make in your car's starting! Tests show Champions reduced starting time by as much as 71%—with an average of 39% for all cars tested!

If you haven't changed plugs recently, it's high time to install new Champions. Whatever your car, these great new plugs give you more actual road horsepower—*immediately!*

24% more road horsepower—for the straightaway!

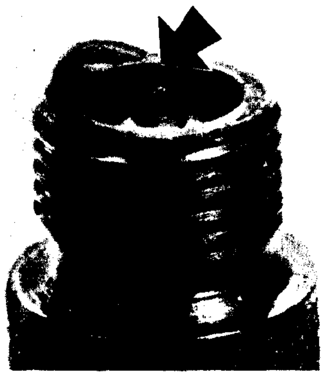


Quicker starts, too—39% quicker!

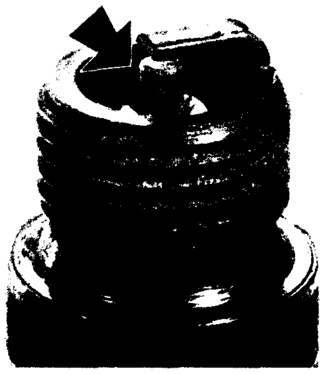
-it can increase road horsepower by 24%!

SEE HOW MUCH BETTER AND LONGER NEW CHAMPIONS STAND UP IN TODAY'S HIGH-POWER ENGINES

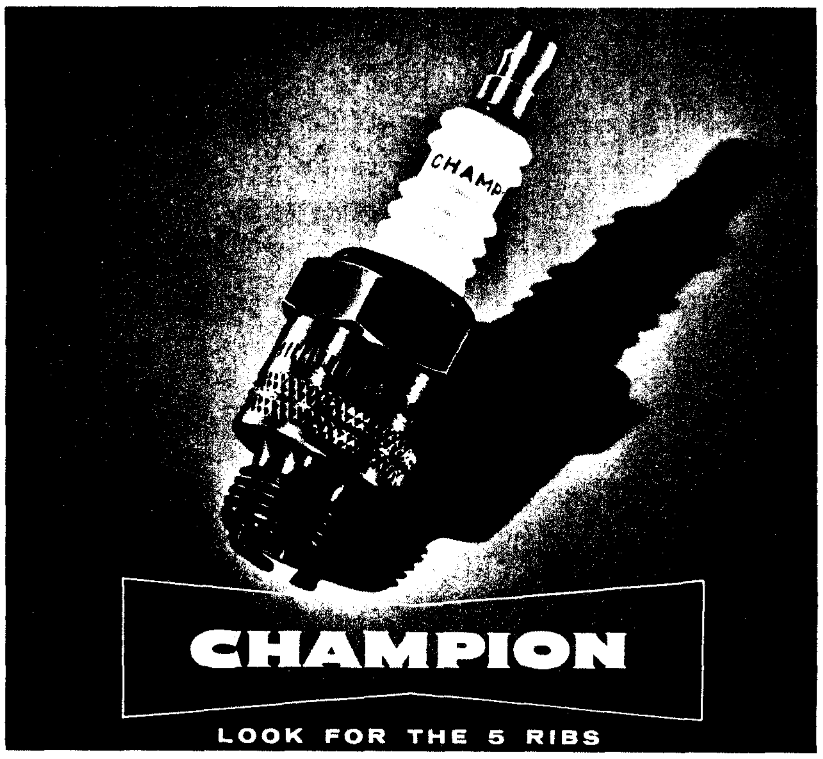
ORDINARY ELECTRODE



POWERFIRE ELECTRODE



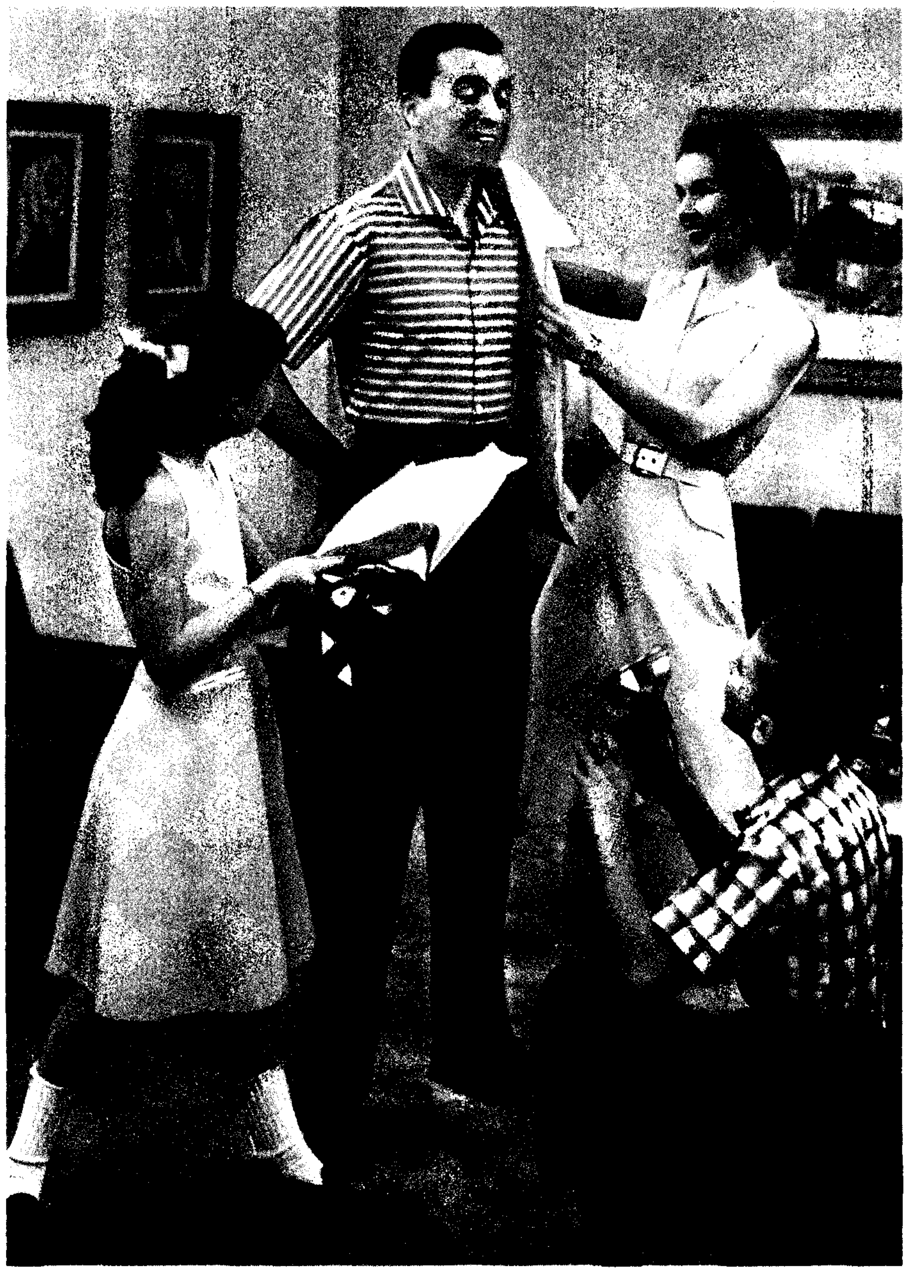
New Powerfire electrode makes the difference! Both of these spark plugs have been subjected to identical use in a modern high-compression engine. And you can clearly see the old style electrode (**left**) is badly pitted and burned away. Plugs like that in your car often misfire . . . waste power and gas. Champion's new Powerfire electrode (**right**) is still able to give many more miles of powerful, full-firing, economical performance!



CHAMPION

LOOK FOR THE 5 RIBS

For families who care...



and still want to save...

FRUIT OF THE LOOM

is a Family affair

IT COSTS SO LITTLE TO GIVE DAD WHAT HE WANTS FOR FATHER'S DAY:

DAD'S JACKET—Zelan-treated washable poplin, unlined, Sizes 34-46	$3.98
His trousers—Sanforized denim, elastic waist inserts	$2.98
His Italian style shirt—Sanforized cotton broadcloth	$1.99
His argyle socks—vat-dyed combed cotton	69¢
His tie—all-silk embroidery on rayon	$1.00

EQUALLY BIG VALUES FOR THE REST OF THE FAMILY:

MOTHER'S COORDINATES—Pre-shrunk woven seersucker, Sizes 10-18 (top $1.98, skirt $2.98)	$4.96
Her fine nylons—15 denier, full-fashioned, stretch	$1.19
DAUGHTER'S COORDINATES—Sanforized cotton baby cord, Sizes 7-14 (top $1.79, skirt $1.98)	$3.77
SON'S CAMPUS DENIMS—Sanforized, Sizes 6-16	$1.98
His shirt—Sanforized woven gingham, Sizes 6-18	$1.98

Known for more than 100 years for quality and value

FRUIT OF THE LOOM

GUARANTEE
If this Fruit of the Loom product does not give you satisfaction in use, return it to us and you will receive a new one or a refund of the purchase price.
FRUIT OF THE LOOM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Unconditionally guaranteed

FRUIT OF THE LOOM • 112 WEST 34TH STREET • NEW YORK 1, N. Y.
PRODUCTS FOR MEN • WOMEN • BOYS • GIRLS • INFANTS and HOMES

(*Continued from page* 58) and evil spirits! All Baghdad knew he would kill himself—except me!" But his anger quickly passed, and he touched curved fingers to his forehead in a salaam to his sergeant. "Forgive me, Abdullah, as I hope the All Merciful will forgive me," the Inspector said humbly.

THE brassy sun had set and silver stars were lighting up one by one when Inspector Chafik and his assistant arrived at the Karradat Miriam, a residential district on the other side of the Tigris. Here there were date palms, small farms and mellow old houses built on the embankment.

"This is the place," Abdullah said, and stopped the car on a parapet high above the river, which was very low at this time of the year. Chafik followed the sergeant down the steps to a boat landing.

Gentle ripples lapped against a dark bulk that had been dragged halfway up on the beach. Nearby waited a constable and a civilian. "This gentleman found the body," the constable told the Inspector. "He hailed me as I passed on patrol. He was trying to drag it out."

"So commendable!" said Chafik, glancing briefly at the civilian. "Your evidence will be required. I am sure the constable has all particulars. You are a stranger in Baghdad?"

"I am of Basrah. Oh, what a dreadful experience! If only I had arrived sooner—just a few minutes—I might have saved this pitiable one who has damned his soul!" The man who spoke with such agitation was middle-aged, square and strong but a little soft with sedentary living. The expression in his olive-brown eyes was strained as he went on: "I was on my way to a café named the Pleasant Hours. So ironical—"

"No pleasant hour here for you," agreed Chafik.

"Such a thing to happen! Never in my life! I was walking, and I . . ." The man went on to tell again how he had found the body.

The Inspector thought with tedium: Bah, these civilians, always the same—meet their first corpse, think it's never happened to anyone before, talk their heads off. His eyes fixed cynically on the man from Basrah. "So the deceased was unconscious when you found him?"

"Oh, yes! I assure you I took action at once. I—"

"As you have told me," Chafik interrupted curtly. Then he made an effort at politeness: "But I have kept you too long. You are wet and the night is chilly after the day. My car is at your disposal." The Inspector salaamed, and the man turned away with obvious reluctance. "You didn't know the poor fool who drowned himself?" Chafik asked, and quickly berated himself when the man turned back.

"I do not even know his name. If I might be told why he—"

This time the Inspector's salaam was dismissal. Abdullah escorted the man to the car and instructed the driver to return.

Inspector Chafik glanced at the body and said dryly to the constable, "Of course, *you* know the name of this unfortunate one?"

"Ali Shaddock, sir! All Baghdad said he would—"

"—do away with himself." Chafik finished the sentence in a dangerously quiet voice. "I suppose you babbled all this to the gentleman, eh?"

The constable's look was reproachful. Chafik patted his arm. "Of course you wouldn't! And you got all his particulars?"

"He is named Mohammed Fahay, an official of the Port of Basrah."

"I'll want a full report later. Meanwhile I'll interview this gentleman." The Inspector indicated the body at his feet.

When he finished the examination, Chafik took off his shoes and socks, pulled up his trousers and waded into the river. He went a long way out before the water reached his knees. "Where was the corpse found?" he called back.

The constable replied, "Nearer the bank than you now are, sir, according to Mr. Fahay. When I saw him he had it very near shore. He said he dragged it about ten meters, perhaps more."

"Fortunately, the gentleman is *strong and Shaddock was slight.*" Chafik continued to wade out, but presently gave it up. "One can wade almost to the middle at this time of the year," he said when he came back. "The deep water is off the other bank; if *I* doubted the compassion of God, I would drown myself there."

He used a handkerchief to dry his feet, put on socks and shoes, and said to Sergeant Abdullah, "Well, let's go and tell Ali Shaddock's woman that Death has settled her divorce."

They walked along a path flanked by date palms. Packs of pariah dogs came to snarl at their heels and were driven off by Abdullah, who had filled his pockets with rocks.

"One never walks in these parts without provision," he said.

"You will doubtlessly present yourself at the gates of Paradise thoughtfully provided with equipment for the Other Place," Chafik said, smiling, and Abdullah grinned appreciatively.

PRESENTLY the sergeant said, "With reference to Shaddock's drowning, sir, I have the impression you are not satisfied it is suicide."

"I am puzzled," the Inspector admitted. "The water was so shallow. It takes a lot of courage to keep your head in a puddle to take your life."

"Yet he may have been desperate."

"We'll find out how desperate when we talk to his wife. Did you notice what was ejected from his lungs and stomach when you tried resuscitation?"

"Sand and mud, sir. Also specimens of the organisms that populate the river bed."

"In other words, he bit the muck down there. Isn't that the action of a man who struggled against a force more aggressive than his will power?" Chafik asked. Then he added thoughtfully: "And there's that mark on the neck—it could be a bruise."

"Do you suggest he was *held* under?" exclaimed Abdullah.

"At this stage I suggest nothing. I am not yet ready to weave, I still gather threads. Among other things, Abdullah, I want a careful check of that man, Fahay, who found the body."

"But he is a stranger to Baghdad, sir—"

"Precisely. Yet he spoke of Shaddock's damned soul. He didn't see the drowning, and if he didn't know Shaddock, why would he associate him with that wretched tale of suicide?"

"It would not take unusual powers of deduction, sir," said the sergeant. "He heard a man intended taking his life and then found a man drowned."

Chafik laughed. "Splendid, my dear

Abdullah! I told you we are not ready for the weaving! Ah, well, let's give our knock and break the news to the lady here." He rapped his knuckles on the gate they had come to.

The path had led them to a fertile plantation where there was a small, neat house. This was the property Ali Shaddock had given his wife as a marriage gift, the disposition of which the divorce courts had questioned.

"I wouldn't have to be a policeman if I owned this," said Chafik.

THERE were lights in the house but nobody came, and the Inspector repeated his knock with authority. An old woman, a servant, finally opened the gate and said in a frightened voice, "What do you police want? My lady has retired. She—"

"You sound instructed," Inspector Chafik said.

He walked through the gate and stood a moment in the well-kept patio, drinking in the fragrance of night-blooming flowers. "There is much beauty behind the barred doors of Baghdad," he said with pleasure. "Also mystery," he added and indicated a shadow flattened to a wall.

Abdullah dragged into the light a young man, who wailed, "I'm only a visitor! I was leaving!" He had a sullen mouth, narrow eyes that would never come to meeting with another's, and the dark grace of a panther.

The Inspector stood tiptoe and patted the youth's cheek. "Shaving is no problem," he said, and with distaste: "Can this be the delight of women with middle-aged husbands? I know you, Mr. Maqsud Majib. Because of you, the divorce courts question Mrs. Shaddock's right to this property."

"Such unfairness!" protested Majib, struggling in the sergeant's grip. "I only help work the estate. I—"

"A woman's marriage gift is a trust," Chafik said sternly. "I refer you to the excellent Koran: 'Give women their dowries as a free gift; but if they of themselves be pleased to give you a portion of it back, then eat it with enjoyment.' "

The Inspector added, "You would eat it like a locust, Mr. Majib."

A shadow loomed over him and Chafik turned and made a salaam to an unveiled lady who stood as tall as Juno. She was of an age when a woman has the startling beauty of the fall somberly edged with regret for the spring. "What is this talk about locusts?" she demanded in a strong voice.

"Madame, my nimble tongue is shamed by your quick ears."

"Let your face show shame also. Majib spoke the truth. He works this land as my overseer, yet the courts have decided against me!"

"But the news is not yet public. I heard it only a little time ago. Who told you, lady?" Chafik's voice was softer than the purring of a cat.

"My husband."

"He was here?"

"You know that. You came to arrest him!" The strong voice rang with rage. "*You* sent the false message telling Ali I wished to see him! A trap!"

The Inspector was startled. Forgetful of manners, he lighted a cigarette without asking the lady's permission. "Why should I want to arrest your husband?" he asked.

"Ali said he had done something; he did not explain, but he said he was going to confess. The fool babbled some nonsense about prison being cleansing!" the wife of Ali Shaddock added with contempt.

Chafik thought: Yet rumor would have it that he damned himself by taking his life. He said, "What else did he tell you?"

"The decision of the courts. He said, too, that he would make me an allowance." The woman added grudgingly, "In many ways he was a just man."

"I hear regret in your voice, Madame—possibly remorse."

"I hear a snake's hiss in yours!"

"They always say that about me." Chafik watched the woman carefully. "When did Mr. Shaddock leave you?"

"Perhaps an hour ago."

"And was your overseer hidden on the premises at the time?"

THE woman towered dangerously and the Inspector retreated a step. "Majib came later!" she cried. "Later!"

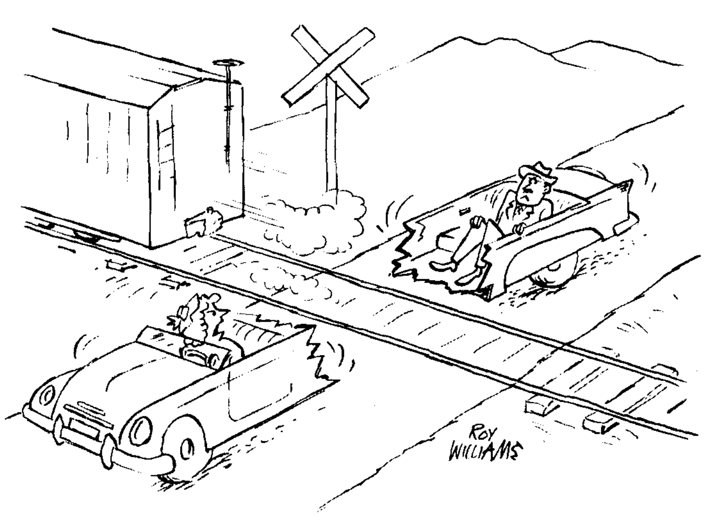
"I was at a café!" the youth insisted. "The Pleasant Hours, up the river—"

"The place recently mentioned by somebody else," Chafik said thoughtfully. He crushed his cigarette under his heel and then stooped, with instinctive tidiness, to pick up the stub. Still crouched, he saw the legs of Majib's trousers; they were oddly crumpled for a young fop. The Inspector reached out, touched the fabric and announced, "Wet!" in the voice of an accuser.

"I stumbled into an irrigation ditch," Majib said quickly. "It was dark—"

"Strange you should not know the pitfalls of the land you work!"

The Inspector straightened up, and



"Well, I got *my* half across"

COLLIER'S ROY WILLIAMS

For the man who cares...

and still wants to save...

FRUIT OF THE LOOM

wash and wear sport shirts

Your good taste makes good sense when you spend your leisure hours in cool, colorful sport shirts by FRUIT OF THE LOOM. To wit: this handsome Italian print wash and wear cotton that needs little or no ironing. Colors are blue-green-and-tan or gold-brown-and-tan. **$1.99**

Wash and wear pajamas. For a good night's sleep, climb into these lightweight pajamas—the kind a man can really relax in. Middy style or coat version with short sleeves, knee length, in wash and wear cotton. Blue, mint, maize or white. Sizes A, B, C, D. **$2.99**

Known for more than 100 years for quality and value

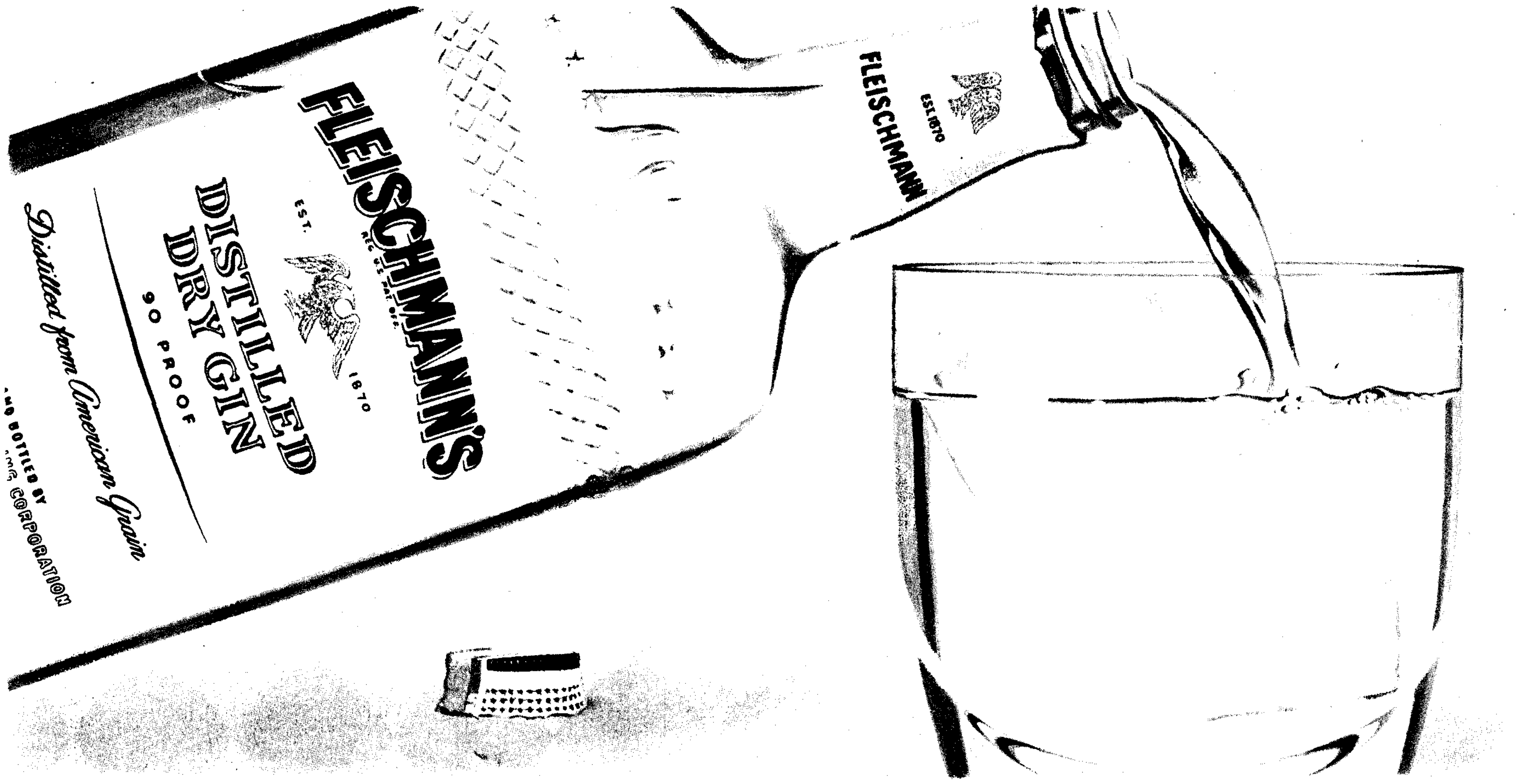
FRUIT OF THE LOOM

GUARANTEE
If this Fruit of the Loom product does not give you satisfaction in use, return it to us and you will receive a new one or a refund of the purchase price.
FRUIT OF THE LOOM INC.
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Unconditionally guaranteed

FRUIT OF THE LOOM • 112 WEST 34TH STREET • NEW YORK 1, N. Y.
PRODUCTS FOR MEN • WOMEN • BOYS • GIRLS • INFANTS and HOMES

What? Gin 'n Nothing?


FLEISCHMANN'S
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
EST. 1870
DISTILLED
DRY GIN
90 PROOF
Distilled from American Grain
AND BOTTLED BY
CORPORATION
EST. 1870
FLEISCHMANN

Yes, when it's Fleischmann's, the gin so smooth you'll like it straight!

And gin that smooth makes perfect mixed drinks every time!

FLEISCHMANN'S GIN • 90 PROOF • DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN • THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY this time he did not retreat when the imposing Madame Shaddock came between him and Majib. "Your questions, like fishhooks, are barbed," she said. "Why are you here?"

He waited a moment before he replied, "Madame, do you not know a detestable individual like myself always walks at Death's heels? Your husband drowned himself after he left you."

The wife of Ali Shaddock shrieked, put hands to her piled hair, tore it down and was constrained by the Inspector when she sought to beat her head against the wall. The excessive grief did not surprise him; he was wise to the women of his country who employed histrionics and the purdah veil to hide their true emotions.

Chafik gave Madame Shaddock into the keeping of the old servant woman. "You don't seem very keen to comfort your lady," he said to the young man.

"I didn't know her husband was here," Majib protested. "I was in the café. Besides, all Baghdad knew he was going to do away with himself."

"Did I say he *didn't*?" asked Chafik. He kept his eyes on Madame Shaddock, who was staring at Majib with horror—and perhaps fear.

"You fool!" she said harshly, "did you not hear him say Ali drowned himself!" All at once she crumpled, and the servant led her away.

WATCHING, Chafik felt compassion born of sudden understanding. She had come to a place in life where she stood on the crest of the hill and felt panic at the descent. It is a moment women encounter, Chafik thought, and men too. She was a woman who had no children to compensate for the lost vanities of youth. No children, and now no husband, and she knew her lover to be craven. Whatever her guilt, she had paid dearly.

Chafik sighed and turned to the young man and said, "Go to your Café of the Pleasant Hours; you will find no more of them here!" He turned to his assistant. "Come, Abdullah," he said and the two men walked back to the car and drove away.

The sergeant stopped the car outside the small house in the Street of the Scatterer of Blessings. "The detestable young man was eager to establish an alibi," he said.

"You will check it, Abdullah."

Chafik opened the gate to the forecourt of his house, and the squeaking hinges reminded him they needed oiling. "All that talk about Shaddock's doing away with himself—as noisy as this gate," he complained. "Too well publicized, that suicide. Somebody was very anxious to make us believe it."

"We must discover how the rumor started, sir," Abdullah said.

"Yes, but booted policemen with blunt questions, or furtive agents with oily insinuations, will get us nowhere. Rumor is a sly, night-living thing; the trail it leaves is tenuous, as fragile as a spider's thread. We will begin where the trail ended—with my son."

"But, sir!" the sergeant exclaimed.

"Faisal heard the story from his friends, the bazaar boys. I'll get him to trace it back through them." The Inspector closed his ears to objection, said good night and went into the house. At the door, Faisal took his father's shoes and placed them under the hall table, and then humbly presented a slipper. "By your command, my father! It is for that spanking I'm to get for breaking in on you with the news about Mr. Shaddock."

Chafik, who had forgotten the incident, said fondly, "Honey cakes!" and gave Faisal a package. "And there is important business to discuss with you, my small Captain of the Most Irregular Army of Little Ears!"

INSPECTOR CHAFIK sat in his office overlooking Rashid Street, talking to himself. The ash tray at his elbow was neatly stacked with butts and, adding another to the pile, he said, "You are as well smoked as an Englishman's kipper, Chafik!" He lighted a fresh cigarette and stared at the reports on his desk.

There was proof that the bruise on Shaddock's neck had been made by a weighty object. Medical opinion said he had been partially stunned, then dragged into the river. "They drowned him like a helpless kitten!" Chafik said.

Abdullah, entering unobtrusively, asked, "Who are 'they,' sir?"

"The prize for that question is a hangman's noose. But we have no clues, nothing that points to anyone," the Inspector said plaintively. "There is Majib. He was obviously planning to marry the lady for her property; he had every reason to get rid of Shaddock before the divorce was final."

"But the courts had decided, sir—"

"Majib had not heard the decision." Chafik added reluctantly, "Madame Shaddock could have been a party to the deed."

"It is not without precedent," agreed the sergeant.

"Worse, she might have done it herself. She is strong enough, was infatuated enough. If that evil youth induced her to . . . Ah, what an ugly pattern I weave!" The little man sighed. "And then there's Fahay."

"The gentleman who discovered the body, sir?"

"A report from Basrah states he is a minor port official," Chafik said. "He checks goods coming into port against the importer's license. Therefore—"

"Shaddock dealt in contraband!" Abdullah said excitedly. "Fahay could have forged documents to release goods from bond!"

"You leap on a theory with the frenzy of a honey-drunk bee in a clump of honeysuckle, Abdullah. True, Shaddock had an illegal trade. Poor man," Chafik said with regret, "he was tempted when he thought he had to pay the dowry. Then the courts decided in his favor and his worries were over. But God had given him a conscience, so he decided to confess."

"And was killed to silence his tongue!" exclaimed the sergeant.

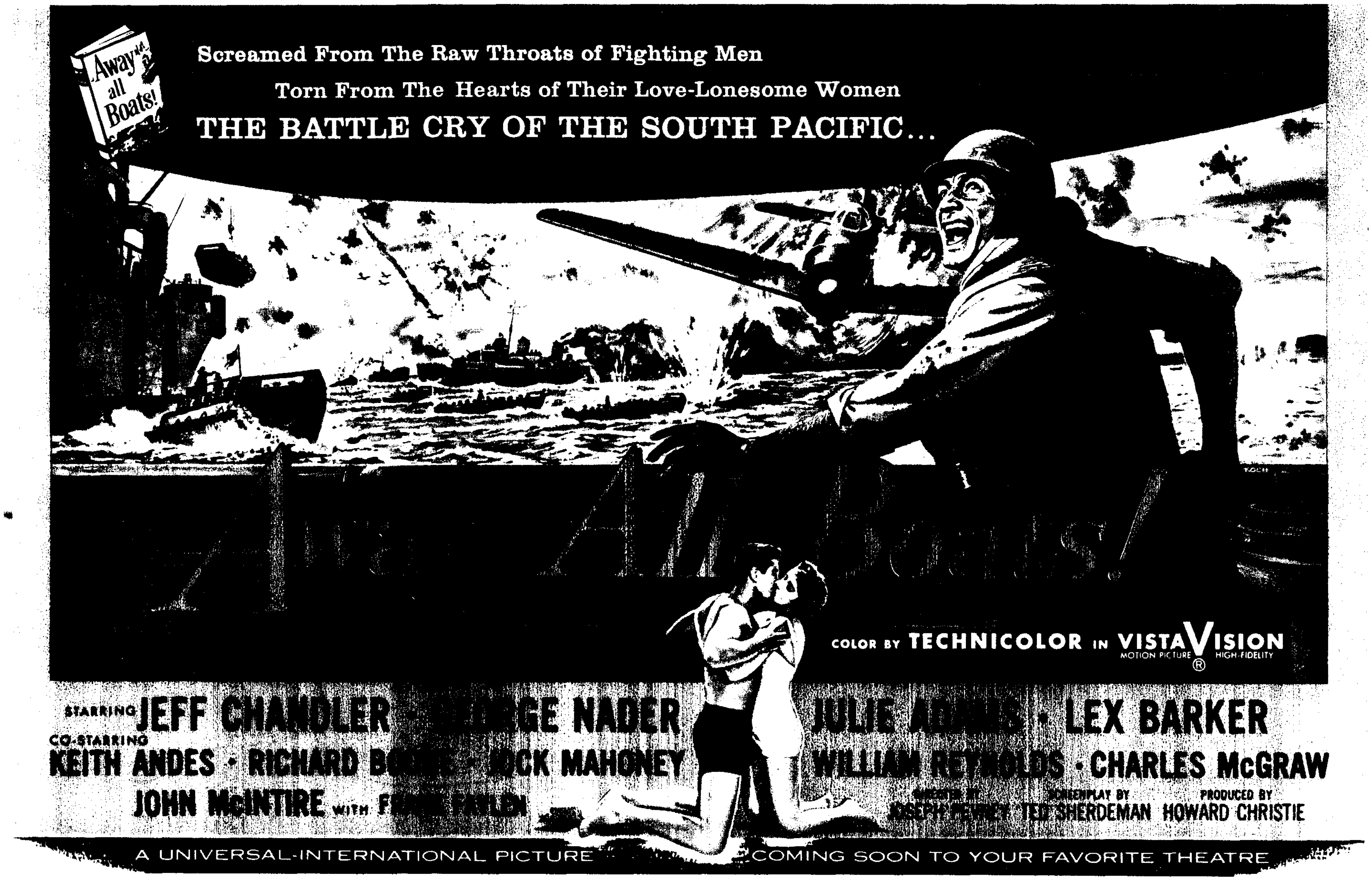
"There you go again," Chafik said peevishly. "We have nothing against Mr. Fahay. The Port Directorate where he works is a department heavy with paper work, and with bottomless filing cabinets. It would take a lifetime to uncover evidence—if there is any!"

He added wearily, "My hopes hang on the fragile thread of the suicide rumor. If I knew who started it, if my son would only bring news!"

Abdullah said briskly, "Faisal has had his chance. Permit me to—"

The Inspector put a finger to his lips. "Sh-sh! I think news arrives."

There was an uproar in the corridor, the thump of boots, the shrill voice of a boy and the gruff one of a man. And


Screamed From The Raw Throats of Fighting Men
Torn From The Hearts of Their Love-Lonesome Women
THE BATTLE CRY OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC...

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR IN VISTAVISION MOTION PICTURE HIGH-FIDELITY ®

STARRING JEFF CHANDLER · GEORGE NADER · JULIE ADAMS · LEX BARKER
CO-STARRING KEITH ANDES · RICHARD BOONE · JOCK MAHONEY · WILLIAM REYNOLDS · CHARLES McGRAW
JOHN McINTIRE WITH FRANK FAYLEN
DIRECTED BY JOSEPH PEVNEY SCREENPLAY BY TED SHERDEMAN PRODUCED BY HOWARD CHRISTIE
A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE · COMING SOON TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE

Keep
Dad
Ship-shape
give him...
Old Spice

TREASURE CHEST OF OLD SPICE:

Pressurized Smooth Shave, Stick Deodorant, Shower Soap with neck cord, Cologne, After Shave Lotion, Body Talcum and After Shave Talcum 7.00

SINGLE ITEMS:

After Shave Lotion 1.00 and 1.75 • Shaving Mug 1.25 • Pre-Electric Shave Lotion 1.00 • Smooth Shave 1.00 • Brushless Shaving Cream .60, Lather .65

FATHER'S DAY—June 17

Other sets and single items from 1.00 to 4.25

PRICES PLUS TAX EXCEPT ON PRE-ELECTRIC SHAVE LOTION, SHAVING CREAM AND SOAP

SHULTON
New York Toronto

then Faisal came in, firmly held by the guard, who said with satisfaction, "He did not pass me this time!"

"This time," Chafik said dryly, "I expected my son. Release him."

When the crestfallen officer left, Chafik sat back in his chair, closed his eyes and said, "Report!"

FAISAL began: "The story that Mr. Shaddock would kill himself was told me by George, one of my men, the one that's got red hair. George's father was an English soldier, and—"

"Confine yourself to the rumor."

"Yes, my father. George heard from Ali of the One Eye, who was told by Haik the Armenian, who had it from Yusif. Yusif got it from Habib of the Clubfoot, who overheard Ibrahim the Coppersmith telling Hamid the Carpet-weaver. And Mr. Ibrahim, when I asked him, remembered he'd been told by Murad the Porter, who said he'd heard it from Ishak—"

"Do you bring all the population of Baghdad into this?"

"I near the end," said Faisal. "Ishak brought the tale from across the river. He heard it in a café, but doesn't remember who told him, and—"

"What is the name of the café?"

"It is called the Pleasant Hours, my father."

The Inspector's eyes opened; they glowed like the stone in the signet ring on the small finger of his left hand. "I hear that café mentioned a third time!" he cried, and then was silent.

Faisal and Sergeant Abdullah waited side by side; the boy stood like his giant companion, hands behind his back, legs apart, the military position of "at ease." The clock on the wall ticked noisily.

When the Inspector finally looked up, he said, "My little Captain of the Army of the Ears, do you recall the parable I told you about the chicken?"

Faisal came to attention. "Yes, my father. There was a chicken and it plucked out one feather, and all the other chickens said it had lost many, and—"

"Go," said Chafik, "and drop a feather very softly to your man George, who will tell Ali, who will tell Hassan, who . . . Oh, just let it be known that Mr. Shaddock did *not* take his life—he was murdered!"

"His throat was cut? There was blood?" Faisal asked breathlessly.

"Go!" said the Inspector.

He sat at his desk, deep in thought, until it was dark. His sergeant eventually took him home. . . .

The next day Chafik went to the office, greeted nobody, and sat in thought as before. Abdullah brought him reports. He said, "Sir, it is rumored all over Baghdad now that Mr. Shaddock was murdered."

"He was." Chafik said. He was silent for another hour, and then he said, "Bring me the Captain of the Little Ears."

Faisal, schooled by Abdullah, came and saluted. Chafik gazed at him. "Go," he ordered, "and drop another feather. Let all Baghdad know that at precisely six o'clock tomorrow evening I shall arrive at the Café of the Pleasant Hours to arrest the killer of Mr. Shaddock!"

Faisal forgot discipline, clapped his hands and asked, "Can I come too?"

"Go!" his father said.

When Faisal went, Sergeant Abdullah risked reprimand. "Sir! I am ignorant of your intentions, but I believe that the murderer will be alarmed by this latest rumor, that he will become dangerous."

"Murder," announced the Inspector, "is not the prerogative of the male sex. Danger, however, is the prerogative of the police."

THE third day Chafik was early at his desk. He sat and stared at the wall. He did not eat; he did not smoke. He thought about the feather of rumor, and he hoped and feared that somewhere, someone who dealt in death would accept the appointment he had made. He knew himself to be afraid.

The sergeant came to him at the hour of 'Asr, the late-afternoon prayer. "Majib is drinking heavily," he announced.

"It will corrode his liver," Chafik said. "Then he will die. Good!"

"The man Fahay canceled his flight to Basrah this morning."

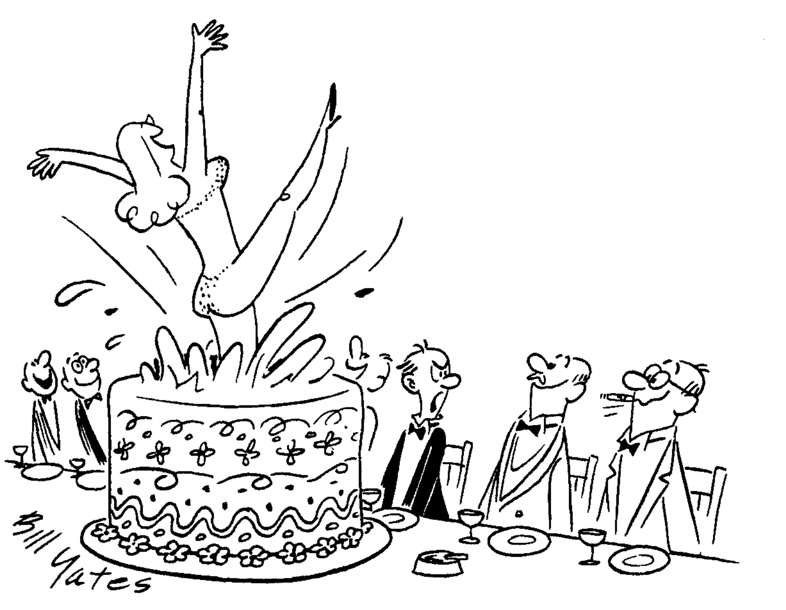
"Doubtlessly he finds the fleshpots of Baghdad hard to leave."

"The woman, Madame Shaddock," said Abdullah, "has been seen walking in the date grove, as one obsessed."

"She mourns either her husband or her lover," said the Inspector.

"And the lady, your wife, is on the wire, sir."

Chafik took the telephone and, hear-



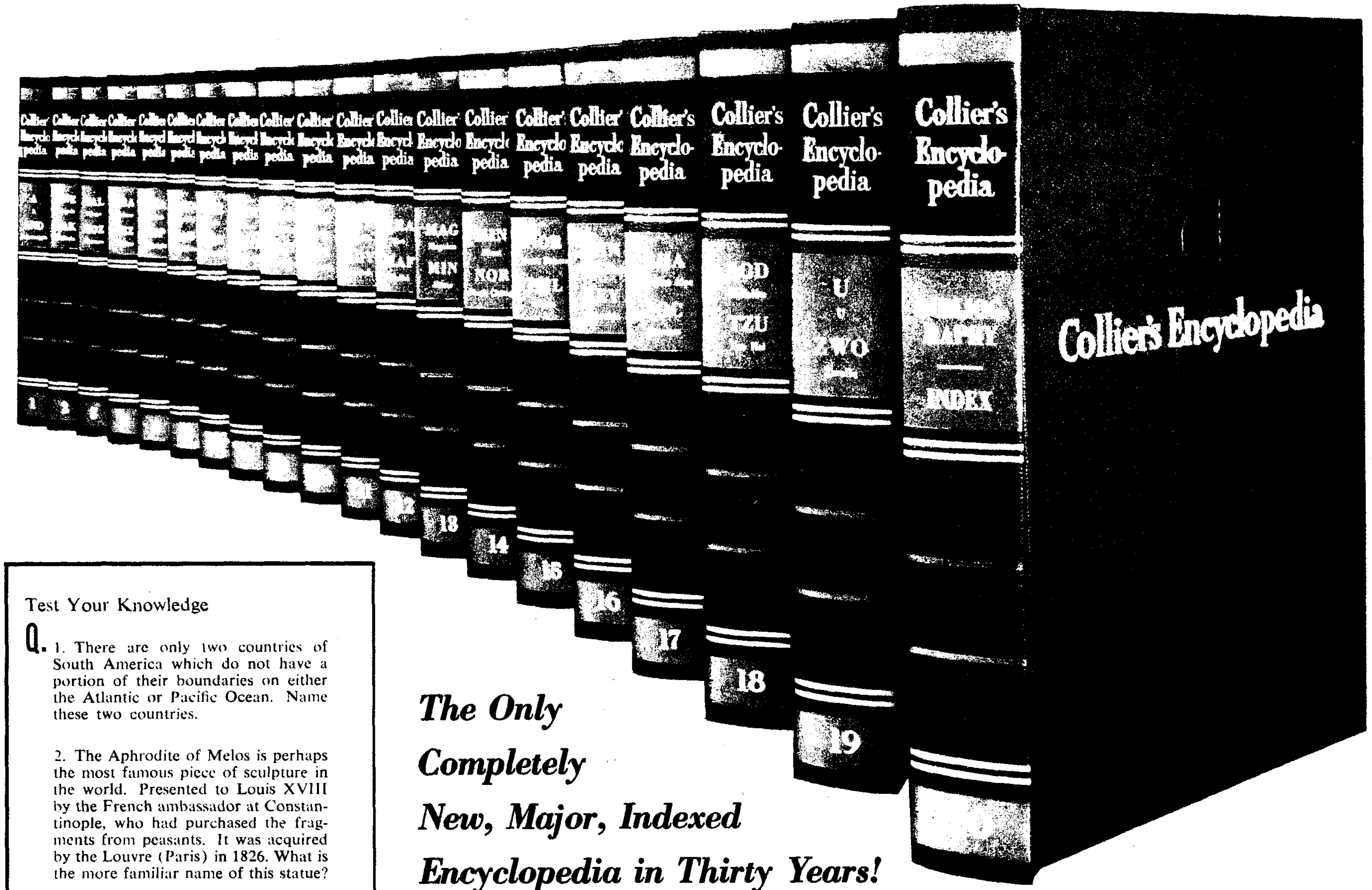
"I thought this was supposed to be a *stag* party!"

COLLIER'S BILL YATES

WHEN YOU WANT THE FACTS...

GET THEM WITH CONFIDENCE FROM...

Collier's Encyclopedia



The Only Completely New, Major, Indexed Encyclopedia in Thirty Years!

It's fun getting answers in Collier's Encyclopedia, the *only* encyclopedia of its kind to be published completely *New* in the past thirty years. People who already own Collier's Encyclopedia tell us they never before found so much information so interestingly presented and so easy to read. It's the encyclopedia to supply answers to 1001 questions that newspapers, magazines, lectures, books, and everyday conversation bring to active minds. Collier's Encyclopedia supplies information to add new meaning and excitement to everything you see, read, and hear.

Collier's Encyclopedia is a practical aid to your children in the preparation of almost every school assignment. It makes schoolwork more understandable by supplying added facts and background information not found in the textbooks. And, the child with Collier's Encyclopedia *right in the home* has a tremendous advantage in school now and in the preparation for success in later years.

Collier's Encyclopedia is designed and written for everyone who wants to be well informed and to enjoy the pleasure and prestige that "knowing the answer" always gives. For self-assurance and the satisfaction of knowing that you have given your children the opportunity for success . . . Collier's Encyclopedia provides a new sense of educational security.

Don't postpone giving your family this important reference and study aid. Especially when Collier's Encyclopedia is so easy to own on convenient monthly terms. Get full information without any obligation whatsoever—just fill out and mail the coupon below at left.

Test Your Knowledge

Q. 1. There are only two countries of South America which do not have a portion of their boundaries on either the Atlantic or Pacific Ocean. Name these two countries.

2. The Aphrodite of Melos is perhaps the most famous piece of sculpture in the world. Presented to Louis XVIII by the French ambassador at Constantinople, who had purchased the fragments from peasants. It was acquired by the Louvre (Paris) in 1826. What is the more familiar name of this statue?

3. While a student of Oberlin College, Charles Martin Hall formulated an electrolytic method of producing large amounts of a now vital material. It is used in cooking utensils, furniture, shingles, and building facings. It is essential in airplanes, and automobiles. It is a fine insulating material and a useful wrapper for foods. It is used in paints and incendiary bombs. It is used for a great variety of purposes where lightness, strength, and durability are desired. Name this material.

4. What is the name of the largest of sea birds? Its wing span has been measured at over eleven feet. This bird is mentioned often in the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner."

A. 1. Bolivia and Paraguay. 2. Venus de Milo. 3. Aluminum. 4. Albatross.

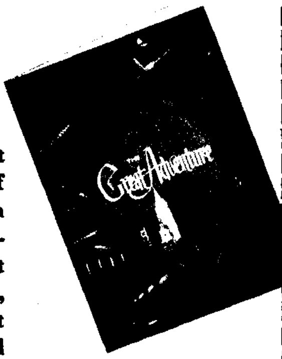
MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

free

24-page BOOKLET in full color

The Great Adventure . . .

A new booklet just published to delight every child and adult—crammed full of timely topics . . . lavishly illustrated in four colors throughout. Interesting questions and answers like those above to test your knowledge of nature, travel, sports, science, and many other subjects. Get your copy of this fascinating booklet. Mail coupon today. Our supply is limited.



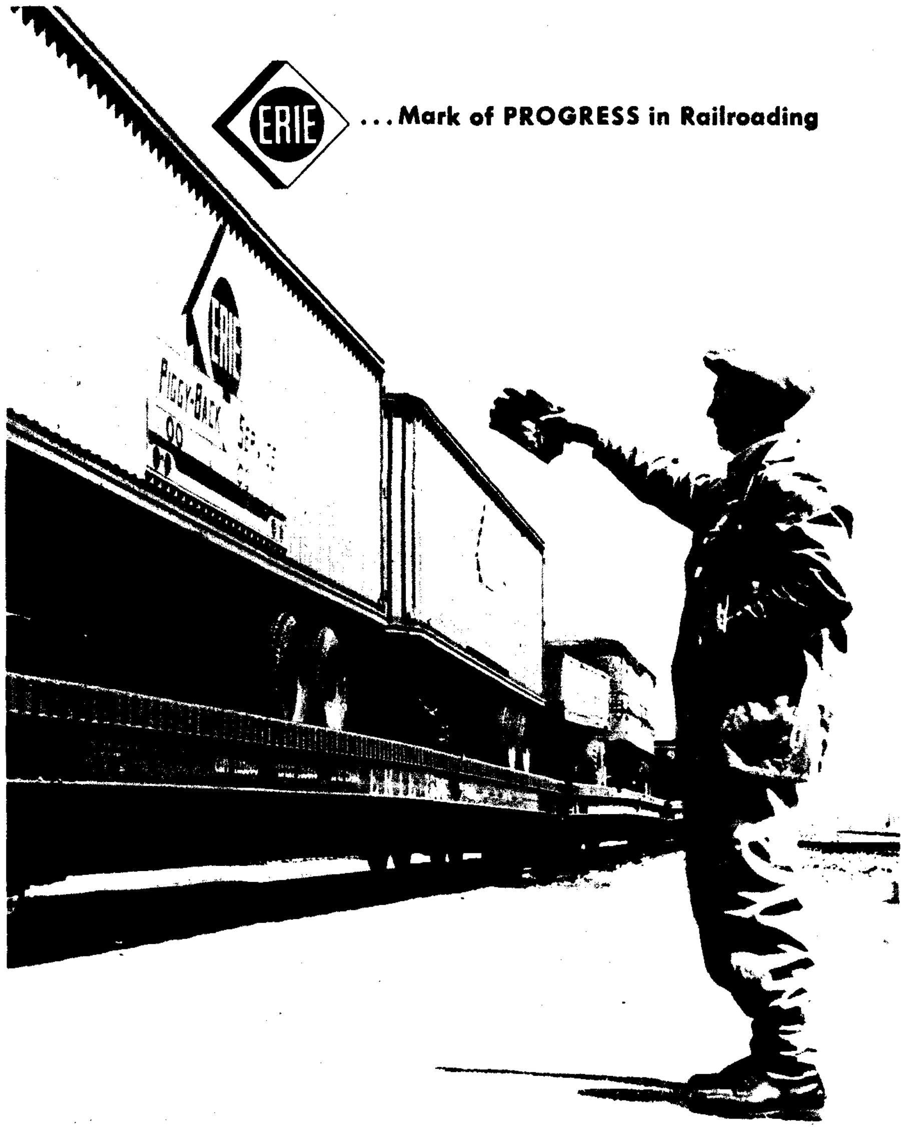
Collier's Encyclopedia C-106
640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N.Y.

Please send to me, without cost or obligation, your big 24-page picture booklet, "The Great Adventure," and information on how I can obtain Collier's Encyclopedia on convenient monthly budget terms.

Name ....
Please Print

Address ....

City .... Zone...... State..............
Note: To receive this booklet, coupon must be signed by an adult.



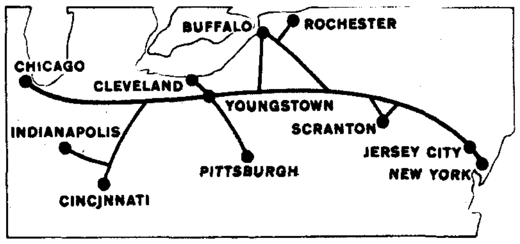
ERIE ...Mark of PROGRESS in Railroading

They're going Piggy-Back over highways of steel

Shippers like this better way to deliver their goods. The reasons? SERVICE—reliable and on-time. DEPENDABILITY—in fair weather or foul. PROTECTION—undisturbed loads from shipment to delivery. RATES—competitive with those of other carriers.

Erie's Piggy-Back service was born two years ago—to combine the best features of both rail and highway transportation. It has shown steady growth and the surface has only been scratched.

Here's direct evidence of Erie's vision and forward thinking. More proof that progress on the Erie is a daily practiced thing.



Erie Railroad

DEPENDABLE SERVICE BETWEEN NEW YORK AND CHICAGO

ing the voice of his Leila, peace came to him. "The music of Paradise could not be sweeter," he told her.

"My man, I am frightened! I hear you are going to the café to arrest the murderer of Mr. Shaddock. Madame Bassmachi brought the news, and she heard it from Madame—"

The Inspector said, "I've heard something like that before! Do not worry, my Leila." He hung up the telephone.

He reached for his *sidarah* and set the black cap squarely on his head. He adjusted his polka-dot tie, passed a finger over his thin mustache and said to Sergeant Abdullah, "Let us go!"

THE INSPECTOR refused a car, and walked to the Café of the Pleasant Hours in the twilight. A policeman on traffic duty saluted and called, "Good fortune, sir!" and a beggar at the foot of the great bridge that crossed the Tigris cupped a hand for alms and mumbled, "A thousand sons! May you take the evil one who killed Shaddock!"

Out of nowhere darted a small boy, redheaded and freckled, who touched the Inspector's hand, gave a toothless smile and announced, "We will be there to help you!" He hitched up ragged trousers, his only garment, and ran ahead.

"Without doubt that is Faisal's man George," said Chafik.

He stopped in the middle of the bridge and wiped his forehead. Sergeant Abdullah looked at him with understanding and said in a strained voice, "An abnormally hot night, sir."

"On the contrary, it is abnormally cool. I perspire because I am frightened. Even the shrilling of the birds becomes the whistle of an assassin's bullets. I am a coward."

"You go *to* the rendezvous, sir, not away from it."

"Thank you, Abdullah. You are right: fear is not a synonym for cowardice."

"You expect the murderer to be there?" asked the sergeant.

"I have used a powerful magnet," said Chafik. "The murderer will have to know if identification has really been made, if clues have been discovered. Killers have often been known to attend the funerals of their victims."

Beyond the bridge was a broad way lined with cafés. The Inspector walked slowly and watchfully; at his side loomed Abdullah, the flap of his holster open and his hand ready, like the inflated hood of a cobra raised for a strike. "Walk well behind me," Chafik said sharply. "Even the innocent would swoon at the sight of you!"

He increased his pace and came to a great arch, a monument to past glory; opposite was a café. The green benches set out under dusty locust trees were crowded, and the sound of excited conversations filled the night. As the Inspector crossed the road, the noise stopped.

He came to a group of women, alike in shapeless black robes worn with a fold over the head to hide the face. One tall, stately woman stood apart, and Chafik thought: There could be a gun under that chuddar! He walked quickly by Madame Shaddock.

Then he was stopped by a man he hardly recognized, the once-handsome face was so distraught. The man shrieked, "I didn't! I didn't!"

"Didn't what?" asked Chafik.

"I didn't kill Shaddock! *She* killed him!" Majib cried. "She knew I wouldn't marry her unless she had title to the estate. These old women! What they'll do—"

The Inspector stood tiptoe and, using the inside of his forearms, hit Majib, right, then left, on the side of the head. It was a merciless battering and, when the youth collapsed, Chafik said with disgust, "The thing you've murdered is your manhood."

Beyond, Mr. Fahay sat alone at a table. The man from Basrah looked very old, and his olive-brown eyes stared into space.

The Inspector said, "You and I, Mr. Fahay, both perspire on a cool night; we are equally afraid." He went and stood at the table and his hands pressed the marble top for support. "You were very courteous to keep the appointment. However, I thought you would. You were very curious when we first met; you wanted to stay and watch me. I had to dismiss you."

The man from Basrah said nothing.

"I admire your quick thinking," continued Chafik. "The constable on patrol almost caught you drowning Shaddock, so you pretended you were making a rescue. And that rumor you spread in advance about suicide was excellently planned, although overdone. Of course, you knew Shaddock's confession would give you away?"

"He—he confessed?" The olive-brown eyes were dazed. "I—I don't understand. He wrote me he was going to, but said he'd wait—to give me a chance to get out of the country. I was sure I was in time to—" The bewildered mumbling stopped, and the man's eyes widened with knowledge of what he had admitted.

"How unthankful of you to kill such a thoughtful partner!"

"I had a fortune at stake!" cried the man from Basrah. "You devil! Satan's son!" he shouted and brought his hand out from under the table.

The Inspector looked into the eye of an automatic. His slight body blocked the marksmanship of Sergeant Abdullah, who by order had stopped at the café entrance. Chafik thought of Leila, of Faisal, of the long years behind him and the brief seconds before him.

He told Mr. Fahay, "The hangman can stretch your neck only once; therefore, secularly speaking, you lose nothing if you kill me."

Chafik watched the trigger finger tighten; there was a lump in his throat. He continued in strong voice, "But your soul, soon to go to God, is more complex than your neck. The Compassionate One might cleanse it of one killing, never of two. If you kill me, then for all Eternity your soul will suffer the Pit, sulphurous fires. . . ."

The Inspector leaned heavily on the table; his legs no longer gave support, but he did not collapse until Mohammed Fahay turned the gun against himself.

WHEN Chafik left the café, Madame Shaddock came to him and timidly touched his arm. Her face was hidden by the fold of the chuddar and she spoke in a humble voice. "You avenged my man—"

"Only God is vengeance," the Inspector told her.

"I drove him to his death with my foolish infatuation for Majib. What shall I do now?" she asked like a child.

"Pray," said Inspector Chafik. "I too am going to pray for your husband, and for the one who killed him." He smiled in compassion and turned and walked away into the night.

—CHARLES B. CHILD

It's Cook-out time...

ALCOA WRAP
Salad Oil
Ocean Spray
Ac'cent
Coke

CHICKEN BARBECUED
CRANBERRY SAUCE
CHEF'S SALAD
HERB BUTTERED BREAD IN ALCOA WRAP*
COCA-COLA*

TO BARBECUE CHICKEN†:

Select two or three broiler-fryer chickens split lengthwise, or breast and leg parts. Sprinkle chicken with **Ac'cent***. If using halves, hook wing tip behind shoulder joint onto back. Brush with barbecue sauce. Place on grate set 12 inches or more from heat — skin side up. **Cook slowly** until tender, turning frequently and basting each time. Allow 1 to 1¼ hours total cooking time. Drumstick should twist easily out of thigh joint. If using parts, thickest pieces should be fork-tender. Just before serving brush chicken with any left over sauce or use for dunking.

†Excellent results depend on slow cooking...glowing coals (not flame) and proper distance from heat.

INGREDIENTS FOR SAVORY BARBECUE SAUCE:

- ½ cup salad oil
- 1 cup lemon juice or cider vinegar
- 1 tablespoon salt
- 2 tablespoons Grandma's Unsulphured Molasses*
- 1 teaspoon Tabasco*

To Prepare Sauce: Measure salad oil, lemon juice or vinegar, salt, Grandma's Unsulphured Molasses and Tabasco into saucepan. Heat to boiling. Keep hot for basting chicken. Mix thoroughly before each basting.

INGREDIENTS FOR HERB BUTTERED BREAD SAUCE:

- 1 clove garlic, cut in half
- ½ cup butter or margarine
- 2 tablespoons snipped parsley
- 1 teaspoon snipped fresh thyme or pinch of dried whole thyme
- 1 loaf (about 1 lb.) packaged sliced white bread

To Prepare Sauce: Rub small skillet with cut side of garlic and remove garlic. (If strong garlic flavor is desired, slice and mash garlic clove to a juicy pulp in the skillet). Add and melt butter or margarine. Stir in herbs. Brush each slice of bread with mixture and put back together into original loaf shape. Wrap in Alcoa Wrap. Heat about 15 minutes in hot oven (425°F). Turn foil down from top to form a basket and serve hot.

*Registered Trade Marks

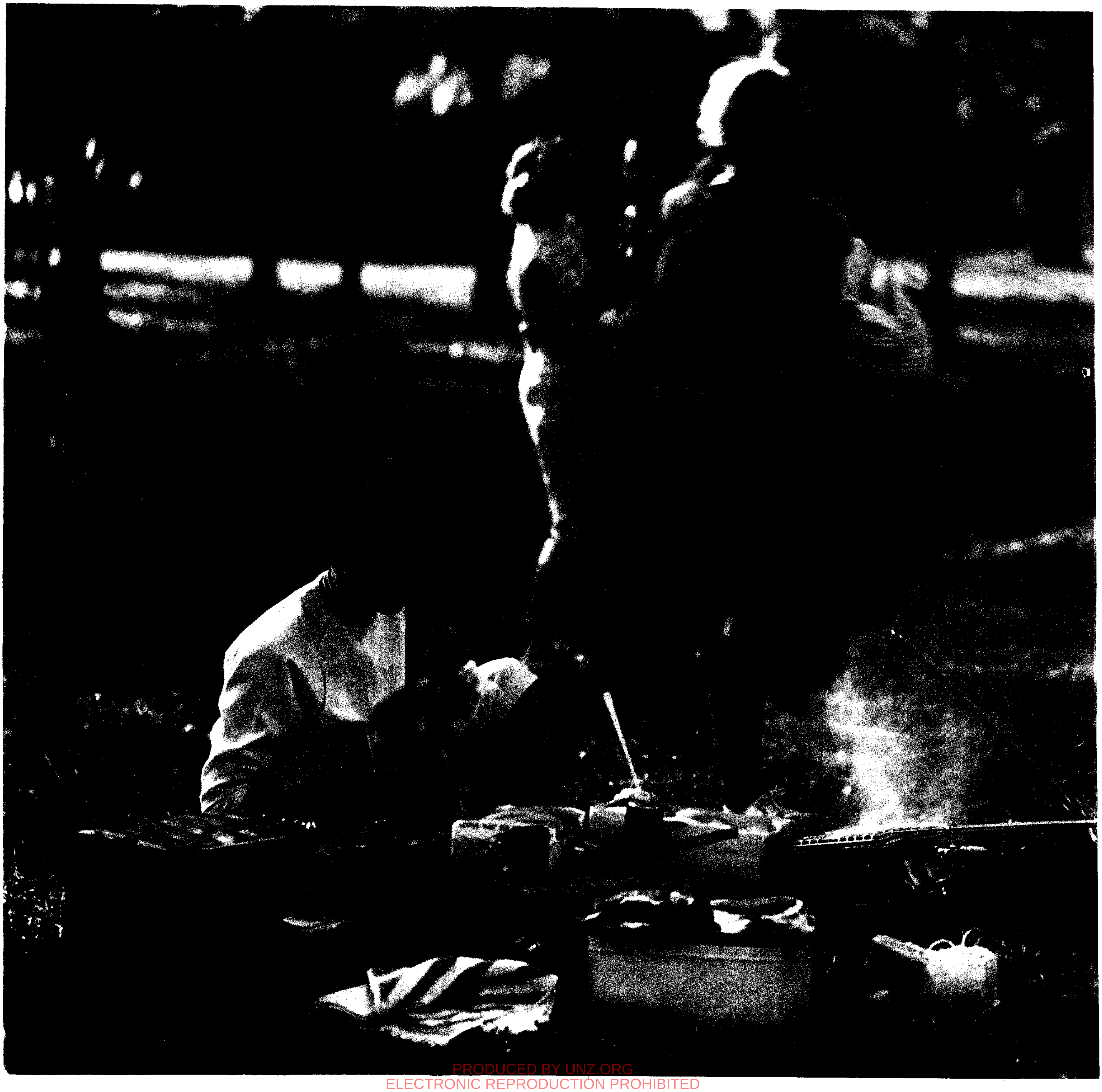
with Barbecued Broilers

It's time to relax and enjoy casual outdoor living. Try this delicious chicken barbecue. Remember, everybody just **loves** chicken. It compliments your guests... and your good taste. Gather around the grill for a chicken barbecue tonight and **often** this summer.

NATIONAL
BROILER
COUNCIL
RICHMOND 3, VIRGINIA

RESEARCH · EDUCATION · ADVERTISING · MERCHANDISING
The NATIONAL BROILER COUNCIL

PICK A PICNIC



What's your taste—casual, conservative or champagne? There's a picnic to your taste among those described here by two experts in the art of good eating

Sandwich Picnic *is as good as the fillings and the bread, as relaxed as the equipment you pamper yourself with, including throwaway plates, cups and spoons. For hot sandwiches cooked on the spot: broiled franks and chicken, grilled slabs of roast beef*

By HELEN EVANS BROWN and JAMES A. BEARD

Although Adam and Eve, eating in the Garden of Eden, probably were the first picnickers, and man has frequently dined out of doors ever since, it wasn't until the late eighteenth century that these delightful extramural meals were given the name "picnic." The word was first used in English in a letter by Chesterfield in 1748, and some say it was coined to rhyme, having as little actual meaning as "knickknack." In fact, one playwright of the period confused the two and called a picnic a knickknack. The first picnics weren't even held outdoors, but were simply co-operative affairs—usually held in a hall—where each participant drew to see which of the viands he would provide.

By the middle of the nineteenth century picnics were commonplace all over America. Artist Winslow Homer and his colleagues pictured them, and the literature mentioned them often. The picnics, all outdoor affairs by this time, usually retained one feature of the earlier versions—that of individual or, at least, family contributions to the menu. Often the whole town turned out.

Some picnics were organized for practical reasons, but were just as eagerly attended. There were husking bees, barn-raisings, reaping contests, apple-paring parties, soap boilings, meat and fish smokings, wood-sawing contests and quilting bees.

Today our picnics range from the simple little back-yard wiener roasts staged by two or three youngsters to the huge regional picnics that are held annually in many communities. And picnicking has become a popular family pastime, with infinite possibilities. Here are a few of the many ways Americans may enjoy picnicking this summer:

Sandwich Picnic. This is the easiest kind of alfresco feasting and its success will depend on the quality and variety of the breads used—no matter how delectable the fillings or how attractive the packaging. There are many honest breads that make superlative sandwiches: a good white loaf made with unbleached flour; or rye, pumpernickel, salt-rising, chalah (or egg), brioche, oatmeal, corn, cheese, raisin, whole-wheat, protein, French, onion, Italian and Vienna breads—to name just a few. And we must not forget biscuits, rolls, bagels, tortillas, matzos and crackers as worthy of sandwich fillings.

Campfire Picnic *shouts for practical equipment to prepare your family's favorite foods for this easy outing. Nice to have: long-handled grills that cook six or more burgers or frankfurters at once, and zipped stay-cold bags to carry chilled food and drinks. Fitted picnic hamper avoids oops-sorry omissions of utensils, salt*

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEORGE BARKENTIN AND THOMAS YEE

Station Wagon Picnic *makes clan-gathering painless. Hot and cool treats that are favorites in your household can be fixed at home and transported in vacuum or insulated carriers. Car makes portable grill feasible; will accommodate folding table and chairs if you prefer to picnic patio-style. There's no limit to your menus, but some suggestions are: thin Virginia ham, broiled Cornish hens, a chilled shrimp salad*

Because a complete list of sandwiches would top the thousand mark, we give you instead a few combinations we enjoy, along with beverages and other niceties that round out a sandwich picnic.

Picnic No. 1

Smoked salmon and cream-cheese sandwich on chalah or egg bread
Thinly sliced lamb with garlic butter and parsley on rye bread
Beer or soft drinks
Lobster salad in scooped-out French rolls (Pack lettuce
separately and add at last minute)
Deviled eggs with whole stuffed olives
Brownies
Coffee

Picnic No. 2

Veal and onion sandwiches with anchovy butter on whole-wheat bread
Wilted-cucumber sandwiches with dill mayonnaise on white bread
(Add cucumbers at picnic time)
Jack cheese and salami sandwiches with green-
pepper butter on French bread
Raspberry turnovers
Camembert cheese
Coffee

Picnic No. 3

Caviar with chopped onion and hard-boiled egg on pumpernickel
Martinis in thermos
Celery stuffed with Roquefort cheese   Cherry tomatoes
Pastrami on rye bread
Sliced stuffed olives on white bread with plenty of butter
Chopped tomatoes with fresh basil and mayonnaise—
served in scooped-out finger rolls
Stemmed strawberries with powdered sugar
and madelines or ladyfingers

Picnic No. 4

Scotch on rocks
Raw onion sandwiches on slightly dry white bread
Rare roast beef with horse-radish butter on rye bread
Thinly sliced North Carolina ham with chopped
chicken and mayonnaise on thin corn bread
Cream cheese with parsley on fresh homemade white bread
Pears
Bel Paese cheese
Romary biscuits

Champagne Picnic. If you're tired of the casual life, or refuse to be a conformist, have a formal picnic. Your guests may think the idea absurd, but it's great for Sunday lunch outdoors. And they'll be secretly flattered. The whole affair must be elegant—as perfectly planned as if you had a gaggle of butlers and footmen. We'll have champagne in the proper glasses, real china to eat from, and huge linen napkins. What's more, though we forgo the finger bowls, we eat our meal on the terrace at tables (folding) and on chairs (ditto). The menu here is for a luncheon. We suggest that it begin with champagne and *paté de foie gras* or chicken-liver paté served with crisp Melba toast. The first course—individual *quiche de crabes;* to be followed by essence of mushroom with tiny hot rolls, turkey galantine, and a string-bean and artichoke salad. For dessert have fresh raspberry sherbet with whole berries and whipped cream as a garnish, and *pain de Gênes*, or a sponge-pound cake cut in small slices. The champagne may be served all through the meal, but do start with a *brut*, and have a less dry one with the dessert. The meal will end, of course, with black coffee and cognac.

Quiche de crabes: Use 4-inch aluminum-foil pans. For eight of them make pastry with 2 cups of flour, ⅓ cup each of butter and lard, 1 egg yolk, and a teaspoon of salt. Line the piepans with this, fluting the edges. Brush with slightly beaten egg and chill. Brown 2 tablespoons of minced onion in a tablespoon of butter, add a teaspoon of lemon juice, ½ teaspoon of tarragon, and salt to taste, mix with a pound of fresh, frozen or canned crab meat that has been carefully picked over. Divide among the pastry-lined pans, and fill them with a custard made by mixing 1½ cups of light

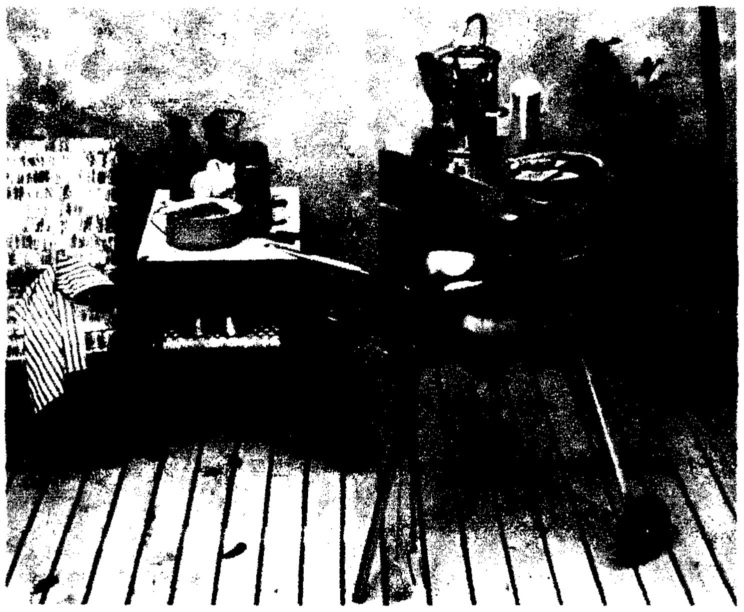
Whether it's quiche de crabes or cold cuts, summer meals taste better out of doors

cream or half and half with 4 slightly beaten eggs, a grating of nutmeg, and ¼ teaspoon of salt. Bake at 375 degrees until a knife, inserted an inch from the outer edge, will come out clean. Serve hot or cold.

Essence of mushroom: For eight servings, chop 2 pounds of fresh mushrooms and simmer them for 30 minutes in 6 cups of consommé or chicken stock. Replace any liquid that evaporates, strain, and serve with a dollop of sherry added to each cupful.

Turkey galantine: Select a small compact turkey weighing about 8 pounds. Split it down the back, and remove the bones. (This takes a bit of doing, but get right in there with a good sharp boning knife and you'll succeed.) Remove the thigh and leg meat, trying not to cut the skin. Also remove part of the breast and cut it in pencil-sized strips. Cut ½ pound each of ham and tongue in the same manner, and marinate in ¼ cup of cognac. Make a *farce* by chopping together 1 pound of fresh pork, ½ pound of veal, the meat from the turkey legs and thighs, 2 teaspoons of salt, a grating of nutmeg, a mere whisper of thyme, the marinade and an egg. (You'll want to use a food grinder for this; if you have an electric attachment, that's ideal.) Mix very well, using an electric mixer or hand masher to make a smooth paste. Spread half the meat paste evenly over what's left of the turkey, which is laid skin-side down on a table. Arrange the strips of turkey, ham and tongue alternately on the forcemeat, making a pattern. Sprinkle with lots of pistachio nuts, then spread with the remaining meat. Now roll this tight and tie the ends, sausage style, then sew the opening with coarse thread. Wrap securely in cloth, and tie both ends and twice in the middle. Put in a large pot of water, with a veal knuckle and the bones of the turkey, as well as an herb bouquet. Simmer for 1½ to 2 hours, or until fork-tender. Wrap tightly in heavy foil to cool, then remove cloth and put in a long casserole or baking dish. Cook remaining stock until reduced almost to a jelly. Pour over the meat and chill. A lot of work, yes, but it's not everyone who can make a galantine.

Green-bean and artichoke salad: Combine 2 cups of cooked green beans with 1 cup each of sliced cooked artichoke bottoms (those that come in jars are ideal) and sliced celery or celeriac. Dress with mayonnaise, and serve in lettuce leaves, with a garnish of onion rings.



Chuck Wagon Picnic. *gives the short-order cook his day in the sun, allows family or friends to be fed whenever they arrive from links or baseball field. Giant coffeepot and skillet add to the laziness*

Chuck Wagon Picnic A chuck wagon was once a completely utilitarian vehicle which was horse-drawn to remote spots on the Western ranges for the express purpose of feeding a herd of hungry cowpunchers at roundup time. Then came the dude ranches and the guests clamoring to join the hearty fare produced by "cookie" far afield. Ranchers who found dudes more profitable than cattle catered to this whim, and had a well-equipped chuck wagon, complete with picturesque cook, ready to meet early-morning horseback parties at some distant corral. So popular has this form of entertainment become that Las Vegas bonifaces illogically call their midnight collations "chuck wagons," though the menu, of 50 or more recherché dishes, bears little resemblance to plain ranch fare. The latter is what we suggest for *this* chuck-wagon party. Fried ham, pancakes or biscuits, fried eggs, too, if you wish, and cowboy fried potatoes or the almost inevitable beans are the framework of this earthy meal. With, of course, gallons of black coffee. The fixings may include sirup or "long sweet'ning" for the pancakes, "canned cow" for the coffee, canned peaches, pickles and—if the meal is dinner or even if it isn't—apple pie with Cheddar cheese.

Picnic for Trenchermen. Obviously this picnic is not designed for the peckish hot-weather appetites of relaxing vacationers but rather for the lusty hunger of sportsmen or other devotees of the great outdoors.

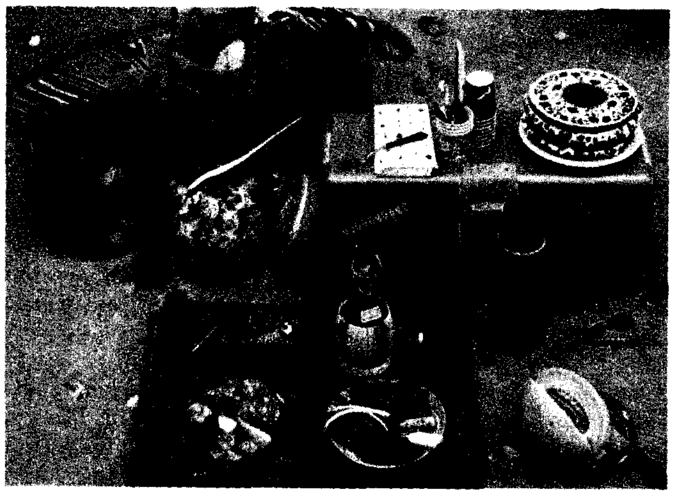
Minestrone alla Genovese
Crusty French rolls, buttered   Vegetable relishes
Hot meat pies
Filbert rum *torte*, chocolate icing

The soup should come to the picnic hot, in a huge vacuum jug, and the pies should be popped red hot from the oven into insulated bags or—as did the miners of Cornwall and the woodsmen of Maine and Minnesota—wrapped in many thicknesses of newspaper for insulation. If a dip for the relishes is wanted, have a jar of mayonnaise that has been lavishly flavored with anchovy paste and garlic mashed together.

Minestrone Genovese: Cook 1 cup each of dried white beans and dried Lima beans in water until tender. Drain, saving liquid. Slice a large onion and cook it until wilted in ½ cup of olive oil. Put in a roomy soup pot with the beans, a quart of the bean water, 2 quarts of beef stock, ½ cup of sliced celery, 1 cup of shelled peas, 1 cup of cut green beans, ½ cup of sliced carrots, 1 cup of shredded spinach or sliced zucchini, 2 tablespoons of tomato paste, 1 small cabbage, chopped, 1 tablespoon of chopped pars-

Champagne Picnic *is about as luxurious a lunch as you'll find. A festive way to entertain home-coming June bride and groom, a porch or terrace party gives a lady a real whirl at grande cuisine—with all the cooking done the day before to make the actual party painless*

Trenchermen *appetites require stout picnic gear too—from huge plaid carrier for hot soup to the newest in protective cake-toting pans. Insulated bags keep vegetable sticks, anchovy-mayonnaise dip fresh, cold*



Easy Antipasto Picnic *needs dependable can opener and imaginative supply of Italian-style tidbits—a portable icebox is ideal way to carry. Fancy cake is put together on the spot*

New gear keeps hot foods hot, cold ones cold, adds comfort to picnicking pleasure

ley, and, if you wish, a large potato, diced. As *minestrone* is cooked by ear, almost any vegetable may be added, or subtracted. Simmer this slowly until the flavors have mingled happily and the vegetables are tender. It may be necessary to add more water during the cooking. Twelve minutes before putting the hot soup into the vacuum jug, correct the seasoning and add 12 ounces of *tubetti* or elbow macaroni. Serve with *pesto*, taken along in a jar. This is made by pounding together in a mortar 1 large or 2 small cloves of garlic, and ½ cup of fresh sweet basil leaves. Add ½ cup of olive oil, 2 tablespoons of chopped parsley, and ½ pound of Romano cheese. The *pesto* is added to taste, either to the communal jug or to individual servings. You will want a large soup ladle and capacious soup bowls and soup spoons. For four trenchermen, eight gourmands or 16 weight watchers.

Filbert rum torte, chocolate icing: Beat 6 egg yolks until thick and light in color, then stir into them 1½ cups of fine granulated sugar, 3 tablespoons of flour, a teaspoon each of salt and baking powder, 2 tablespoons of Jamaica rum and 3 cups of grated filberts. (Use a food grinder for the nuts, or whirl them—½ cup at a time—in the electric blender until very fine.) Beat the 6 egg whites until very stiff and fold into the mixture. Pour into two 10-inch round layer-cake pans which have been lined with waxed paper and buttered. Bake at 350 degrees for about a half hour, or until a gentle finger pressure fails to leave its mark. Cook, remove from pans, and put the layers together with a cup of apricot preserves which have been forced through a sieve and mixed with 2 tablespoons of Jamaica rum. For the icing, melt in a double boiler 12 ounces of semisweet chocolate pieces with 1 tablespoon of Jamaica rum, a speck of salt, and a tablespoon of confectioners' sugar. Stir in 1 cup of commercial sour cream and mix until smooth. Spread thickly on top of the *torte,* and pack in a round casserole with a cover. The icing stays creamily soft, so it must be carried this way or in a special cake-toting pan.

Antipasto Picnic. This lazy picnic involves buying ready-cooked or canned goodies such as: anchovies, tuna, olives, pickled mushrooms and beets, sardines, salami, tongue, cheeses, bread sticks, pepperoni, pimentos, olive oil and vinegar, cherry tomatoes, ripe melons and such. Cooking involves two delicious, easy dishes:

Vermicelli with green sauce: This dish, although a *pasta,* is delicious served cold. Cook 1 pound of vermicelli until just tender, or *al dente.* Dress thoroughly with the following, and chill: cook 3 large crushed cloves of garlic in 1 cup of olive oil for 3 minutes: discard garlic, and mix in ½ cup of minced parsley and 2 tablespoons of minced basil; add salt to taste.

Cassato: This sumptuous dessert calls for a sponge or pound cake from your bakery. Split it in 3 or 4 layers. Mix together a pound of *ricotta* or cottage cheese, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup chopped semisweet chocolate, 2 tablespoons of Jamaica rum, *crème de cacao* or cognac, a pinch of salt and an ounce of mixed candied peel. Taste, and add more confectioners' sugar or liqueur if you think it's needed, then spread between the layers. Sprinkle the top with powdered sugar (we used a paper doily and sprinkled the sugar through it right at the picnic). Keep cake chilled until ready to eat.

Clambake. This is actually a sea-food binge, though it often includes chicken and potatoes, and almost invariably corn. Obviously clams, and usually lobsters, are a must. This is the recipe for it as we gave it in The Complete Book of Outdoor Cookery (Doubleday):

First dig a big hole and line it with stones. Be careful not to use wet ones or stones from the water, as they are apt to explode. Build a roaring fire in the pit and let it burn fiercely for 2 or 3 hours, then shovel out the coals. Put a layer of seaweed in the bottom atop the hot stones, place chicken wire over that, then clams. (In New England they usually use "steamers," but any clam, mussel or cockle will do nicely.) Now comes more seaweed, then a layer of live "chicken" lobsters (about a pound or a little more each). Next, more seaweed, then corn and potatoes, and, if you wish, chicken halves. This is all topped with seaweed, which is covered with a tarpaulin weighted down at the edge. Sand on top finishes the job. A bake should steam for from 30 minutes to 1½ hours. If chicken is used, it is wise to return hot coals to the top of the seaweed, then add more seaweed for the final covering. The way of a bake is to eat clams first, then corn, both with rivers of butter, then lobster, and, finally, if there is room, chicken. Bread and beer are the accepted partners. Often clam chowder is served before the hole is opened. We would prefer clam broth.

We can't think of a better dessert than a freezer of homemade ice cream and some cake—maybe rum cupcakes. You'll want oodles of coffee, too, and here, as in the wiener roast, toasted marshmallows seem to taste better than there's any reason they should. We feel that a clambake should be for a sizable crowd so there will be plenty of diggers and fire makers, and also plenty of company around the fire after the feast is over.

Rum cupcakes: Cream ¼ pound of butter with 1¼ cups of sugar. Add ½ cup of milk, 2 tablespoons of Jamaica rum, 2½ cups of flour sifted with 2 teaspoons of baking powder, and a teaspoon of salt, and 3 eggs, well beaten. Bake in paper cupcake pans at 375 degrees for 20 minutes and ice with 1½ cups of powdered sugar creamed with ¼ cup of butter and 2 tablespoons of Jamaica rum.

PICNIC GEAR has taken a turn toward solid comfort. This new approach in outdoor-eating equipment has a crisp professional air about it. If a bag is designed to carry cold beer, it's made of wash-off plastic, carefully insulated, sturdily handled, zipped for secure closing, and that's that—it carries beer.

One New York department store—Bloomingdale's—has just opened an Outdoor Living Shop, so impressed are they with the new wares for picnickers. Here are Collier's shopping notes on equipment worth considering for outdoor cooking, that widespread American summer fixation. Really handsome and practical utensils, made of heavy steel and at least two feet long, can be had for $6 the set of three. Pieces include a fork, large-mouthed spoon and spatula, and the length of the handles is ideal for keeping the chef at a distance from the heat, smoke and spatter. New, too, are giant-size versions of the familiar copper-bottomed coffeepot and skillet; the coffeepot cooks an impressive amount of coffee at a time, 14 cups, and the skillet does eight or nine pancakes at a clip—$20 for the coffeepot, $17 for the skillet. If you're minus a built-in barbecue, or if you like to take yours with you, there's a fine and functional collapsible grill that sets up at table height. Big enough to broil two or three sirloins at once, it's priced at $20—or, with hood and rotisserie spit, at $30. (To see them, turn back a page to our Chuck Wagon Picnic.)

Other devices that add to comfort are the plaid plastic tote bag for six cans of cold beer, $5, and a matching king-size carrier at $6 that's 16-by-8-by-10 inches big; both bags will keep hot things hot or cold things cold (no mixing, please). That by-now-beloved plaid vacuum bucket, still $8, comes in a spigot-top version priced at $9 and is ideal for carrying cold milk or fruit drinks—or, if you like, a gallon of hot coffee. Another boon to whoever packs the picnic is a wicker hamper fitted with cups, plates, utensils, salt and pepper shakers, and tight-sealing enamel box, all for $15. (For a look at these, see the Sandwich Picnic on page 71.)

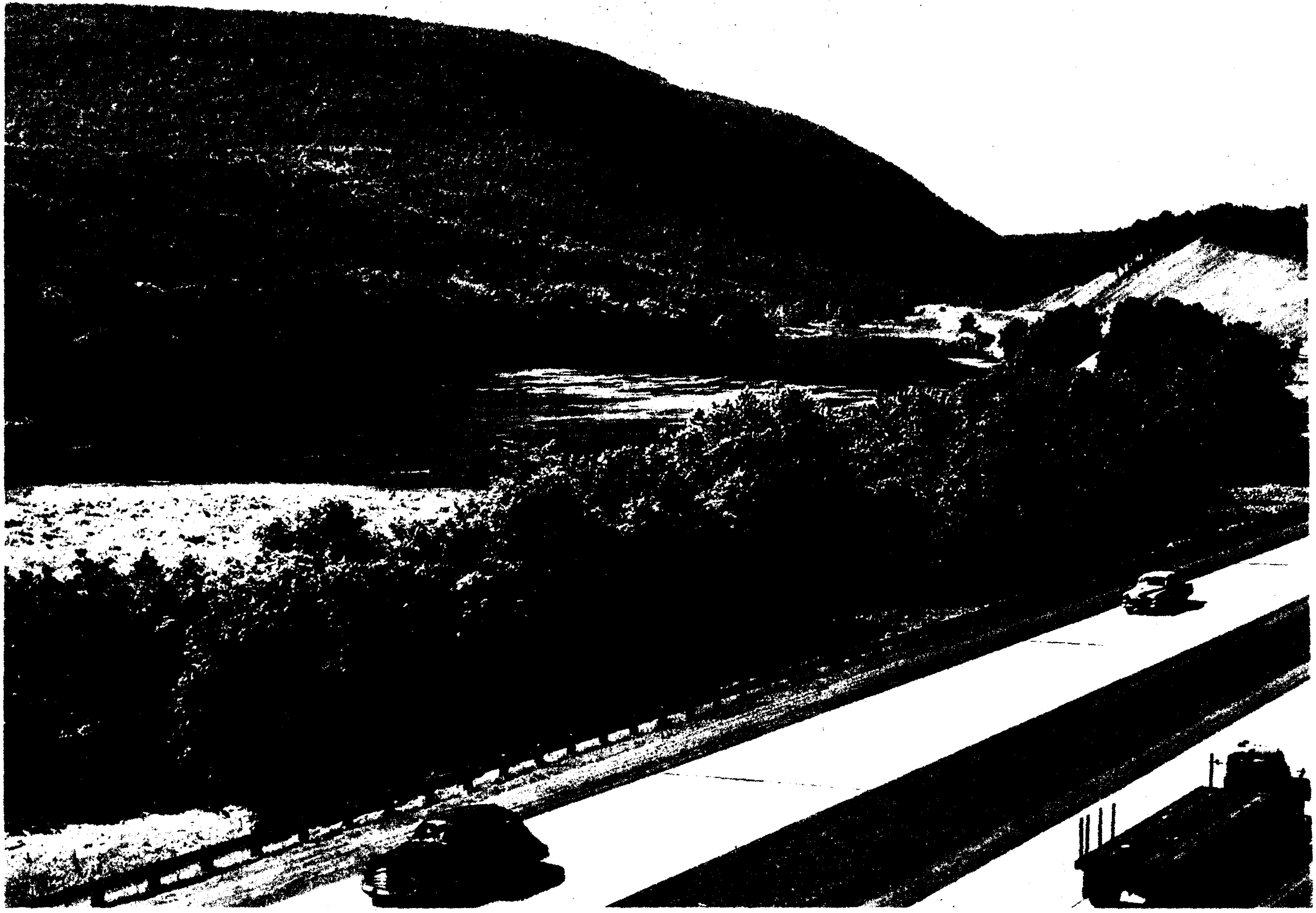
Along more luxurious lines, for really serious outdoor eaters, is a portable refrigerator box, $27, measuring 15-by-13-by-22 inches. And a new cake-carrying tray, with a bail-handled cover that really locks on, sells for $5. (See the Antipasto and Trenchermen's Picnics on the page at left.)

Those on the hunt for outdoor clothes will find local shops full of pleasing stock. A few of the items we found interesting: a pink sailcloth middy jacket for the ladies (White Stag, $8); richly plaided Madras shorts for men (Gordon's, $14); comfortable T-shirts with a wide crew neck (Activair, $4); stretch-to-fit knee socks (McGregor, $3). And a giddy collection of beach towels (Martex, $4 to $7).

Supermarkets around the country are featuring the food in Collier's Picnics. For the store in your neighborhood, see page 96.

Happy picnicking!

Day-Long Clambake *is sloppy and yet a wonderful outing for hearty eaters. Buttery treats include clams, small lobsters, corn on the cob, spuds and chicken*



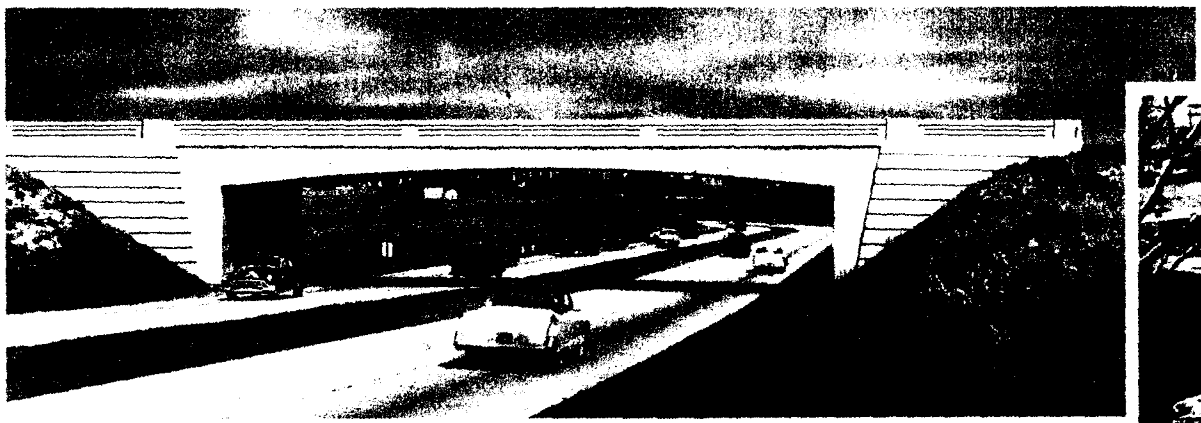
How Engineers Eliminate Highway Hazards in Building Your Safe New Roads

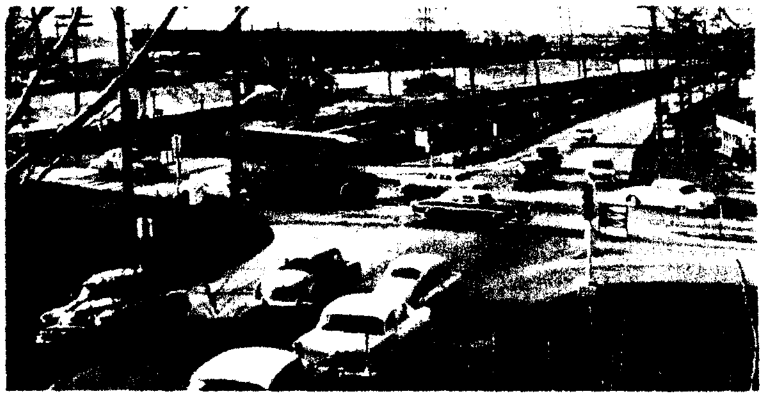
America has outgrown its highways. Today there are nearly 65 million vehicles jammed onto a road system designed for only a fraction of that number.

Back in the '20s and '30s no one could possibly have foreseen the tremendous increases in weights, volumes and speeds of the traffic that was to come in the '40s and '50s. These increases are responsible for making yesterday's good roads congested and hazardous for the ever-increasing traffic volume of today.

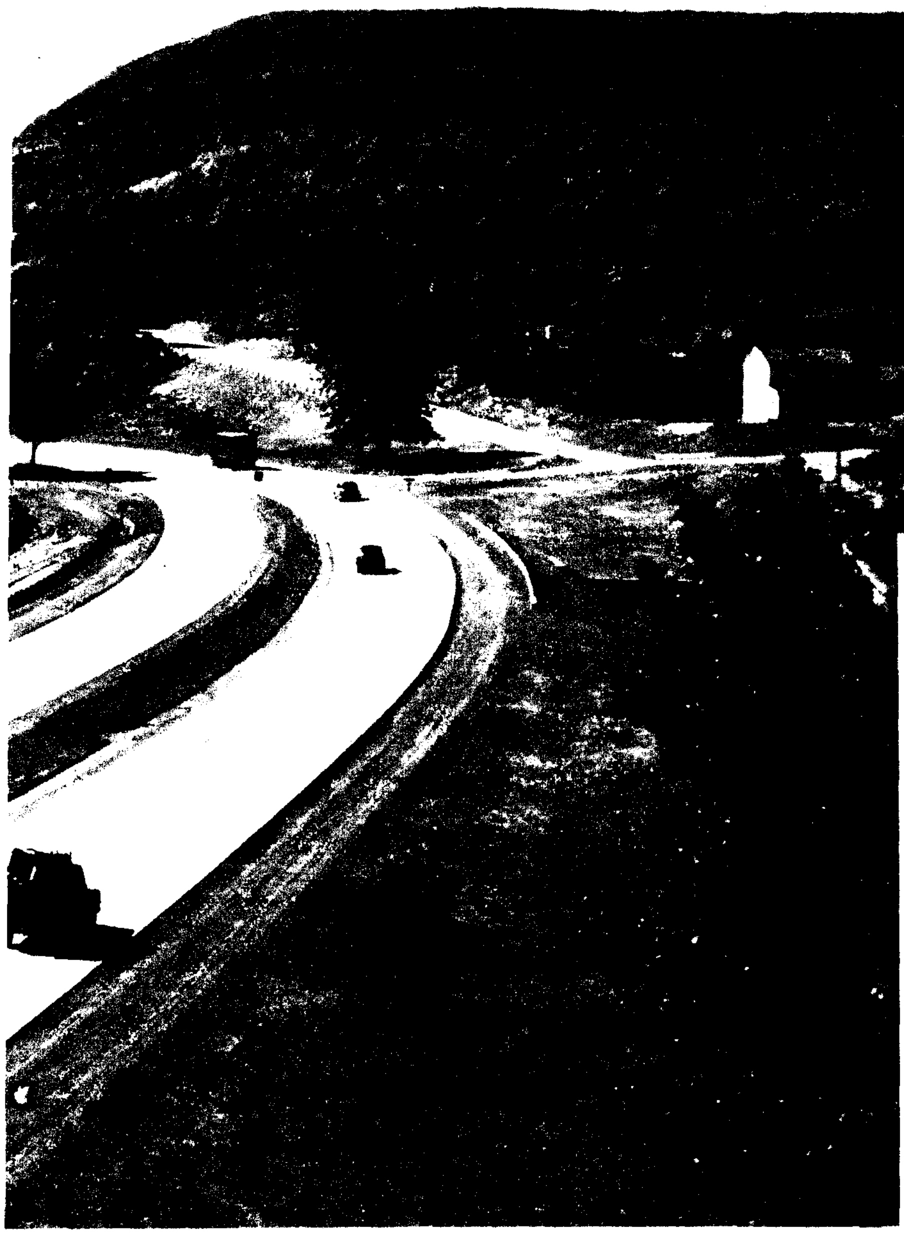
The photos on these pages show how old road inadequacies are eliminated by highway engineers when they design modern roads. In examining these pictures remember that many concrete roads built in the '20s—and earlier—are still on the job. Although inadequate for today's needs, they still serve as a tribute to engineering foresight and the durability of the pavement.

Today a new generation of highway engineers faces the task of designing and building the nation's roads for today's and





Highway intersections at grade level (right) make for delay, congestion and collision. Modern grade separations such as shown above eliminate these dangerous and often deadly cross-traffic hazards.



Concrete
SERVES
HALF A CENTURY
AND MORE

Sharp, blind turns and "S" curves are killers. Engineers eliminate such hazards by designing modern roads like the one at the left. This fine, new highway has broad, sweeping curves that the driver can negotiate safely.

tomorrow's traffic. Behind the men who are tackling this problem are years of scientific research, planning and engineering analysis—and the teamwork of engineers and scientists in industry, government and colleges. This cooperation has produced the skills and knowledge to build today's safe, durable concrete roads. It will make tomorrow's roads even better.

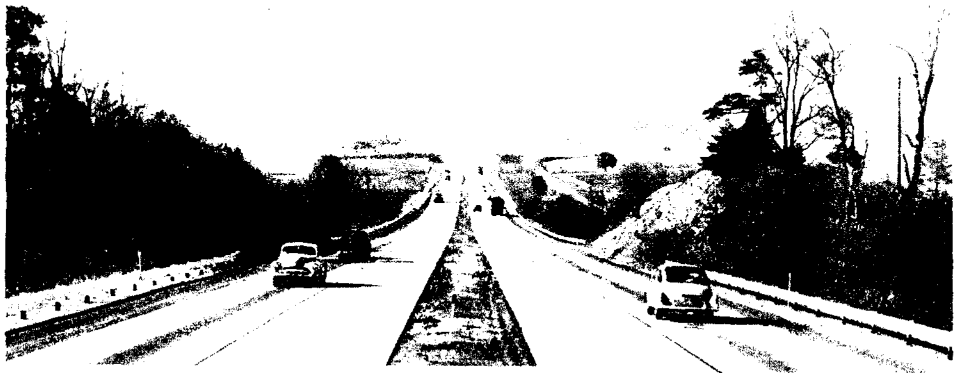
In the next 10 to 15 years billions of dollars will be invested in the nationwide highway improvement program now being formulated. Needing attention first is the 40,000-mile National System of Interstate Highways. These roads connect 182 of the 199 cities of more than 50,000 population.

The National System of Interstate Highways comprises about 1 per cent of the nation's road mileage yet carries 20 per cent of all the rural traffic. These roads are America's lifelines, for over them flow the goods and services that are essential to the national welfare and defense.

Concrete is the logical pavement for roads that must carry not only today's traffic, but the increased traffic projected through 1975 and longer. That's because of concrete's record of durability, long life, safety and low-annual-cost economy. And no other paving material equals concrete in skid resistance and high light reflectance—wet or dry, night or day. You're safer on concrete because you can see better, stop quicker.

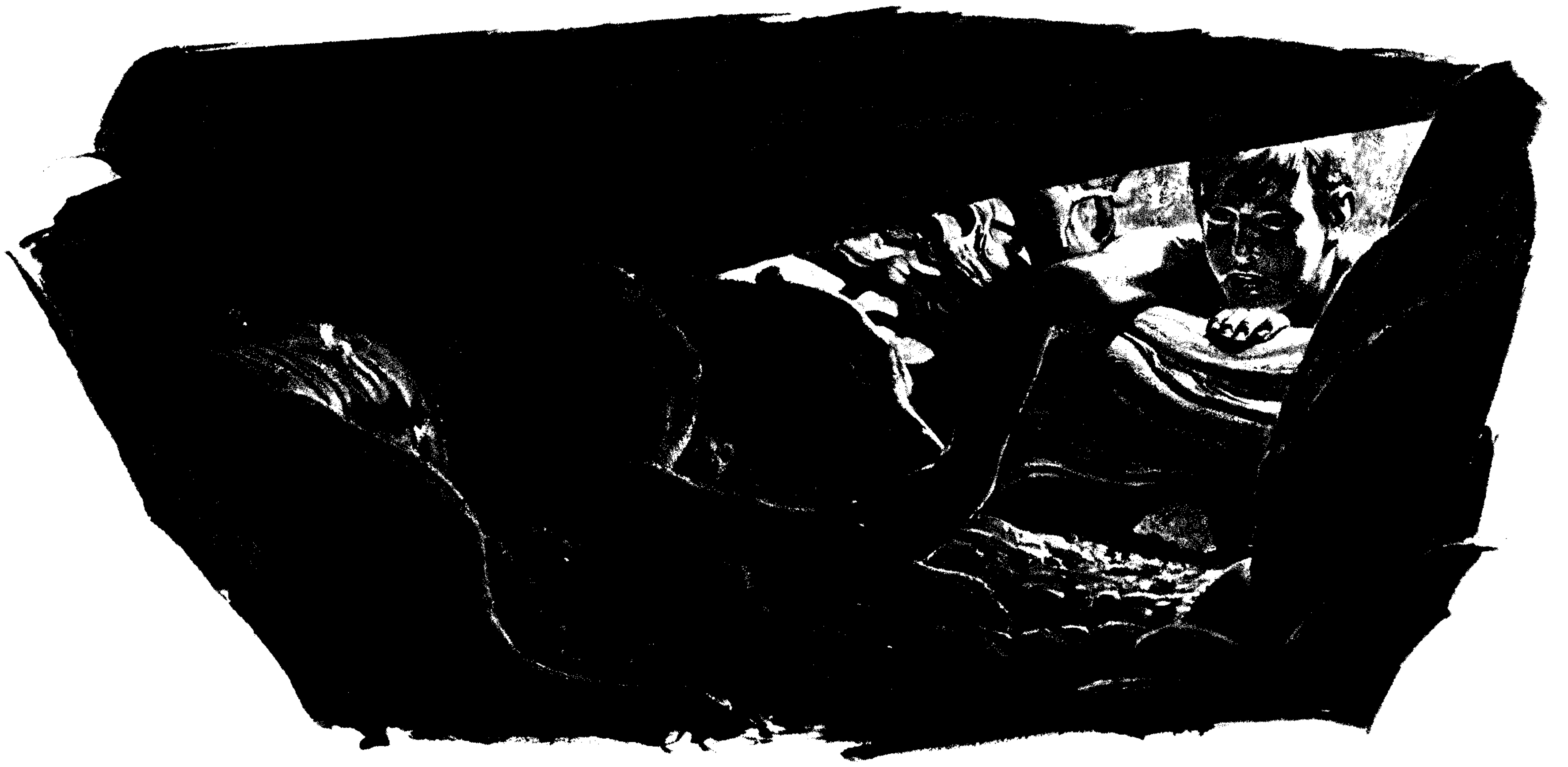
Write today for illustrated booklet, "*Concrete Expressways.*" It's free but is distributed only in the U.S. and Canada.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION
33 West Grand Avenue, Chicago 10, Illinois
A national organization to improve and extend the uses of portland cement and concrete . . . through scientific research and engineering field work



Inadequate sight distances on hills (as at left) invite disaster. Engineers eliminate blind spots in designing such highways as the one above.

OLD YELLER



I reached in under the rock slab and let him lick my hand. "Yeller," I said, "I'll be back. I'm promising that I'll be back"

By FRED GIPSON

COPYRIGHT 1956—FRED GIPSON

Yeller had helped me when I needed help bad, and now I aimed to do the same for him. He had one chance of pulling through—and it was a chance I had to take

THE STORY . . . Late in the 1860s my father left our home in Texas to go on a cattle drive to Abilene with the men from the nearby Salt Licks settlement. He left me—TRAVIS—in charge of our farm, promising to bring me a horse of my own if I did a good job. I was thirteen then, and certain I could do the work around the place and look after MAMA and my brother, ARLISS, who was four. I was doing all right, too—plowing, milking, hunting enough deer to keep us in meat, and holding Arliss in line. But the one thing I couldn't seem to cope with was the big ugly dog that turned up on the place one day and stole a whole side of meat from us. I would have got rid of him right away, except that Little Arliss loved that thieving rascal and screamed bloody murder when I tried to run him off. Mama said we'd wait and see; and after that, OLD YELLER—as we called the dog, because of his color and because he yelled instead of barking—was smart enough to leave our meat alone and to keep his distance from me. Then something happened to make me change my mind about Old Yeller. Little Arliss caught a bear cub one day, and its mother came charging after Arliss. I couldn't get there in time to save him, but Yeller did. After that I decided to let the dog stay, and he turned out to be a big help—fighting the coons that were threatening our bread corn, retrieving the small game I shot, and helping Mama and me break a longhorn cow to milk. I got so I loved that dog as much as Arliss did and couldn't have got along without him. Then one day a stranger rode up to the farm and told us Old Yeller belonged to him.

The second of three parts

THE man who came to claim Old Yeller was named Burn Sanderson. He was a young man who rode a good horse and he was mighty nice and polite about taking his hat off to Mama when he dismounted in front of our cabin. He told Mama who he was. He said he was a newcomer to Salt Licks. He said that he'd come from down San Antonio way with a little bunch of cattle that he was grazing over in the Devil's River country. He said he couldn't afford to hire riders, so he'd brought along a couple of dogs to help him herd his cattle. One of these dogs, the best one, had disappeared. Somebody at Salt Licks had told him that we had the dog.

"A big yeller dog?" Mama asked, looking sober and worried.

"Yessum," the man said. And then he added with a grin, "Steal you blind, that old devil will; but there was never a better cow-and-hog dog born."

I remembered that side of middling meat Old Yeller had stolen his first day on our place. But he hadn't stolen a thing from us since. I thought Burn Sanderson was being too hard on Yeller.

Mama turned to me. "Son, call Old Yeller," she said.

I stood frozen in my tracks. I was so full of panic I couldn't move.

"Go on, son," Mama urged. "I think he and Little Arliss must be playing down about the creek somewhere."

"But, Mama!" I gasped. "We can't do without Old Yeller. He's—"

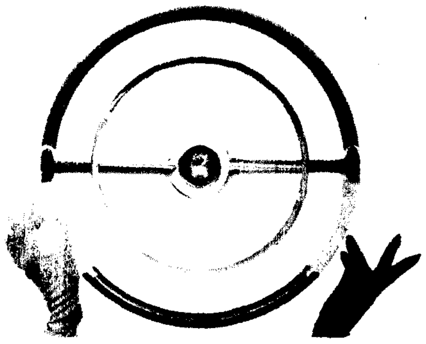
"Travis!"

Mama's voice was sharp. I knew I was whipped. I turned and went

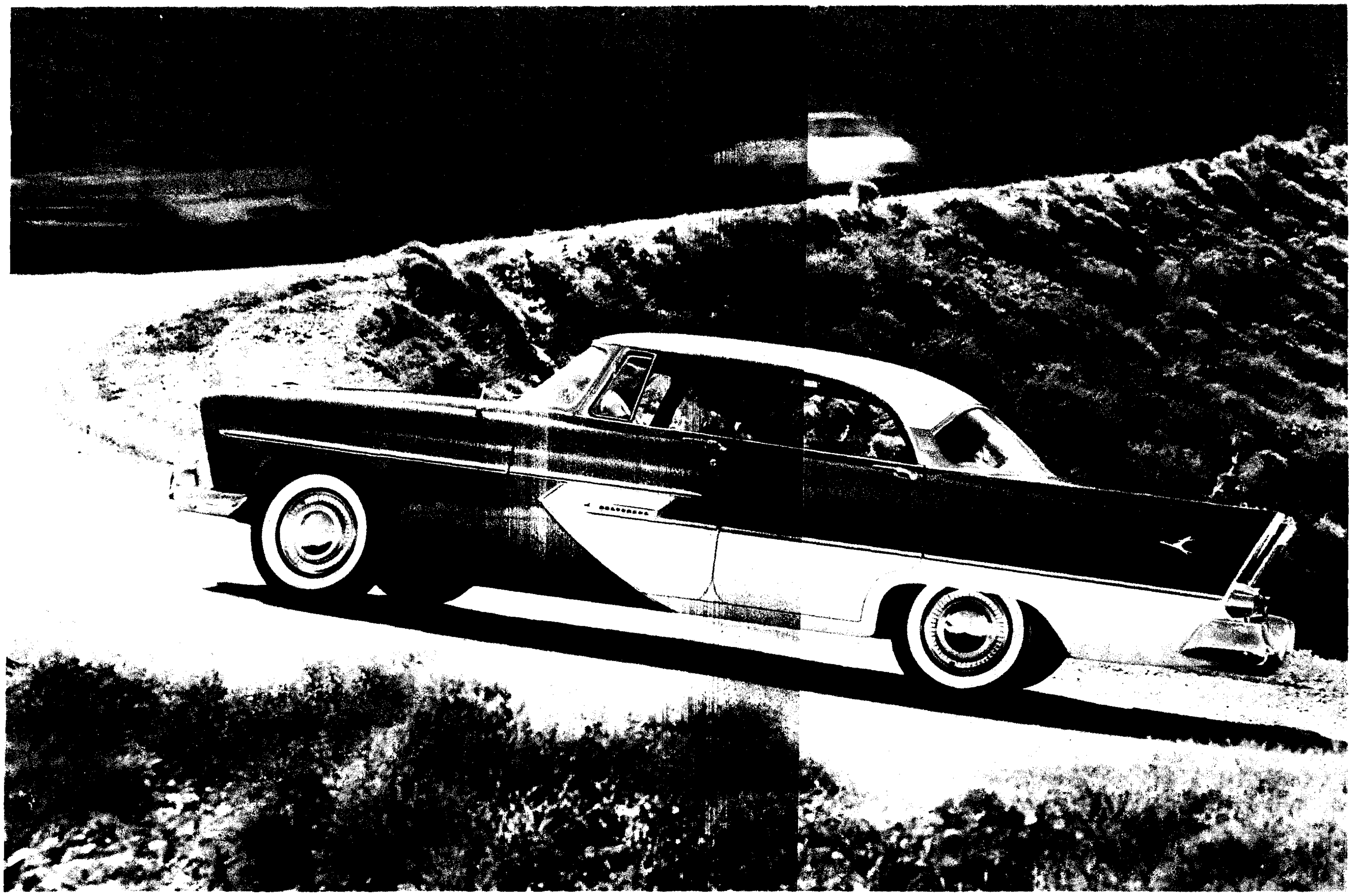
ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. MONROE, JR.

ONE
OF

FORWARD LOOK VALUES OTHER CARS DON'T HAVE!



FULL-TIME WER STEERING



PLYMOUTH BELVEDERE 4-DOOR HARDTOP SPORT SEDAN

1. FULL-TIME POWER STEERING! Other cars still haven't caught up with it! It helps you 60 minutes of every driving hour—not just in parking, but every road adjustment. Compare Chrysler Corporation's *full-time* power steering with the in-and-out part-time devices of other cars!

2. Pushbutton PowerFlite—just press a button and you're set to *go!* Its simple mechanical design has been fully tested and perfected. The driving advance of the year!

3. Greater power longer! No other American passenger car V-8 engines have the extra efficiency of dome-type combustion chambers, such as modern airliners use.

4. Safest brakes! Chrysler Corporation brings you the biggest advance in brakes in 25 years! Easier, surer, less adjusting, longer lining life!

5. Brightest design note in cars this year! THE FLIGHT-SWEEP—one clean aerodynamic sweep from headlight to upswept rear fender!

For the greatest values today, see your dealer in Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto, Chrysler and Imperial.

CHRYSLER CORPORATION

PLYMOUTH · DODGE · DE SOTO · CHRYSLER · IMPERIAL

For your Ford... always specify the distributor points with the

TRIPLE LIFE!

They're "ventilated"!

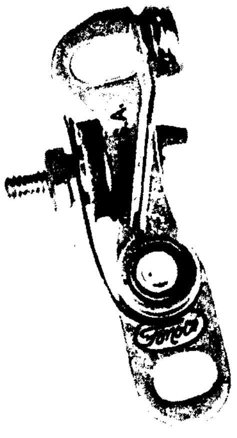
The contact surfaces of Ford points have an exclusive hole-in-the-middle. This lets air surge past contact surfaces while they're operating, keeps deposits from forming, and gives points about *three* times the life!

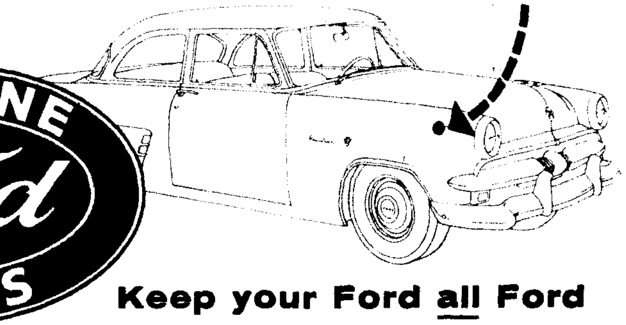
"**The unique ventilated contact** surfaces of Genuine Ford Distributor Points are *self-cleaning*," says James Oldham, Ford's Chief Ignition Engineer. "This helps them last up to three times longer than ordinary points, and gives you quick, *sure* starts, day in and day out."

All Genuine Ford Parts are made right to last longer in your Ford!

Whenever *any* replacement will add to your Ford's performance, always make sure that you specify Genuine Ford, the part that's made to the exact specifications of the men who built your car.

For Genuine Ford Parts have to prove they can "take it" in exhaustive Ford track tests, before they're awarded the Genuine Ford label by Ford Engineering. Subjected to as much as fifty times the abuse they would normally get in actual service, you can be sure that they're made right to fit right to last *longer* in your Ford!





GENUINE Ford PARTS

Keep your Ford all Ford

down to the creek. "Come on up to the house," I told Little Arliss.

I guess the way I said it let him know that something real bad was happening. He didn't argue or stick out his tongue or anything. He just got out of the water and followed me back to the house and embarrassed Mama and the young man nearly to death because he came packing his clothes in one hand instead of wearing them.

I guess Burn Sanderson had got an idea of how much we thought of Old Yeller, or maybe Mama had told some things about the dog while I was gone to the creek. Anyhow, he acted uncomfortable about taking the dog off. "Now, Mrs. Coates," he said to Mama, "your man is gone, and you and the boys don't have much protection here. Bad as I need that old dog, I can make out without him until your man comes."

But Mama shook her head. "No, Mr. Sanderson," she said. "He's your dog; and the longer we keep him, the harder it'll be for us to give him up. Take him along. I can make the boys understand."

THE man tied his rope around Old Yeller's neck and mounted his horse. Then Little Arliss caught onto what was happening. He threw a wall-eyed fit. He screamed and he hollered. He grabbed up a bunch of rocks and went to throwing them at Burn Sanderson. One hit Sanderson's horse in the flank. The horse bogged his head and went to pitching and bawling and grunting. This excited Old Yeller. He chased after the horse, baying him at the top of his voice. And what with Mama running after Little Arliss, hollering for him to shut up and quit throwing those rocks, it was altogether the biggest and loudest commotion that had taken place around our cabin for a good long while.

When Burn Sanderson finished riding the pitch out of his scared horse, he hollered at Old Yeller. He told him he'd better hush up that racket before he got his brains beat out. Then he rode back toward us, wearing a wide grin.

His grin got wider as he saw how Mama and I were holding Little Arliss. We each had him by one wrist and were holding him clear off the ground. He couldn't get at any more rocks to throw, but it sure didn't keep him from dancing up and down in the air and screaming.

"Turn him loose," Sanderson said with a big laugh. "He's not going to throw any more rocks at me."

He swung down from his saddle. He came and got Little Arliss and loved him up till Arliss hushed screaming. Then he said: "Look, boy, do you really want that old yeller dog?"

He held Little Arliss off and stared him straight in the eye, waiting for Arliss to answer. Little Arliss stared straight back at him and didn't say a word.

"Well, do you?" he insisted.

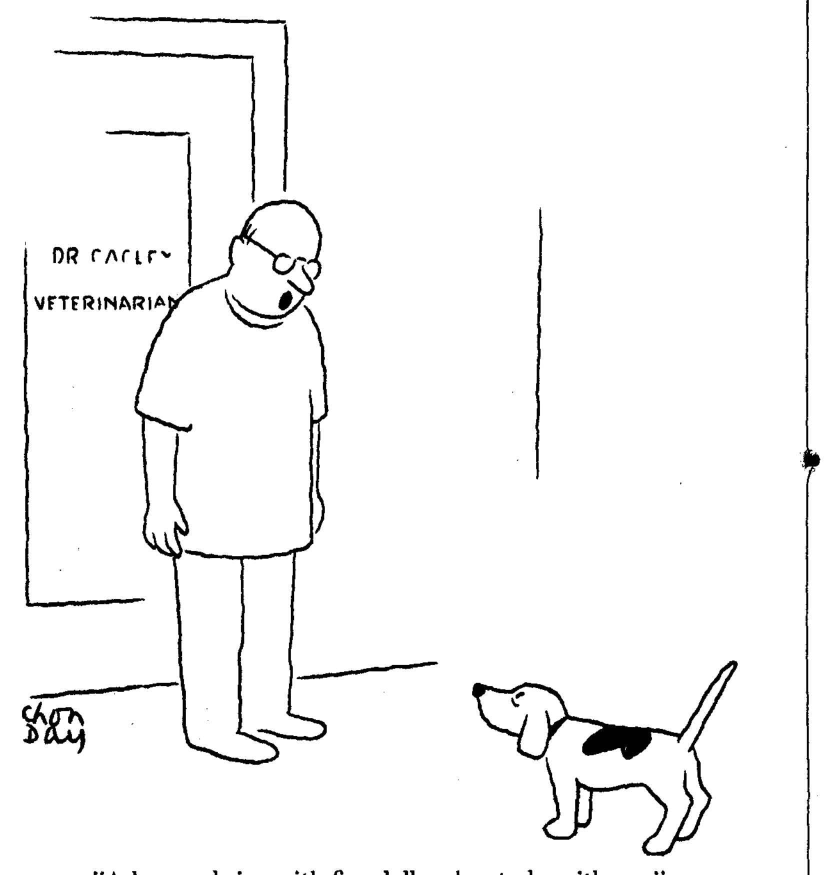
Finally, Little Arliss nodded, and then tucked his chin and looked away.

"All right," Burn Sanderson said. "We'll make a trade. Just between you and me. I'll let you keep the old rascal, but you've got to do something for me."

He waited till Little Arliss finally got up the nerve to ask what, and then went on. "Well, it's like this," Burn Sanderson said. "I've hung around over there in that cow camp, eating my own cooking, till I'm so starved out I don't hardly throw a shadow. Now, if you could talk your mama into feeding me a real jam-up meal of woman-cooked grub, I think it would be worth at least a one-eared yeller dog. Don't you?"

I didn't wait to hear any more. I ran off. I was so full of relief that I was about to pop. I knew that if I didn't get out of sight in a hurry, this Burn Sanderson was going to catch me crying.

Mama cooked the best dinner that day I ever ate. We had roast venison and fried catfish and stewed squirrel and black-eyed peas and corn bread and flour gravy and butter and wild honey and hog-plum jelly and fresh buttermilk. I ate till it seemed like my eyeballs would pop out of my head, and still didn't make anything like the show-



"A human being with five dollars has to be with you"

COLLIER'S CHON DAY

World's largest-selling beer

...and refreshing as all outdoors!

Schlitz®

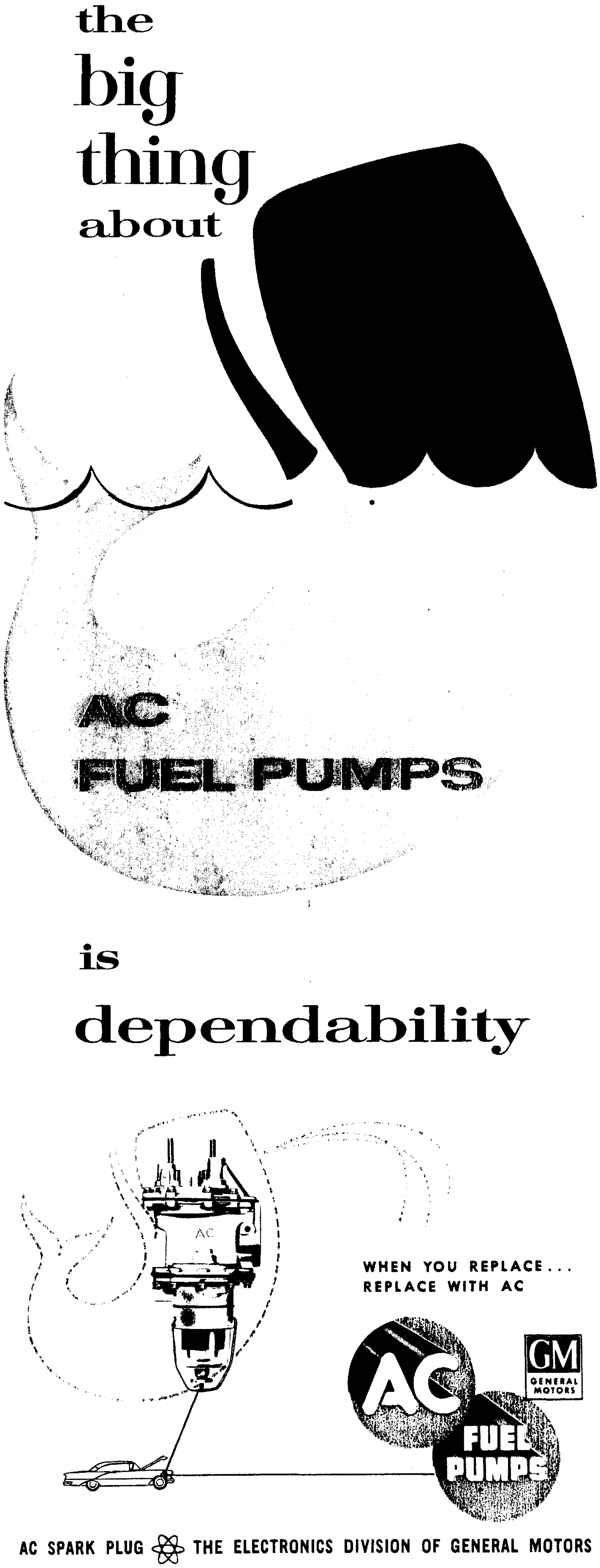
Day after day, light, refreshing Schlitz gives more satisfaction to more people than any other beer in the world. It outsells all others by *millions* of cans, bottles and draughts!

The reason is clear. Schlitz looks and tastes the way Americans like beer today. A clean, bright answer to thirst! Never filling. Never bitter. Brewed with just the *kiss* of the hops. This is the quality that makes and *keeps* so many friends for Schlitz.

Hall
Schlitz

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

©1956 Jos. Schlitz Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wis., Brooklyn, N. Y., Los Angeles, Cal.



ing that Burn Sanderson made. He was a slim man, not nearly as big as Papa, and I never could figure out where he was putting all that grub. But long before he finally sighed and shook his head at the last of the squirrel stew, I was certain of one thing: he sure wouldn't have any trouble throwing a shadow on the ground for the rest of that day. A good, black shadow.

AFTER dinner, he sat around for a while, talking to me and Mama and making toy horses for Little Arliss out of dried cornstalks. Then he said his thank-yous to Mama and told me to come with him. I followed with him while he led his horse down to the spring for water. I remembered how Papa had led me away from the house like this the day he left, when he wanted to talk to me about looking after Mama and Arliss and the place; and I knew by that that Burn Sanderson had something he wanted to talk to me about too.

At the spring, he slipped the bits out of his horse's mouth to let him drink, and then he turned to me. "Now, boy," he said, "I didn't want to tell your mama this. I didn't want to worry her. But there's a plague of hydrophobia making the rounds, and I want you to be on the lookout for it."

I felt a scare run through me. I didn't know much about hydrophobia, but I knew it was something bad. I stared at Burn Sanderson and didn't say anything.

"And there's no mistake about it," he said. "I've done shot two wolves, a fox and one skunk that had it. And over at Salt Licks, a woman had to kill a bunch of house cats that her young'uns had been playing with. She wasn't sure, but she couldn't take any chances. And you can't either."

"But how will I know what to shoot and what not to?" I wanted to know.

"Well, you can't hardly tell at first," he said. "Not until they have already gone to foaming at the mouth and are reeling with the blind staggers. Any time you see a critter acting that way, you know for sure. But you watch for others that aren't that far along. You take a pet cat. If he takes to spitting and fighting at you for no reason, you shoot him. Same with a dog. He'll get mad at nothing and want to bite you. Take a fox or a wildcat. You know they'll run from you; but when they don't run, and try to make fight at you, shoot 'em. Shoot anything that acts unnatural, and don't fool around about it. It's too late after they've already bitten or scratched you."

Talk like that made my heart jump up in my throat till I could hardly get my breath. I looked down at the ground and went to kicking around some rocks.

"You're not scared, are you, boy? I'm only telling you because I know your papa left you in charge of things. I know you can handle whatever comes up. I'm just telling you to watch close and not let anything—*anything*—get to you and your folks with hydrophobia. Think you can do it?"

I swallowed. "I can do it," I told him. "I'm not scared."

The sternness left Burn Sanderson's face. He put a hand on my shoulder, just as Papa had the day he left. "Good boy," he said. "That's the way a man talks."

Then he gripped my shoulder real tight, mounted his horse and rode off through the brush. And I was so scared and mixed up about the danger of hydrophobia that it was clear into the next day before I even thought about thanking him for giving us Old Yeller.

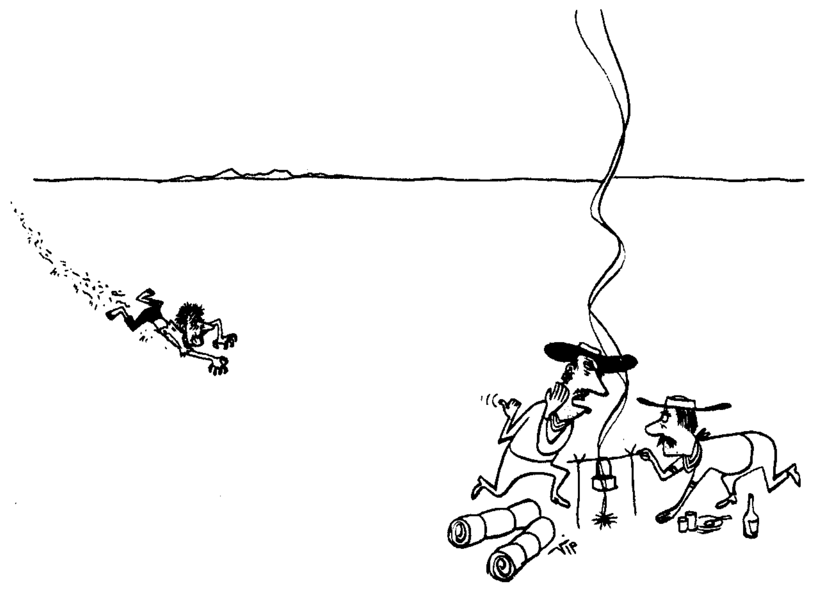
WE WERE so glad about having Old Yeller for our own that that night we tried to feed him some of the venison left over from Sanderson's dinner. Usually he liked venison fine, but this time he wouldn't eat. He'd lick the meat and wiggle his stub tail to show how grateful he was, but he didn't swallow down more than a bite or two.

That puzzled Mama and me because, when we remembered back, we realized that he hadn't been eating anything we'd fed him for the last several days. Yet he was fat and with hair as slick and shiny as a dog eating three square meals a day.

Mama shook her head. "If I didn't know better," she said, "I'd say that dog was sucking eggs. But I've got three hens setting and one with biddy chickens, and I'm getting more eggs from the rest of them than I've got since last fall. So he can't be robbing the nests."

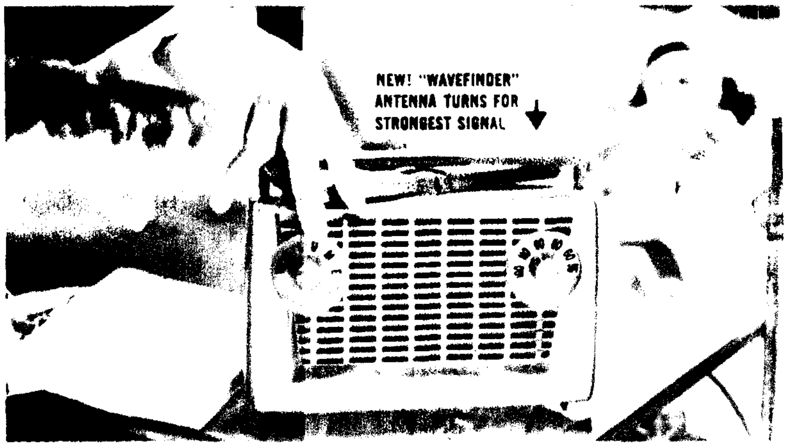
Well, we wondered some about what Old Yeller was living on, but didn't worry about it. That is, not until the day Bud Searcy dropped by the cabin to see how we were making out.

Bud Searcy was a red-faced man with



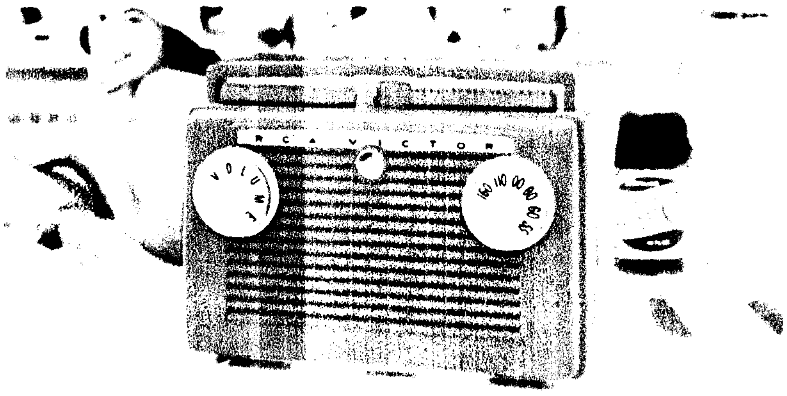
"Pssst! Ditch the booze"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

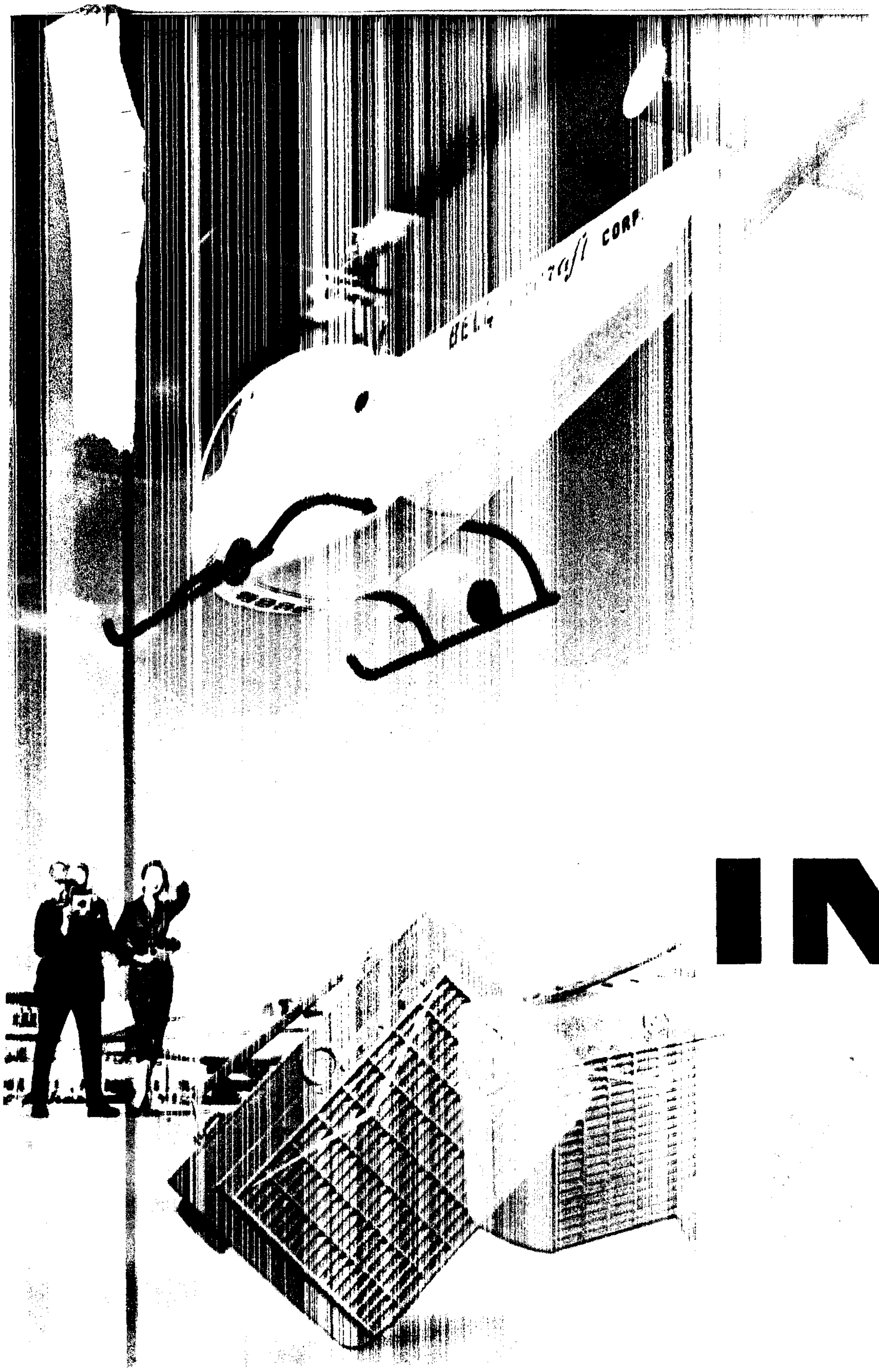


High-Style! Operates on batteries, AC or DC current. New precision tuning. The *Wanderlust* in aqua or horizon gray, 7BX7. **$39.95**

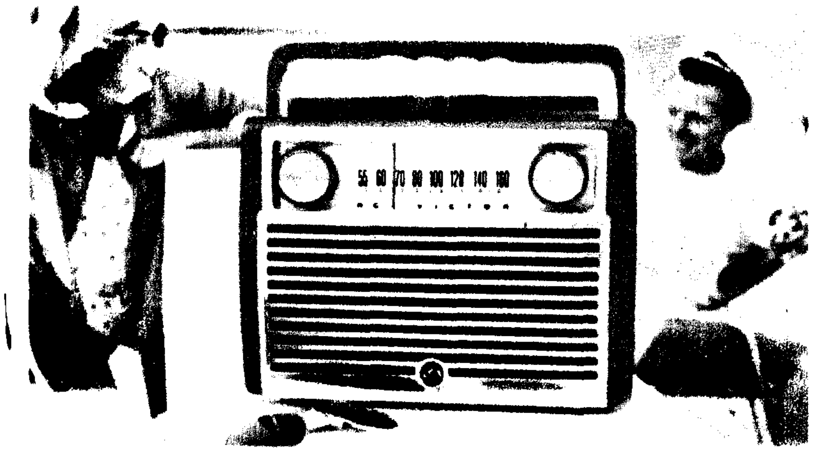
Compact New 3-Way Portable with unique "Wavefinder" antenna. The *Midshipman* in horizon gray, antique white or aqua, 7BX6. **$34.95**



IMPAC



Dropped from Bell Helicopter, "Impac" case didn't crack, chip, dent or split. Shown above: The *Shipmate*, 3-way portable in flame red, two-tone green or two-tone gray, 7BX5. **$29.95**



New Sensitivity—New Selectivity! Plays 3 ways. "Wavefinder" antenna. The *New "Globe Trotter"* in aqua or horizon gray, 7BX8. **$49.95**

ANNOUNCING POWERFUL NEW RCA VICTOR PORTABLES IN FAMOUS NON-BREAKABLE "IMPAC" CASES — FROM $29.95

Crash test shows why RCA Victor guarantees all "Impac" portable cases for 5 full years! See all the good-looking, great-listening new RCA Victor portables now at your dealer's.

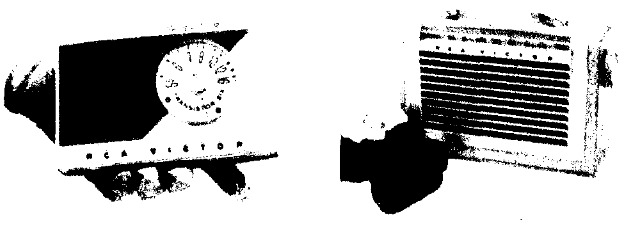
Now—America's most popular portables in exciting new styles and colors—in the amazingly rugged "Impac" case that made portable history! Only RCA Victor has the "Impac" case—so tough, it's guaranteed for *five years* in normal use.

Choose your portable from ten great new models. *All* bring you the rich realism of RCA Victor's "Golden Throat" tone. Only RCA Victor portables give you so much superb listening—so many features—so much *downright value.*

ALL PRICES LESS BATTERIES

Tmks® RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA
CAMDEN 8, NEW JERSEY

Manufacturer's nationally advertised list prices shown, subject to change. Slightly higher in far West and South. See Milton Berle, Martha Raye on NBC-TV, 2 out of 3 Tuesdays. See NBC-TV's "Producers' Showcase" in RCA Compatible Color and Black-and-White.

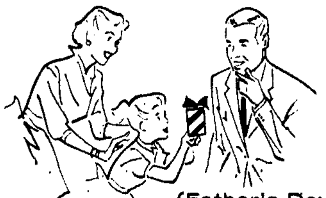


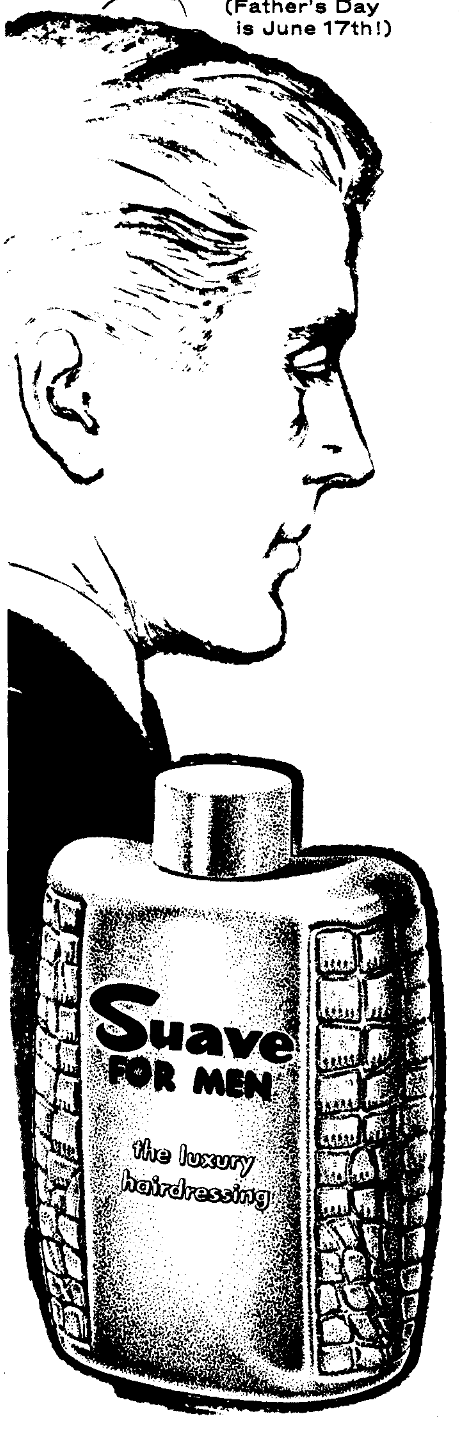
POWERFUL! ALL-TRANSISTOR PORTABLES

(Left) The tiny, pocket-size *Transistor Six* in aluminum and gray "Impac" case, 7BT9. **$65.00.** (Right) The luxurious *Transistor Seven* in genuine cowhide case, 7BT10. **$75.00**

Give **DAD** the luxury hairdressing

in the handsome squeeze flask


(Father's Day is June 17th!)



Dad will love the way this luxury hairdressing keeps him perfectly groomed all day. Suave for Men is greaseless . . . so it can't stain hat-bands or pillows. Doesn't he *deserve* the finest? Give him Suave for Men!

Alligator-Grained squeeze flask **$1.00** (plus tax)

Travel-size squeeze flask, 60¢

*Trademark

a bulging middle, who liked to visit around the settlement and sit and talk hard times and spit tobacco juice all over the place and wait for somebody to ask him to dinner.

I never did have a lot of use for him, and my folks didn't either. Mama said he was shiftless. She said that was the reason the rest of the men left him at home to sort of look after the women-folks and kids while they were gone on the cow drive. She said the men knew that if they took Bud Searcy along, they'd never get to Kansas before the steers were dead with old age. It would take Searcy that long to get through visiting and eating with everybody between Salt Licks and Abilene.

BUT he did have a little white-haired granddaughter I sort of liked. She was eleven, and different from most girls. She would hang around and watch what boys did, like showing how high they could climb in a tree or how far they could throw a rock or how fast they could swim or how good they could shoot. But she never wanted to mix in or try to take over and boss things. She just went along and watched and didn't say much, and the only thing I had against her was her eyes. They were big, solemn brown eyes and right pretty to look at; only, when she fixed them on me, it always seemed like they looked clear through me and saw everything I was thinking. That always made me sort of jumpy, so that when I could, I never would look right straight at her.

Her name was Lisbeth, and she came with her grandpa the day he visited us. They came riding up on an old shad-bellied pony that didn't look like he'd had a fill of corn in a coon's age. She rode behind her grandpa's saddle, holding to his belt in the back, and her white hair was all curly and rippling in the sun. Trotting behind them was Lisbeth's blue-ticked she-dog.

Old Yeller went out to bay them as they rode up. I noticed right off that he didn't go about it like he really meant business. His yelling bay sounded a lot more like he was just barking because he figured that's what we expected him to do. And the first time I hollered at him, telling him to dry up all that racket, he hushed. Which surprised me, as hardheaded as he generally was.

By the time Mama had come to the door and told Searcy and Lisbeth to get down and come right in, Old Yeller had started a romp with the blue-ticked bitch.

Lisbeth slipped to the ground and stood staring at me with those big, solemn eyes while her grandpa dismounted. Searcy told Mama that he believed he wouldn't come in the house. He said that as hot as the day was, he figured he'd like it better sitting in the dog run. So Mama had me bring out our four cowhide-bottom chairs. Searcy picked the one I always liked to sit in best. He got out a twist of tobacco and bit off a chew big enough to bulge his cheek and went to chewing and talking and spitting juice right where we'd all be bound to step in it and pack it around on the bottoms of our feet.

First he asked Mama if we were making out all right, and Mama said we were. Then he told her that he'd been left to look after all the families while the men were gone, a mighty heavy responsibility that was nearly working him to death, but that he was glad to do it. He said for Mama to remember that if the least little thing went wrong, she was to get in touch with him right away. And Mama said she would.

Then he leaned his chair back against the cabin wall and went to telling what all was going on around in the settlement. He told about how dry the weather was and how he looked for all the corn crops to fail and the settlement folks to be scraping the bottoms of their meal barrels long before next spring. He told how the cows were going dry and the gardens were failing. He told how Jed Simpson's boy Rosal was sitting at a turkey roost, waiting for a shot, when a fox came right up and tried to jump on him, and Rosal had to club it to death with his gun butt. This sure looked like a case of hydrophobia to Searcy, as anybody knew that no fox in his right mind was going to jump on a hunter.

Which reminded him of an uncle of his that got mad-dog bit down in the piney woods of East Texas. This was way back when Searcy was a little boy. As soon as the dog bit him, the man knew he was bound to die; so he went and got a big log chain and tied one end around the bottom of a tree and the other end to one of his legs. And right there he stayed till the sickness got him and he lost his mind. He slobbered at the mouth and moaned and screamed and ran at his wife and children, trying to catch and bite them. Only, of course, the chain around his leg held him back, which was the reason he'd chained himself to the tree in the first place. And right there, chained to that tree, he finally died, and they buried him under the same tree.

Bud Searcy sure hoped that we wouldn't have an outbreak of hydrophobia in Salt Licks and all die before the men got back from Kansas.

All the time Searcy was running on like this, I kept trying to give him the high sign to keep still. Like Burn Sanderson said, there was no point in worrying Mama with all this. But now the news was out and I couldn't do anything about it. Mama didn't say anything, just looked serious; and I didn't let on that I already knew about the hydrophobia scare.

AFTER that, Searcy talked a while about a panther that'd caught and killed one of Joe Anson's colts and how the Anson boys had put their dogs on the trail. They ran the panther into the cave and Jeff Anson followed in where the dogs had more sense than to go and got pretty badly panther-mauled for his trouble; but he did get the panther.

Searcy talked till dinnertime, said not a word all through dinner, and then went back to talking as quick as he'd swallowed down the last bite.

He told how some strange varmint that wasn't a coyote, possum, skunk or coon had recently started robbing the settlement blind. Or maybe it was even some*body*. Nobody could tell for sure. All they knew was that they were losing meat out of their smokehouses, eggs out of their hens' nests and sometimes even whole pans of corn bread that the womenfolk had set out to cool. Ike Fuller had been barbecuing some meat over an open pit, and left it for a minute to go get a drink of water, and came back to find that a three- or four-pound chunk of beef ribs had disappeared like it had gone up in smoke.

Salt Licks folks were getting pretty riled about it, Searcy said, and he guessed it would go hard with whatever or whoever was doing the raiding if they ever learned what it was.

Listening to this, I got an uneasy

Guaranteed Relief for
ATHLETE'S FOOT
. . . RINGWORM
. . . FUNGUS
—*or your money back!*

Read this iron-clad guarantee: No matter how severe your case . . . no matter how many remedies have failed in the past . . . we have so much faith in NP-27 that your druggist will refund your money if NP-27 doesn't relieve your infection.

How NP-27 works: Unlike other remedies that work only on the surface of the skin, amazing new NP-27 kills infection *under* the surface as well as *on* the surface of the skin! NP-27 also promotes growth of healthy new skin; helps prevent reinfection. Remember the name—NP-27.

ASK FOR
NP-27®
TODAY!

A NORWICH PRODUCT

YOU'D NEVER KNOW I HAD
PSORIASIS
(S. D.*)

As hundreds of thousands of users have learned, Siroil tends to remove psoriasis crusts and scales on outer layer of skin. Light applications help control recurring lesions. Siroil doesn't stain clothing or bed linens. Offered on two-weeks-satisfaction-or-money-refunded basis. 23 years of successful results. **Write for FREE booklet**

My thanks to-
SIROIL

*S.D. Means Skin Disorder

AT ALL DRUG STORES

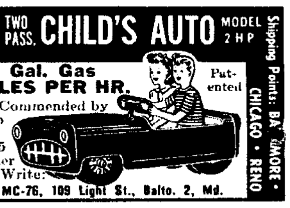
SEND FOR INTERESTING FREE BOOKLET TODAY

SIROIL LABORATORIES, INC.
Dept. CR-123 Santa Monica, California

ESHELMAN TWO PASS. CHILD'S AUTO MODEL 2 HP

Shipping Points: BALTIMORE • CHICAGO • RENO

70 Miles Per Gal. Gas
UP TO 30 MILES PER HR.



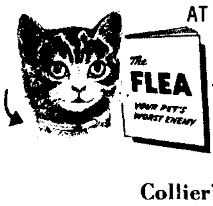
Patented

STURDY, SAFE "Commended by Parents' Mag." Also 2 Pass. Adult Sport and Golf Cars at 1/5 the cost of most other cars. Free literature Write:
ESHELMAN CO., Dept. MC-76, 109 Light St., Balto. 2, Md.

Get Rid of Fleas
easiest way...ever!

- No Fuss . . . No Muss
- So easy to put on
- Works 24 hrs. a day

Ace FLEACOLLAR



AT PET SHOPS . . . 5 & 10's
39¢ FOR CATS 49¢ FOR DOGS
Money back Guarantee
Write for free booklet
FLEACOLLAR Dept. C
Box 236 Rochester 1, N.Y.

feeling. The feeling got worse a minute later when Lisbeth motioned me to follow her off down to the spring.

We walked clear down there, with Old Yeller and the blue-tick dog following with us, before Lisbeth finally looked up at me and said, "It's him."

"What do you mean?" I said.

"I mean it's your big yeller dog," she said. "I saw him."

"Do what?" I asked.

"Steal that bait of ribs," she said. "I saw him get a bunch of eggs, too. From one of our nests."

I STOPPED and looked straight at her and she looked straight back at me. "But I'm not going to tell," she said.

I didn't believe her. "I bet you do," I said.

"No, I won't," she said, shaking her head. "I wouldn't, even before I knew he was your dog."

"Why?"

"Because Miss Prissy is going to have pups."

"Miss Prissy?"

"That's the name of my dog, and she's going to have pups and your dog will be their papa, and I wouldn't want their papa to get shot."

I stared at her again, and then I had to look down. I wanted to thank her, but I didn't know the right words. So I fished around in my pocket and brought out an Indian arrowhead that I'd found and gave that to her.

She took it and stared at it for a little bit, with her eyes shining, and then shoved it deep into a long pocket she had sewn to her dress. "I won't never, never tell," she said, and then whirled and tore out for the house, running as fast as she could.

I went down and sat by the spring a while. It seemed like I liked Bud Searcy a lot better than I ever had before, even if he did talk too much and spit tobacco juice all over the place. But I was still bothered. If Lisbeth had caught Old Yeller stealing stuff at the settlement, then somebody else might too. And if they did, they were sure liable to shoot him. A family might put up with one of their own dogs stealing from them if he was a good dog. But for a dog that left home to steal from everybody else—well, I didn't see much chance for him if he ever got caught.

After Bud Searcy had eaten a hearty supper and talked a while longer, he finally rode off home, with Lisbeth riding behind him. I went then and gathered the eggs and held three back. I called Old Yeller off from the house and broke the eggs on a flat rock, right under his nose, and tried to get him to eat them. But he wouldn't. He acted like he'd never heard tell that eggs were fit to eat. All he'd do was stand there and wiggle his tail and try to lick me in the face.

It made me mad. "You thievin' rascal," I said. "I ought to get a club and break your back—in fourteen places."

But I didn't really mean it, and I didn't say it loud and ugly. I knew that if I did, he'd fall over and start yelling like he was dying. And there I'd be—in a fight with Little Arliss again.

"When they shoot you, I'm going to laugh," I told him. But I knew that I wouldn't.

I did considerable thinking on what Lisbeth Searcy had told me about Old Yeller, and I finally told Mama.

"Why, that old rogue!" she said. "We'll have to try to figure some way to keep him from prowling. Everybody in the settlement will be mad at us if we don't."

"Somebody'll shoot him," I said.

"Try tying him," she said.

So I tried tying him. But we didn't have any bailing wire in those days, and he could chew through anything else before you could turn your back. I tried tying him with rope and then with big thick rawhide string that I cut from a cowhide hanging across the top rail of the yard fence. It was the same thing in both cases. By the time we could get off to bed, he'd done chewed them in two and was gone.

"Let's try the corncrib," Mama said on the third night.

Which was a good idea that might have worked if it hadn't been for Little Arliss.

I took Old Yeller out and put him in the corncrib, and the second that he heard the door shut on him he set up a yelling and a howling that brought Little Arliss on the run. Mama and I both tried to explain to him why we needed to shut the dog up, but Little Arliss was too mad to listen. You can't explain things very well to somebody who is screaming his head off and chunking you with rocks as fast as he can pick them up. So that didn't work either.

"Well, it looks like we're stumped," Mama said.

I thought for a minute and said, "No, Mama. I believe we've got one other chance. That's to shut him up in the same room with me and Little Arliss every night."

"But he'll sleep in the bed with you boys," Mama said, "and the first thing you know you'll both be scratching fleas and having mange and breaking out with ringworms."

"No, I'll put him a cowhide on the floor and make him sleep there," I said.

So Mama agreed, and I spread a cowhide on the floor beside our bed and we shut Old Yeller in and didn't have a bit more trouble.

Of course, Old Yeller didn't sleep on the cowhide. And once, a good while later, I did break out with a little ringworm under my left arm. But I rubbed it with turpentine, just like Mama always did, and it soon went away. And after that, when we fed Old Yeller cornmeal mush or fresh meat, he ate it and did well on it and never one time bothered our chicken nests.

A BOY, before he really grows up, is pretty much like a wild animal. He can get the wits scared out of him one day and have forgotten it by the next.

At least, that's the way it was with me. I was plenty scared of the hydrophobia plague that Burn Sanderson had told me about. And when I thought about Bud Searcy's uncle that had died chained to a tree, I could hardly sleep at night. I kept picturing in my mind mad dogs and mad wolves reeling about with the blind staggers, drooling slobbers and snapping and biting at everything in sight. Maybe biting Mama and Little Arliss, so that they got the sickness and went mad too. I would lie in bed and have all sorts of nightmares.

Then, the next day, I would go to rounding up and marking hogs and forget all about the plague.

Our hogs ran loose on the range in those days, the same as our cattle. We fenced them out of the fields, but never into a pasture; we had no pastures. We never fed them, unless maybe it was a little corn that we threw to them during a bad spell in the winter. The rest of the time, they rustled for themselves.

They slept out and ate out. In the summertime, they slept in the cool places around the water holes, some-

ALL YEAR LONG . . .

enjoy refreshing, tasty . . .

CURTISS
MIRACLE AID
MAKES A HALF-GALLON
5¢
POWDERED BEVERAGE BASE ADD SUGAR
WT 3/4 O

10 TEMPTING FLAVORS

Pick the package with the pitcher on the front. 5c Package makes one-half gallon . . . 10 full glasses. Keep a pitcherful in your refrigerator for the family.

NOW OFFERED AS A *BIG-VALUE* PREMIUM

Jumbo HALF GALLON SIZE

unbreakable, poly

PITCHER

only $1.00 PREPAID

with fronts of any 3 MIRACLE AID ENVELOPES

You'll use this pitcher every day . . . has air-tight lid, rigid handle, no drip pour . . . tip-proof base . . . graduated . . . fits refrigerator . . . makes ideal shaker.

CURTiSS CANDY COMPANY Otto Schnering, Founder

makers of Baby Ruth Butterfinger Coconut Grove Caramel Nougat Dip *candy bars* Saf-T-Pops Fruit Drops *and* Mints

Mail Coupon in Stamped Envelope Today!

CURTiSS JUMBO PITCHERS BOX 11, LOS ANGELES 51, CALIFORNIA

Please send me prepaid________Jumbo Pitchers. Enclosed is________($1 for each pitcher, no stamps) and________Fronts (3 for each pitcher).

PRINT NAME____________________________

ADDRESS____________________________

CITY________________ZONE______STATE______

Offer good only in U.S.A.. Offer subject to withdrawal without notice . . . is void in any state, territory or municipality where prohibited, taxed or otherwise restricted. Please allow about 3 weeks for delivery.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mothers!

Wonderful New First Aid for Children's Skin Injuries!

Unlike iodine and other harsh liquid antiseptics which may sting and actually burn delicate tissues—new Unguentine works these four ways:

1. Relieves pain fast!
2. Provides long-lasting protection against infection!
3. Promotes healing!
4. Prevents gauze from sticking to the injury!

For sunburn, too—new Unguentine relieves pain; gives real burn medication. Washes off—no stain!

A Norwich Product

ANTISEPTIC FIRST-AID DRESSING UNGUENTINE WITH DIANESTOL · The Miracle Pain Reliever

New Improved UNGUENTINE® with DIANESTOL® the miracle pain-reliever

You Can Depend On STRONGER Yet SAFER ANACIN to relieve PAIN

Won't Upset The Stomach

Anacin® not only gives stronger, faster relief from pain of headache, neuritis and neuralgia—but is also safer. Won't upset the stomach and has no bad effects. You see, Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a combination of medically proven, active ingredients. Scientific research has proved no single drug can give such strong yet such safe relief as Anacin. Buy Anacin Tablets today! At all drug counters.

Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery

Science Finds Healing Substance That Relieves Pain—Shrinks Hemorrhoids

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain – without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all – results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne*)—discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in *suppository* or *ointment form* under the name *Preparation H.** Ask for it at all drug counters—money back guarantee. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

times in the water. In the winter, they could always tell at least a day ahead of time when a blizzard was on the way; then they'd gang up and pack tons of leaves and dry grass and sticks into some dense thicket or cave. They'd pile all this into a huge bed and sleep on until the cold spell blew over.

They ranged all over the hills and down into the canyons. In season, they fed on acorns, berries, wild plums, prickly-pear apples, grass, weeds and bulb plants, which they rooted out of the ground. They especially liked the wild black persimmons that the Mexicans called *chapotes*.

Sometimes, too, they'd eat a newborn calf if the mama cow couldn't keep them horned away. Or a baby fawn that the doe had left hidden in the tall grass. Once, in a real dry time, Papa and I saw an old sow standing belly-deep in a drying-up pothole of water, catching and eating perch that were trapped in there.

Most of these meat eaters were old hogs, however. Starvation, during some bad drought or extra-cold winter, had forced them to eat anything they could get hold of. Papa said they generally started out by feeding on the carcass of some deer or cow that had died, and then going from there to catching and killing live meat. He told a tale about how one old range hog had caught him when he was a baby and his folks got there just barely in time to save him.

It was that sort of thing, I guess, that always made Mama so afraid of wild hogs. The least little old biting shoat could make her take cover. She didn't like it a bit when I started out to catch and mark all the pigs that our sows raised that year. She knew we had it to do, else we couldn't tell our hogs from those of the neighbors. But she didn't like the idea of my doing it alone.

"But I'm not working hogs alone, Mama," I pointed out. "I've got Old Yeller, and Burn Sanderson says he's a real good hog dog."

"That doesn't mean a thing," Mama said. "All hog dogs are good ones. A good one is the only kind that can work hogs and live. But the best dog in the world won't keep you from getting cut all to pieces if you ever make a slip."

MAMA was right. I'd worked with Papa enough to know that any time you messed with a wild hog, you were asking for trouble. Let him alone, and he'll generally snort and run from you on sight, the same as a deer. But once you corner him, he's the most dangerous animal that ever lived in Texas. Catch a squealing pig out of the bunch, and you've got a battle on your hands. All of them will turn on you at one time and here they'll come, roaring and popping their teeth, cutting high and fast with gleaming white tusks that they keep whetted to the sharpness of knife points. And there's no bluff to them, either. They mean business. They'll kill you if they can get to you; and if you're not fast-footed and don't keep a close watch, they'll get to you.

They had to be that way to live in a country where the wolves, bobcats, panther and bear were always after them, trying for a bait of fresh hog meat. And it was because of this that nearly all hog owners usually left four or five old barrows, or "bar' hogs," as we called them, to run with each bunch of sows. The bar' hogs weren't any more vicious than the boars, but they'd hang with the sows and help them protect the pigs and shoats, when generally the boars pulled off to range alone.

I knew all this about range hogs, and plenty more; yet I still wasn't bothered about the job facing me. In fact, I sort of looked forward to it. Working wild hogs was always exciting and generally proved to be a lot of fun.

I guess the main reason I felt this way was because Papa and I had figured out a quick and nearly foolproof way of doing it. We could catch most of the pigs we needed to mark and castrate without ever getting in reach of the old hogs. It took a good hog dog to pull off the trick; but the way Burn Sanderson talked about Old Yeller, I was willing to bet that he was that good. He was, too. He caught on right away.

WE LOCATED our first bunch of hogs at a seep spring at the head of a shallow dry wash that led back toward Birdsong Creek. There were seven sows, two long-tusked old bar' hogs, and fourteen small shoats. They'd come there to drink and to wallow around in the potholes of soft cool mud.

They caught wind of us about the same time I saw them. The old hogs threw up their snouts and said *"oof!"* and then tore out for the hills, running through the rocks and brush almost as swiftly and silently as deer.

"Go get 'em, Yeller!" I hollered.

But it was a waste of words. Old Yeller was done gone. He streaked down the slant, crossed the draw and had the tail-end pig caught by the hind leg before the others knew he was after them.

The pig set up a loud squeal. Instantly, all the old hogs wheeled. They came at Old Yeller with their bristles up, roaring and popping their teeth. Yeller held onto his pig until I thought for a second they had him. Then he let go and whirled away, running toward me, but running slow. Slow enough that the old hogs kept chasing him, thinking every second that they were going to catch him the next.

When they finally saw that they couldn't, the old hogs stopped and formed a tight circle. They faced outward around the ring, their rumps to the center, where all the squealing pigs were gathered. That way, they were ready to battle anything that wanted to jump on them. That's the way they were used to fighting off bear and panther from their young, and that's the way they aimed to fight us off.

But we were too smart, Old Yeller and I. We knew better than to break into that tight ring of threatening tushes. Anyhow, we didn't need to. All we needed was just to move the hogs along to where we wanted them, and Old Yeller already knew how to do this.

Back he went, right up into their faces, where he pestered them with yelling bays and false rushes till they couldn't stand it. With an angry roar, one of the barrows broke the ring to charge him. Instantly, all the others charged too.

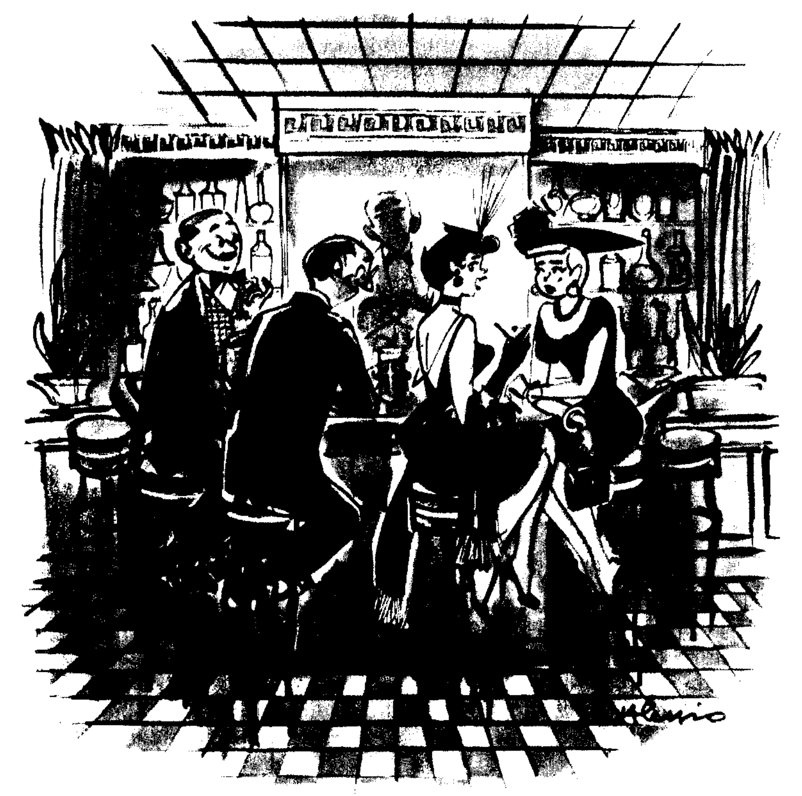
They were right on Old Yeller again. They were just about to get him. Just let them get a few inches closer, and one of them would slam a four-inch tush into his soft belly.

The thing was, Old Yeller never would let them gain that last few inches on him. They cut and slashed at him from behind and both sides, yet he never was quite there. Always he was just a little bit beyond their reach.

IT WAS a blood-chilling game he played with the hogs, but one that you could see he enjoyed by the way he went at it. Give him time, and he'd take that bunch of angry hogs clear down out of the hills and into the pens at home if that's where I wanted them—never driving them, just leading them.

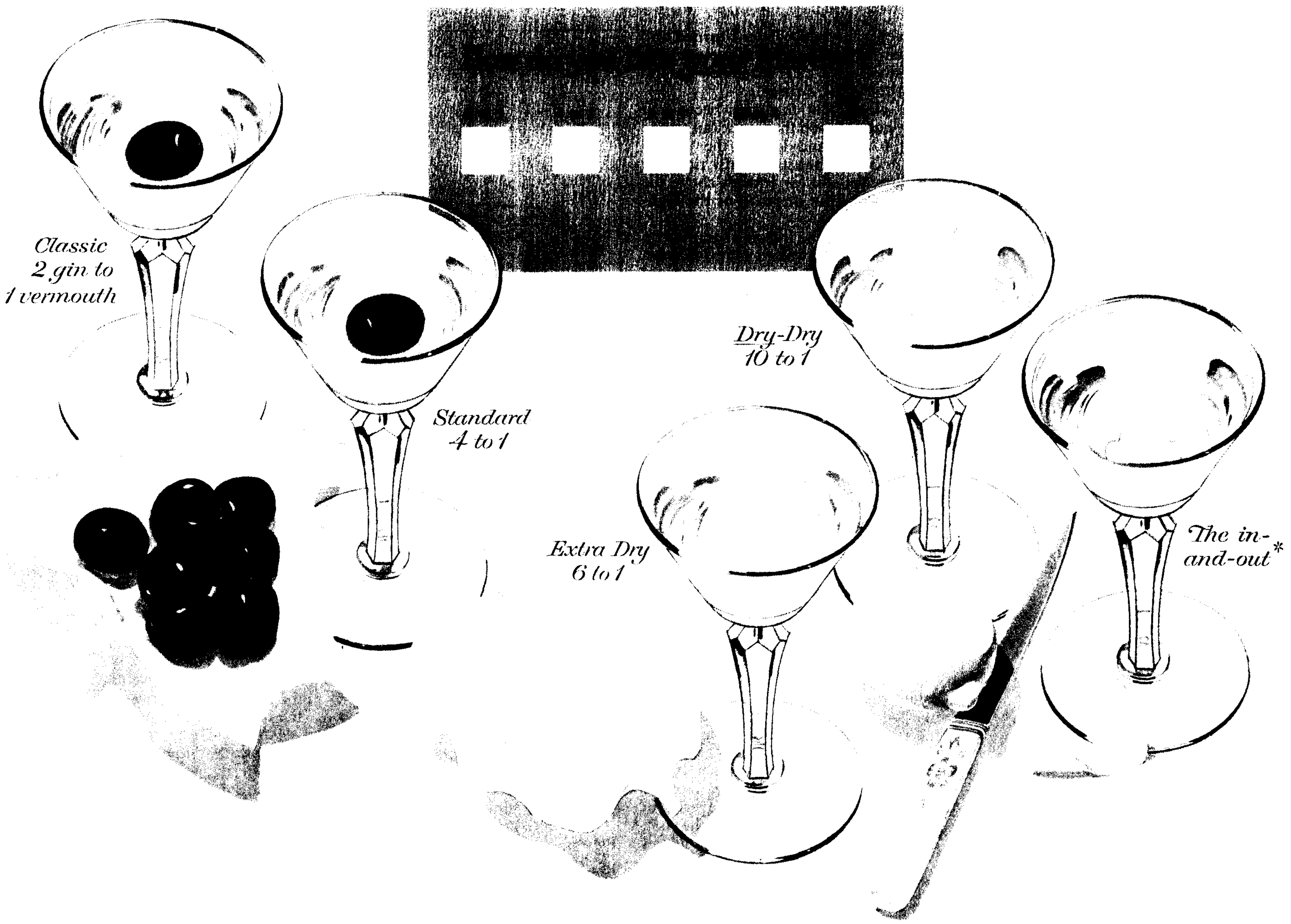
But that's where Papa and I had other hog hunters outfigured. We almost never took our hogs to the pens to work them any more. That took too much time. Also, after we got them penned, there was still the dangerous job of catching the pigs away from the old ones.

I hollered at Old Yeller. "Bring 'em



"After all, it's not as though they were strangers . . . they've annoyed us before"

COLLIER'S GREGORY D'ALESSIO


Classic
2 gin to
1 vermouth
Standard
4 to 1
Extra Dry
6 to 1
Dry-Dry
10 to 1
The in-and-out*

It's out-of-date to order a "*Dry*" Martini

TRUE MARTINI FAN DEMANDS OWN SPECIAL RECIPE

When your host or barman serves you a "Dry" Martini, exactly how dry will it be? These days, there's no agreement on the correct formula for mixing this greatest of all cocktails.

The true Martini man settles on the formula he likes and always specifies it when ordering. And the *wisest* Martini man specifies Hiram Walker's Gin, too.

The reason is that today's trend is definitely toward a *dryer* Martini. Less vermouth—more gin. Which in turn creates a special need for a better-tasting gin. That is, Hiram Walker's.

For all gin is *not* alike. The difference lies mostly in the botanicals—herbs, roots and berries, such as cassia, coriander, and Valencia peel. Hiram Walker's Gin is *famous* for the remarkable character imparted by *Imported Botanicals.*

So whether you prefer today's standard 4-to-1 Martini or the dryer Martini coming into vogue, you're bound to like it better made with Hiram Walker's Gin.

*"*In-and-Out": a little vermouth is twirled in the glass alone, then poured out. It's not even chilled with the gin, which is stirred with loads of ice.*

HIRAM WALKER'S GIN
Distilled with IMPORTED BOTANICALS
Distillers Since 1858
HIRAM WALKER'S
Distilled London Dry
GIN
DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN AND IMPORTED HERBS IN ACCORDANCE WITH A RENOWNED PRIVATE FORMULA
90 PROOF DISTILLED BY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC.
PEORIA · ILLINOIS

Imported Botanicals Make the Important Difference

HIRAM
WALKER'S GIN
DISTILLED LONDON DRY

90 PROOF • DISTILLED FROM 100% AMERICAN GRAIN • HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., PEORIA, ILLINOIS

HEADACHE
NEURALGIA

STANBACK is not a one ingredient formula . . . STANBACK combines several medically proven pain relievers into one easy to take dose. . . . The added effectiveness of these MULTIPLE ingredients brings faster, more complete relief, easing anxiety and tension usually accompanying pain. . . .

Snap Back with STANBACK

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Your Auto Needs
SENSATIONAL, NEW!
FILT·O·REG
Combination
FUEL PRESSURE
REGULATOR & FILTER

FILT-O-REG improves engine efficiency of new and used cars under all driving conditions. Cuts fuel waste. Fits in fuel line. Recommended by carburetor specialists. Only $7.95 plus installation. Sold by Auto Service Departments and Garages. Complete satisfaction guaranteed.

STOPS Flooding, Stalling, Vapor lock
Alondra Sales, Inc., Los Angeles 19, Calif.

FILT·O·REG
MAKES GASOLINE ENGINES RUN BETTER!

Callouses
Pain, Burning, Tenderness on Bottom of Feet?
SUPER-FAST RELIEF!

Apply one of these heart-shaped, *Super-Soft*, cushioning pads of Dr. Scholl's and you'll have *super-fast* relief. They also remove callouses one of the fastest ways known to Medical Science. Get a box today! Sold everywhere.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Stop his scratching misery

Is your dog frantic from scratching? It's a sign of fleas or summer eczema. Stop his itching torture *quick* – with Sergeant's Scratch Powder. Kills fleas, ticks, lice. Checks fungus and doggy odor. 49¢ and 79¢ at any drug or pet counter.

Sergeant's®
SCRATCH POWDER

on, Yeller," I said. Then I turned and headed for a big gnarled live-oak tree that stood in a clear patch of ground down the draw a piece.

I'd picked out that tree because it had a huge branch that stuck out to one side. I went and looked the branch over and saw that it was just right. It was low, yet still far enough above the ground to be out of reach of the highest-cutting hog.

I climbed up the tree and squatted on the branch. I unwound my rope from where I'd packed it coiled around my waist and shook out a loop. Then I hollered for Old Yeller to bring the hogs.

He did what I told him. He brought the fighting hogs to the tree and rallied them in a ring around it. Then he stood back, holding them there while he waited to find out what came next.

I SOON showed him. I waited till one of the pigs came trotting under my limb. I dropped my loop around him, gave it a quick yank and lifted him, squealing and kicking up out of the shuffling and roaring mass of hogs below. I clamped him between my knees, pulled out my knife and went to work on him. First I folded his right ear and sliced out a three-cornered gap in the top side, a mark that we called an overbit. Then, from the underside of his left ear, I slashed off a long strip that ran clear to the point. This is what we called an underslope. That had him marked for me. Our mark was overbit the right and underslope the left.

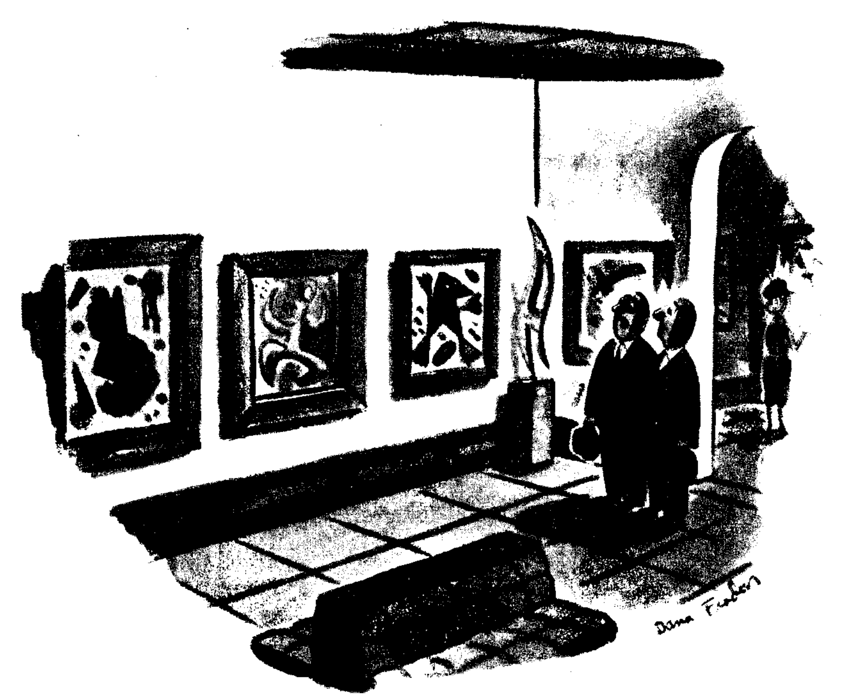
Other settlers had other marks, like crop the right and underbit the left, or two underbits in the right ear, or an overslope in the left and an overbit in the right. Everybody knew the hog mark of everybody else and we all respected them. We never butchered or sold a hog that didn't belong to us, or marked a pig following a sow that didn't wear our mark.

Cutting marks in a pig's ear is bloody work, and the scared pig kicks and squeals like he's dying; but he's not really hurt. What hurts him is the castration, and I never did like that part of the job. But it had to be done, and still does if you want to eat hog meat. Let a boar hog get grown without cutting his seeds out, and his meat is too tough and rank-smelling to eat.

The squealing of the pig and the scent of his blood made the hogs beneath me go nearly wild with anger. You never heard such roaring and teeth-popping, as they kept circling the tree and rearing up on its trunk, trying to get at me. The noise they made and the hate and anger that showed in their eyes was enough to chill your blood. Only, I was used to the feeling and didn't let it bother me. That is, not much. Sometimes I'd let my mind slip for a minute and get to thinking how they'd slash me to pieces if I happened to fall out of the tree, and I'd feel a sort of cold shudder run all through me. But Papa had told me right from the start that fear was a right and natural feeling, and nothing to be ashamed of.

"It's a thing of your mind," he said, "and you can train your mind to handle it like you can train your arm to throw a rock."

Put that way, it made sense to be afraid; so I hadn't bothered about that. I'd put in all my time trying to train my mind not to let fear stampede me. Sometimes it did yet, of course, but not when I was working hogs. I'd had enough experience at working hogs that now I could generally look down and laugh at them.



"What worries me is I seem to understand the stuff . . ."

COLLIER'S DANA FRADON

I finished with the first pig and dropped it to the ground. Then, one after another, I roped the others, dragged them up into the tree and worked them over.

A couple of times, the old hogs on the ground got so mad that they broke ranks and charged Old Yeller. But right from the start, Old Yeller had caught onto what I wanted. Every time they chased him from the tree, he'd just run off a little way and circle back, then stand off far enough away that they'd rally around my tree again.

In less than an hour, I was done with the job, and the only trouble we had was getting the hogs to leave the tree after I was finished. After going to so much trouble to hold the hogs under the tree, Old Yeller had a hard time understanding that I finally wanted them out of the way. And even after I got him to leave, the hogs were so mad and so suspicious that I had to squat there in the tree for nearly an hour longer before they finally drifted away into the brush, making it safe for me to come down.

WITH hogs ranging in the woods like that, it was hard to be certain when you'd found them all. But I kept a piece of ear from every pig I marked. I carried the pieces home in my pockets and stuck them on a sharp-pointed stick which I kept hanging in the corncrib. When the count reached forty-six and I couldn't seem to locate any new bunches of hogs, Mama and I decided that was all the pigs the sows had raised that year.

So I had left off hog hunting and started getting ready to gather corn, when Bud Searcy paid us another visit. He told me about one bunch of hogs I'd missed.

"They're clear back in that bat-cave country, the yonder side of Salt Branch," he said. "Rosal Simpson ran into them a couple of days ago, feeding on pear apples in them prickly-pear flats. Said there was five pigs following three sows wearing your mark. Couple of old bar' hogs ranging with them."

I'd never been that far the other side of Salt Branch before, but Papa had told me about the bat cave. I figured I could find the place. So early the next morning, I set out with Old Yeller, glad for the chance to hunt hogs a while longer before starting in on the corn gathering. Also, if I was lucky and found the hogs early, maybe I'd have time left to visit the cave and watch the bats come out.

Papa had told me that was a real sight, the way the bats come out in the late afternoon. I was sure anxious to go see it. I always like to go see the far places and strange sights.

LIKE one place on Salt Branch that I'd found. There was a high, undercut cliff there and some birds building their nests against the face of it. They were little gray, sharp-winged swallows. They gathered sticky mud out of a hog wallow and carried it up and stuck it to the bare rocks of the cliff, shaping the mud into little bulging nests with a single hole in the center of each one. The young birds hatched out there and stuck their heads out through the holes to get at the worms and bugs the grown birds brought to them. The mud nests were so thick on the face of the cliff that, from a distance, the wall looked like it was covered with honeycomb.

There was another place I liked, too. It was a wild, lonesome place, down in a deep canyon that was bent in the shape of a horseshoe. Tall trees grew down in the canyon and leaned out over a deep hole of clear water. In the trees nested hundreds of long-shanked herons, blue ones and white ones with black wing tips. The herons built huge ragged nests of sticks and trash and sat around in the trees all day long, fussing and staining the tree branches with their white droppings. And beneath them, down in the clear water, yard-long catfish lay on the sandy bottom, waiting to gobble up any young birds that happened to fall out of the nests.

The bat cave sounded like another of those wild places I liked to see. I sure hoped I could locate the hogs in time to pay it a visit while I was close by.

We located the hogs in plenty of time; but before we were done with them, I didn't want to go see a bat cave or anything else.

Old Yeller struck the hogs' trail at a water hole. He ran the scent out into a regular forest of prickly pear. Bright-red apples fringed the edges of the pear pads. In places where the hogs had fed,

ever meet a Wynner?

THE TOUGH GUY

Strip the gears! Ride the clutch!
Heavy his foot, heavy his touch.
Yet his car runs smooth . . . has pep and vim . . .
Thanks to Wynn's Friction Proofing* . . . no thanks to him.

MADEMOISELLE FIFI

This doll is as French as the beach out at Coney,
But guys go for accents even when phony.
So she murmurs "Cherie" . . . lids heavy, voice sotto . . .
And they think she's as smooth as a Wynn-treated auto.

NEW CAR OWNER

Babes, babies and baseball arouse no emotion,
His car is his castle — has all his devotion.
A scratch makes him frantic, a smudge makes him cringe . . .
He'd sooner drop dead than forget to add Wynn's.

THE GOSSIP

"My dear, it's simply too frightfully awful!
I told you she'd drive him to something unlawful.
I heard him shout 'Fool' (as she uttered that shriek)
'You forgot to get Wynn's for the second straight week!' "

THE GAY BLADE

He ogles all girls with intentions satanical,
Neither knows nor cares about matters mechanical.
Yet his car serves him well — no stalling, no goofing —
It gets regular doses of Wynn's Friction Proofing*.

TOMBOY

At an age when most girls play tisket-a-tasket
She dotes on cars — differential to gasket.
"Your engine is missing," intones this sage moppet,
"Use Wynn's Friction Proofing* — that's sure to stop it."

They know what makes a car run best . . . Wynn's Friction Proofing*

Wynners have one thing in common: a happy-go-lucky car. A car that's lively, but well-behaved. Quiet, responsive, and thrifty. They tend to brag about its brilliant starts, its remarkable horsepower, its dainty appetite for gas and oil. (Don't look for a Wynner in a repair shop—they hardly ever go there.)

Wynners know that Wynn's Friction Proofing* is a metal conditioner that actually *impregnates* metal—doesn't merely coat it with a film that soon disappears. Its unique *sealing* action drastically reduces friction between moving metal parts...and friction is Car Enemy No. 1—the main cause of engine wear.

Car enemy No. 2 is *harmful engine deposits.* Wynn's Friction Proofing* goes after that too. Cleans out carbon, sludge and gums. Frees sticking valves, rings, pistons and hydraulic valve lifters. *Prevents* rust and corrosion. Maintains high compression efficiency.

Be a Wynner yourself. Ask your garageman, serviceman or new car dealer to add new improved Wynn's Friction Proofing* to your car today.

IMPORTANT: **There's only *one* Wynn's Friction Proofing.* Make sure you get the can with the red and black bullseye—*unconditionally guaranteed!***

FRICTION PROOFING
AUTO ENGINE

Add Wynn's
Friction Proofing*
for Engine to
your crankcase
every 1000 miles.

Add Wynn's
Friction Proofing*
for Transmission
every 5000 miles.

Add Wynn's
Friction Proofing*
for Upper Cylinder
to your gas
tank regularly.

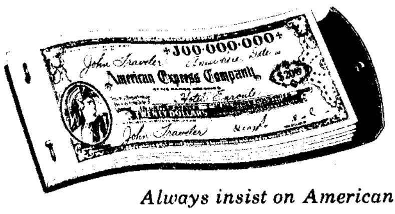
WYNN'S FRICTION PROOFING*...THE PROOF IS IN THE PERFORMANCE!

ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA

* FRICTION PROOFING IS WYNN'S TRADE MARK FOR ITS EXCLUSIVE METAL CONDITIONER WHICH REDUCES FRICTION BETWEEN MOVING METALS BY CHEMICALLY SMOOTHING AND SEALING THE SURFACES.
MANUFACTURED BY WYNN OIL COMPANY, 1151 WEST 5th ST., AZUSA, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

Never Carry More Cash Than You Can Afford To Lose

You can't lose if you carry
AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVELERS CHEQUES



- Prompt refund if lost or stolen.
- Accepted everywhere—easy to spend as cash.
- Good until used—no time limit.
- Buy them at your BANK, at Railway Express and Western Union offices.

Always insist on American Express Travelers Cheques

"FOR VARIETY, spice your life with MYERS"

The right rum for real refreshment

IMPORTED
MYERS'S RUM
Planters' Punch

MYERS
Jamaica Rum
"Planters' Punch" Brand

97 Proof

not too heavy . . . not too light . . . but just right

Write for FREE Rum Recipe Booklet

GENERAL WINE AND SPIRITS CORPORATION, DEPT. D-6, 405 LEXINGTON AVE., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

bits of peel and black seeds and red juice stain were on the ground.

The sight made me wonder again how a hog could be tough enough to eat prickly-pear apples, with their millions of little hairlike spines. I ate them myself, sometimes, for pear apples are good eating; but even after I'd polished them clean by rubbing them in the sand, I generally wound up with several stickers in my mouth. But the hogs didn't seem to mind the stickers. Neither did the wild turkeys or the pack rats or the little big-eared ringtail cats. They all came to the pear flats when the apples started turning red.

OLD YELLER'S yelling bay told me he'd caught up with the hogs. I heard their rumbling roars and ran through the pear clumps toward the sound. They were the hogs Rosal Simpson sent word about. There were five pigs, three sows and a couple of bar' hogs, and all but the pigs were wearing our mark. Their faces bristled with long pear spines that they'd got stuck with, reaching for apples. Red juice stain was smeared all over their snouts. They stood, backed up against a big prickly-pear clump. Their anger had their bristles standing in a high fierce ridge along their backbones. They roared and popped their teeth and dared me or Old Yeller to try to catch one of the squealing pigs.

I looked around for the closest tree. It stood better than a quarter of a mile off. It was going to be rough on Old Yeller, trying to lead them to it. Having to duck and dodge around in those prickly pear, he was bound to come out bristling with more pear spines than the hogs had in their faces. But I couldn't see any other place to take them. I struck off toward the tree, hollering at Old Yeller to bring them along.

A deep cutbank draw ran through the pear flats between me and the huge mesquite tree I was heading for, and it was down in the bottom of this draw that the hogs balked. They'd found a place where the flood waters had undercut one of the dirt banks to form a shallow cave.

They'd backed up under the bank, with the pigs behind them. No amount of barking and pestering by Old Yeller could get them out. Now and then, one of the old bar' hogs would break ranks to make a quick cutting lunge at the dog. But when Yeller leaped away, the hog wouldn't follow up. He'd go right back to fill the gap he'd left in the half circle his mates had formed at the front of the cave. The hogs knew they'd found a natural spot for making a fighting stand, and they didn't aim to leave.

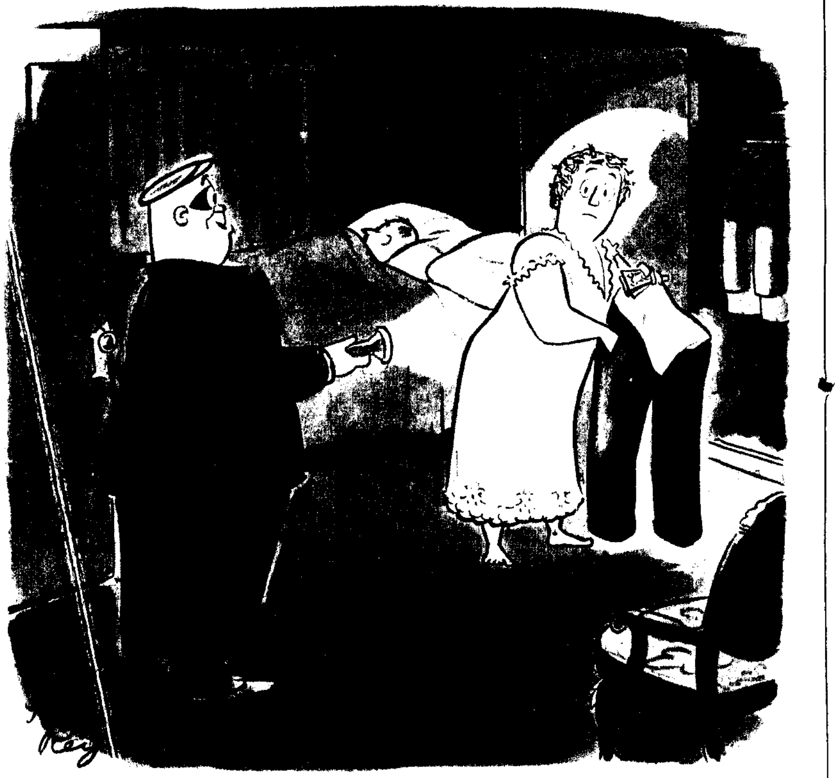
I went back and stood on the bank above them, looking down, wondering what to do. Then it came to me that all I needed to do was go to work. This dirt bank would serve as well as a tree. There were the hogs right under me. They couldn't get to me from down there, not without first having to go maybe fifty yards down the draw to find a place to get out. And Old Yeller wouldn't let them do that. It wouldn't be easy to reach beneath that undercut bank and rope a pig, but I believed it could be done. I took my rope from around my waist and shook out a loop. I moved to the lip of the cutbank. The pigs were too far back under me for a good throw. Maybe if I lay on my stomach, I could reach them.

I did. I reached back under and picked up the first pig, slick as a whistle. I drew him up and worked him over. I dropped him back and watched the old hogs sniff his wounds. Scent of his blood made them roar louder.

I lay there and waited. A second pig moved out from the back part of the cave. He still wasn't quite far enough out. I inched forward and leaned farther down, to where I could see better. I could reach him with my loop now.

I made my cast, and that's when it happened. The dirt bank broke beneath my weight. A wagonload of sand caved off and spilled down over the angry hogs. I went with the sand.

BUTCH



"Well! Shame on you!"

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS

I guess I screamed. I don't know. It happened too fast. All I can really remember is the wild, heart-stopping scare I knew as I tumbled, head over heels, down among those killer hogs.

The crumbling sand all but buried the hogs. I guess that's what saved me, right at the start. I remember bumping into the back of one old bar' hog, and then leaping to my feet in a smothering fog of dry dust. I jumped blindly to one side as far as I could. I broke to run, but I was too late. A slashing tusk caught me in the calf of my right leg.

A searing pain shot up into my body. I screamed. I stumbled and went down. I screamed louder then, knowing I could never get to my feet in time to escape the rush of angry hogs roaring down upon me.

It was Old Yeller who saved me. Just like he'd saved Little Arliss from the she-bear. He came in, roaring with rage. He flung himself between me and the killer hogs. Fangs bared, he met them head on, slashing and snarling. He yelled with pain as the savage tushes ripped into him. He took the awful punishment meant for me, but he held his ground. He gave me that one-in-a-hundred chance to get free.

I took it. I leaped to my feet and ran along the bed of that dry wash, cutting right up a sloping bank. Then I took out through the forest of prickly pear. I ran till I tripped and fell.

It seemed like that fall, or maybe it was the long prickly-pear spines that stabbed me in the hip, brought me out of my scare. I sat up, still panting for breath and with the blood hammering in my ears. But I was all right in my mind again. I yanked the spines out of my hip and then pulled up my slashed pants to look at my leg. Sight of so much blood nearly threw me into another panic. It was streaming out of the cut and clear down into my shoe.

FOR a moment I sat and stared at it and shivered. Then I got hold of myself. I wiped away the blood. The gash was a bad one—clear to the bone, I could tell—and plenty long. But it didn't hurt much—not yet, that is. The main hurting would start later, I guessed, after the bleeding stopped and my leg started to get stiff. I guessed I'd better hurry and tie up the wound and get home as quick as I could. Once that leg started getting stiff, I might not make it.

I took my knife and cut a strip off the tail of my shirt. I bound my leg as tight as I could. I got up to see if I could walk with the leg wrapped as tight as I had it, and I could.

But when I set out, it wasn't in the direction of home. It was back along the trail through the prickly pear.

I don't quite know what made me do it. I didn't think to myself: Old Yeller saved my life and I can't go off and leave him. He's bound to be dead, but it would look mighty shabby to go home without finding out for sure. I have to go back, even if my hurt leg gives out on me before I can get home.

I didn't think anything like that. I just started walking in that direction and kept walking till I found him.

He lay in the dry wash, about where I'd left it to go running through the prickly pear. He'd tried to follow me but was too hurt to keep going. He was holed up under a broad slab of red sandstone rock that had slipped off a high bank and now lay propped up against a round boulder in such a way as to form a sort of cave. He'd taken refuge there from the hogs. The hogs were gone now, but I could see their tracks in the sand around the rocks, where they'd tried to get at him from behind. I'd have missed him, hidden there under that rock slab, if he hadn't whined as I walked past.

I knelt beside him and coaxed him out from under the rocks. He grunted and groaned as he dragged himself toward me. He sank back to the ground, his blood-smeared body trembling while he wiggled his stub tail and tried to lick my hog-cut leg.

A BIG lump came up into my throat. Tears stung my eyes, blinding me. Here he was, trying to lick my wound, when he was bleeding from a dozen worse ones.

His belly was hurt so bad that for a second I couldn't look at it. I wanted to run off.

But I didn't. I shut my eyes and made myself run a hand over Old Yeller's head. The stickiness of the blood on it made my flesh crawl, but I made myself do it. Maybe I couldn't do him any good, but I wasn't going to run off and leave him to die, all by himself.

Then it came to me that he wasn't dead yet and maybe he didn't have to die. Maybe there was something I could do to save him. Maybe if I hurried home, I could get Mama to come back and help me. Mama'd know what to do. Mama always knew what to do when somebody got hurt.

I wiped the tears from my eyes with my shirt sleeves and made myself think what to do. I took off my shirt and tore it into strips. I used a sleeve to wipe the sand from the belly wound, and then I wrapped strips of the shirt around Yeller's body. I wound them tight and tied the strips together so they couldn't work loose.

All the time I worked with him, Old Yeller didn't let out a whimper. But when I shoved him back under the rock where he'd be out of the hot sun, he started whining. I guess he knew that I was fixing to leave him, and he wanted to go too. He started crawling out.

I stood and studied for a while. I needed something to stop up that opening so Yeller couldn't get out. It would have to be something too big and heavy for him to shove aside. I thought of a rock and went looking for one. What I found was even better—a scrub mesquite tree, lying on the bank of the wash.

The stump end of the dead mesquite was big and heavy. It was almost too much for me to drag in the loose sand. I heaved and sweated and started my leg to bleeding again. But I managed to get that tree stump where I wanted it.

I slid Old Yeller back under the rock slab. I scolded him and made him stay there till I could haul the tree stump into place.

Like I'd figured, the stump just about filled the opening. Maybe a strong dog could have squeezed through the narrow opening that was left, but I didn't figure Old Yeller could. I figured he'd be safe in there till I could get back.

Yeller lay back under the rock slab now, staring at me with a look in his eyes that made that choking lump come into my throat again. It was a begging look, and Old Yeller wasn't the kind to beg.

I reached in and let him lick my hand. "Yeller," I said, "I'll be back. I'm promising that I'll be back."

Then I left out for home in a limping run. His howl followed me. It was the most mournful howl I ever heard.

—FRED GIPSON

(This is the second of three parts)

discriminating smokers prefer

HERBERT TAREYTON

with the genuine cork tip

AREYTO
AREYTO
HERBERT TAREYTON
CIGARETTES
HERBERT TAREYTON
Cork Tip
MODERN SIZE
TAREYTON

famous for quality for over forty years

You, like discriminating smokers everywhere, will prefer Herbert Tareyton's mild, rich-tasting blend of famous quality tobaccos...the king size that gives you an extra measure of better smoking. And you'll like the genuine cork tip that protects your lips, that stays so pleasantly firm and fresh. Try Herbert Tareyton—it's a finer cigarette, the most enjoyable you could smoke!

© A. T. CO.

PRODUCT OF *The American Tobacco Company* AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF CIGARETTES

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOERN GERDTS

Happy voices are heard in the land as children abandon classes until fall. But does it add up, in an era of shortages, to shut down school plants one fourth of the year? Some communities are finding that both pupils and teachers can benefit from voluntary summer-school sessions

Why close schools in summer?

By HARRY HENDERSON

IN COMMUNITIES all over America, schoolyards are echoing these days with a traditional chant—"No more pencils, no more books . . ."—as 38,000,000 children gush forth from their classrooms for the last time until after Labor Day. Many of their teachers will soon be scrounging for part-time jobs to tide them over the summer. Many of their parents will begin bracing themselves for vexatious vacation howls that "there's nothing to do." Meanwhile our school buildings, empty and silent, are once more about to become summer tombs, equipped to the hilt for educating the young but void of all vitality.

Why close schools in summer?

It's a common-sense question, uttered with increasing frequency nowadays at P.T.A. and school-board meetings. At first blush, the answer seems obvious.

It would be a rare business venture indeed with a comparable investment in plant and equipment ($31,000,000,000) that could afford to shut down a quarter of the year. In this era of educational shortages, when standards are lowered by overcrowded classes, it is plausible to assume that at least some of the slack could be taken up during the idle months. Under a schedule which started back when children had to be let out of school to help with the crops, students lose one year in every four, a year which might be used advantageously. And teachers with year-round contracts might better be able to make ends meet without putting in those summer hours as filling-station attendants or waiting on table in vacation hotels.

The relentless logic of all this is not, however, as simple as it seems on the surface.

The prospect of a year-round extension of the bell-to-bell routine of the normal school months strikes terror into some sensitive souls. Tired and exhausted teachers, some with 40 young Indians to a room, often wait longingly for June. Many fear a kind of educational stretch-out in which salaries may not keep pace with their added burdens. There is, and many youngsters will agree, something to be said for school vacations. At one time or another more than a dozen American cities looking for economic short cuts have experimented with the idea of keeping the schools going full blast for four full school quarters each year. The experiments have foundered on such problems as falling attendance, disrupted family vacations, higher costs and administrative complications.

Given the waste of the summer close down, given the difficulties of compulsory 12-month school, is there a "happy medium" for making better off-season use of our school facilities?

In a number of American communities where a flexible summer program has been tried out, the answer is affirmative. These communities like summer school and have had sufficient experience with it to point a constructive way for other American towns and cities to improve their educational potential.

I have recently looked into three summer-school experiments in three widely separated parts of the country—in Rochester, Minnesota, in Beaumont, Texas, and in Lexington, Kentucky. Each program has its own special features and, to an objective eye, the success of all the experiments has not been uniform. Extending the school year requires vision, intelligent planning, skill, sometimes courage and, at the beginning at least, a bigger outlay of money. The acid test, of course, is: What does it do for the kids? The answer would generally seem to be: a lot. And when the program is well handled, there is a big bonus for the community in its effect, too, on teachers and parents.

* * *

Rochester, Minnesota, home of the famous Mayo Clinic, has had a summer public-school program for 10 years. Nobody has to go. But about 98 per cent of all the children in town participate in a whopping big recreational program which makes use both of Rochester's school plant and its public-school teaching staff. In addition, a full third of the children turn up *voluntarily* for summer classroom instruction.

Classes are smaller than during regular term. They are held only during the morning. There is no pressure to make "good grades," because, except in certain high-school courses, no grades are given. There is no pressure on teachers, either, to cover a prescribed syllabus of material. In this relaxed atmosphere discipline problems seem to evaporate and the teacher-pupil relationship takes on a new quality. As one Rochester teacher put it: "The kids cease being just names and become real personalities. You really begin to see them as people—and realize you didn't know them before. Knowing them, you can really help them."

From kindergarten through high school, this atmosphere builds confidence, especially among shier children. Easily distracted kids, kept in a flurry of excitement in the regular term by extracurricular activities, find it easier to concentrate. Those who are slow can go at their own pace—without anxiety. Those who are bright can advance full steam.

This also makes possible a totally different kind of teaching than in regular term. You get both the idea and the enthusiasm for it talking to Mrs. R. Q. Royer, whose two little girls have been regular Rochester summer-schoolers. "In the first and second grades the teacher taught the difference between the effects of heat and cold by having them make pancakes—and then ice cream—in class. I'll never forget their excitement when they came home. They had really discovered something! They went around figuring out how heat and cold affect everything."

Such teaching techniques, based on learning through experience rather than by rote, are not new. However, in regular term, when a prescribed amount of instruction is called for by state law, regardless of individual needs, they are sometimes difficult to apply.

Remedial work, especially in reading and arithmetic, is offered at all

BLUE BELL clothes

POLICE DEPT
BUS STOP
NO PARKING
BLUE BELL

Matched sets in sturdy, Sanforized cotton twill. Pants, $3.49 - $5.98; shirts, $2.98 - $4.98

so long-wearing · so low-priced · so right for all the family

Blue Bell, Inc., Empire State Bldg., New York 1, N.Y.

FASTEST KNOWN SKIN RELIEF!

Many doctors report results in 1 to 3 days with *new* Cuticura method

Want faster relief from pimples, rashes, other externally caused skin irritations? Wash skin thoroughly twice daily with superfatted, mildly medicated CUTICURA SOAP. Apply CUTICURA MEDICATED LIQUID frequently. You'll get *instant* relief from discomfort – *faster* healing aid – with this sensational new greaseless, fast-drying, "invisible" antiseptic. Buy at druggists. Soap, only 25¢. Liquid, 60¢, or send 10¢ to cover mailing costs for generous sample of both. CUTICURA, Dept. CF, Malden 48, Mass.

Now START A PAYING BUSINESS *by telephone and mail!*

Collier's offers both men and women an opportunity to make a substantial, spare-time income by telephone, mail or personal calls. Take care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION and all popular magazines. For details, *mail a postal card to—*

Independent Agency Division
THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING CO.
640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

TUMS®

for ACID INDIGESTION-HEARTBURN

10¢ HANDY ROLL

QUICK RELIEF

Always carry Tums for top-speed relief of acid distress. No mixing, no waiting. Take Tums anywhere.

Now! Get rid of Athletes Foot ...and block its return!

Quinsana Powder heals raw, red cracks between toes, painlessly!

Kill the fungi that cause itching, peeling Athletes Foot with painless, effective Mennen Quinsana. This amazing powder gets rid of Athletes Foot. Used regularly, Quinsana actually *blocks its return!*

Quinsana's gentle powder-action goes to work instantly, *painlessly* . . . even in raw, red cracks between toes. Its germ killing powder barrier soothes as it protects. Peeling, maddening itch disappears. Hot, tired, aching feet become cool and comfortable again! Your feet feel wonderful! *At all drug counters 60¢ tax free.*

MENNEN QUINSANA®

levels, but that is only a fraction of the Rochester program. Basically, the summer classes are intended to enrich, broaden and deepen the children's grasp of a subject or to further an existing interest. In Rochester, also, boys are encouraged to take cooking, girls can take shop, and kids who never get a part in regular-term shows have their fling with dramatics.

The children's interest—not the teacher's—determines what will be studied. A sixth-grade science class, for example, may elect to study conservation. In class they will do some general reading on the subject, then set up some water-and-dirt experiments which demonstrate how land is eroded . . . and how this can be prevented. The class has time to visit nearby farms, to see how windbreaks prevent erosion, or to inspect at first-hand how a reforestation project fights quick-water runoffs.

"In the end," says Howard Rask, principal of Lincoln elementary school, "they not only understand conservation, but they have a larger, deeper insight into all the forces of nature and how we must contend with them."

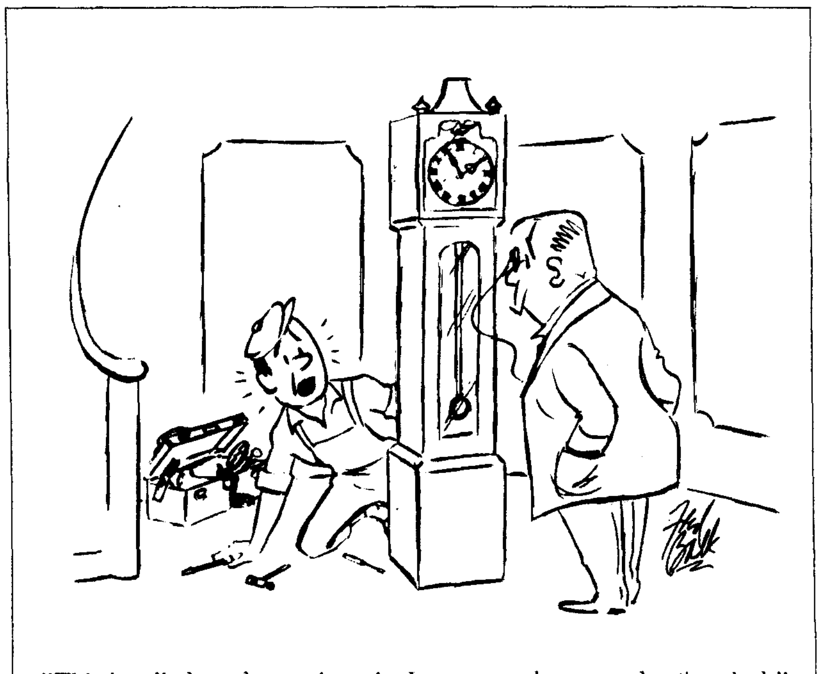
A VOLUNTARY summer school produces many unexpected insights. "You have unusually good teaching," says Laurel Pennock, principal of Jefferson elementary school, "because kids won't come to a poor teacher." Ray Thompson, father of a junior-high student, observes that "because compulsion is completely out of the picture, the experience is truly educational. The kids learn to satisfy themselves—not teachers, not parents." Dr. Robert L. Faucett, a Mayo psychiatrist whose two children attend the Folwell elementary school, thinks Rochester's summer school "is profoundly changing our children's concept of school. By making it voluntary, we've thrown the padlocks and bars away—and they're discovering it is not a jail after all, that you can enjoy learning, that it is not terrible or difficult, but satisfying. They can feel themselves grow."

Rochester's summer program doesn't cheat children out of a vacation. In fact, it doesn't begin until after a two-week breathing spell, while teachers finish year-end reports and plan the summer work. Then, "just when the kids begin to get bored," to quote one mother, summer school opens. It lasts four weeks for elementary and junior-high children, eight weeks for high-schoolers.

When not teaching or supervising recreation, teachers are busy in "workshop" committees, which revise the regular year's curriculum, select new textbooks, develop new teaching techniques, guides and audio-visual aids. In these workshops older and younger teachers exchange ideas, methods and problems.

Rochester's experience would seem to indicate that summer programs are as important to teaching skills as they are to the child directly. Yet it is practical to ask: Why don't all the children come to the classes? For one thing, Rochester is a relatively well-to-do community and many of its kids go off to camps and on long vacations with parents. And then Rochester's elaborate recreation program, which teaches swimming, golf and tennis in the mornings as well as afternoons, is a kind of built-in competition for their attention. I also found that children both stay away and come according to what friends happen to choose. In the unpredictable fashion of youth, some are indifferent one year and ardent summer-schoolers the next. Then, too, there's the profit motive. "I like summer school," one teen-ager told me, "but then I got a chance to work in a root-beer stand and—well, that's money!" Interestingly, Rochester parents put no discernible pressure on kids to go.

Rochester's program costs comparatively little extra because the school system was already paying for remedial teaching and, due to a local



"This is a little embarrassing, sir. It seems to be a grand*mother* clock"

COLLIER'S FRED BALK

tradition, the schools had always supplied recreational supervisors for the city's parks and playgrounds. Superintendent N. Durward Cory estimates costs are "somewhere between 5 and 10 per cent higher than without the summer program." There have been no battles over these added costs. "People here know good education costs money," says Cory, "and they think it is worth it."

Summer school's big payoff, Rochester people agree, comes in the regular term. "Summer students frequently do much better work in the fall—and many teachers do better teaching because they've been stimulated by new ideas, gotten new interests and a new insight into kids," says principal Robert Swanson of the Folwell school. Some high-schoolers use summer classes to "get rid" of required courses, like English, in order to have more time for subjects they consider tougher, like trigonometry or foreign languages, in regular term. Others do the same thing in order to participate in athletics or extracurricular activities in winter "without pressure." Some take courses simply to "broaden" themselves. One popular noncredit high-school course teaches children how to study and take notes.

About 91 per cent of Rochester's teachers "elect" participation in summer school. They receive an average of $500 more pay yearly for an added month of teaching. "It's made us more professional toward our work and our development as teachers and educators. It's hard to be professional when you're a part-time shoe clerk," says Swanson. An important part of the plan is that after two summers a teacher is free to return to college for more study—on salary, as some 50 Rochester teachers do every year. After five years they become eligible for an educational travel leave—with pay.

"Parents and the public see the activity of the children," says Superintendent Cory, "but this program's chief value is in the improvement of our regular teaching, particularly through the workshops. Our teachers are noticeably better. We also attract and hold on to higher-caliber teachers."

The importance of making summer school attractive to teachers is underscored by what happened in the South Park school system, an independent district including part of Beaumont, Texas. Its summer program began when superintendent Joseph J. Vincent, home from directing the Army's Tokyo Educational Center for GIs, initiated a summer program as a means of "doing more for the community" and to secure badly needed increases in teachers' salaries.

Heavy emphasis was given to recreational pursuits and relatively little to academic studies and the "workshop" development of teachers' skills, although provision was made for some teachers to study or travel each year. The emphasis on recreation made many academic teachers feel they did not "fit in." Some resented losing their long vacations. Organizationally, the directorship shifted frequently, leaving it without vitality and unified direction. "You had a new man at the head of it every time you looked around, and every one of them had a different way of doing things," said one teacher.

These difficulties might gradually have been overcome, but in 1951, after three years, the Texas state-salary minimums for nine months reached what South Park was paying for 12 months. The school board refused to pay more, which would have meant a tax increase—and the teachers balked at working beyond nine months. "It just didn't make any sense," one teacher told me. "Nobody else is expected to work without pay."

THE SOUTH PARK program has not been totally wiped out, however. The high-school gym has been kept open and the coach retained to supervise sports for 800 children. The music program, involving 150 children, has also been continued. Six teachers, each paid about $400 for two months of morning classes, teach high-school classes. Of the 200 students, however, four out of five are doing "make-up" work. Yet the fifth is apt to be a bright, hard-working student—like pretty Patty Hulett, who wants to be valedictorian of her class. Pupils pay $10 tuition for one credit, $17 for two. Tuitions plus $2,700 from school district funds pay for the program.

If South Park demonstrates how a good idea can bog down, the experience of Lexington, Kentucky, "in the heart of the blue grass," demonstrates how flourishingly a sound summer program can thrive and grow. What makes Lexington's program significantly unique is that its actual planning from the start has been done largely by teachers rather than school administrators. Lexington's administrators planned it that way.

Even though its extended school costs are relatively expensive (superintendent John M. Ridgway estimates the increase at between 18 and 20 per cent), I found Lexington's enthusiasm almost unqualified. "A fine car, sitting idle," said one Lexington parent, "only looks good. Pay for some gas and oil and you can get someplace."

The gas and oil of Lexington's year-round program is a careful combination of in-school instruction and out-of-school travel and recreation. Each elementary grade spends a week in a summer day camp where teachers act as counselors, utilizing school buses for transportation. Frequent field trips carry its students all over Kentucky, giving them firsthand looks at everything from geological formations in mines and caves to opera in Louisville. But none of this is at the expense of an organized curriculum in basic subjects aimed at strengthening and broadening education.

Regular school closes in Lexington during the last week in May. Every-

Creme de Menthe

Delightful straight drink. Makes a delectable frappe! 60 proof

Make your drinks cool but cordial with DuBouchett Cordials

DuBOUCHETT
Blackberry Flavored Brandy

A traditional straight favorite. Delightful, too, in mixed drinks. 70 proof

DuBOUCHETT
MANY, BLANC
TRUE FRUIT
CREAMY HEAD
DuBOUCHETT
MANY, BLANC
SLOE GIN
Heart of the Sloe Berry
Paul Rand

Sloe Gin Fizz
Juice of ½ lemon,
1 spoon sugar.
1 jigger DuBouchett
Sloe Gin (80 proof)
Shake with ice,
add seltzer.

Coolers, fizzes, cocktails and punches... hundreds of delightful summer drinks are made with DuBouchett Cordials! Try one today! They're the cordials with the *natural* tang.

Many, Blanc & Co., Schenley, Pa.

Free! Recipe book featuring 23 incomparable DuBouchett Cordials
Write DuBouchett Booklet, Suite 3622, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Watch for Collier's Picnic Ideas and Suggestions in these Super Markets cooperating with Collier's to give you helpful Summer Meal Planning.

ALABAMA
Bruno's Food Stores
Kroger Stores
Piggly Wiggly Stores
Yellow Front Stores

ARKANSAS
Home Owned Black & White Stores

CALIFORNIA
Clark Markets
Crawford's Stores
Jim Dandy Super Markets
Kory's Markets
McDaniel's Markets
Roth's Markets
Smith Metropolitan Markets

COLORADO
Busley's Super Markets
Miller's Super Markets

CONNECTICUT
Daitch-Shopwell Stores
Food Fair Stores
Food Saver Stores
Fulton Markets
J. E. Kelley Food Stores
Mohican Stores

DELAWARE
Acme Super Markets

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Acme Super Markets
Food Town

FLORIDA
Setzer's Super Markets

GEORGIA
Buehler's Super Markets
Kroger Stores
Piggly Wiggly Stores
Piggly Wiggly Sims Stores
Setzer's Super Markets
Winn-Dixie Stores

ILLINOIS
Benner Tea Company
Buehler's Super Markets
Goldblatt's
Grab-It-Here Stores
Jewel Food Stores
Kroger Stores

INDIANA
Bernath's Co-op Markets
Eavey's Super Markets
Goldblatt's
Grab-It-Here Stores
Jay C. Stores
Kroger Stores
Marsh Foodliners
Steiden Stores

IOWA
Benner Tea Company
Buehler's Super Markets
Clifton's Super Markets
Kroger Stores

KENTUCKY
Kroger Stores
Steiden Stores
U-Tote-Em Stores

MAINE
Mohican Stores

MARYLAND
Acme Super Markets
Food Town

MASSACHUSETTS
Buehler's Super Markets
Clover Farm Stores
Mohican Stores
Publix Markets

MICHIGAN
Lipson's Super Markets
Polly's Food Service

MISSISSIPPI
Sunflower Stores

MISSOURI
Benner Tea Company
Buehler's Super Markets
Ellis Stores
Kroger Stores
MacKie & Williams Food Stores
Temple Stephens Stores

MONTANA
Buttrey Food Stores

NEBRASKA
Buehler's Super Markets

NEW HAMPSHIRE
Champagne's Super Markets
Mohican Stores
20th Century Stores

NEW JERSEY
Acme Super Markets
Best Markets
Food Fair Stores
Mohican Stores

NEW YORK
Acme Super Markets
Bull Markets
Daitch-Shopwell Stores
Diamond K Markets
Dilbert Brothers Stores
Food Fair Stores
Hill's Super Markets
Market Basket Stores
Mohican Stores
Nu-Way Super Markets

NORTH CAROLINA
Milner's Piggly Wiggly Stores
Winn-Dixie Stores

OHIO
A & S Food Stores
Gershow's Super Markets

OKLAHOMA
M & P Stores
Pratt Super Markets
Puckett's Food Stores

OREGON
Columbia Food Stores
McKay's Markets

PENNSYLVANIA
Acme Super Markets
Best Markets
Buehler's Super Markets
Empire Super Markets
Market Basket Stores
Mohican Stores
Nu-Way Super Markets
Shaffer Stores
Star Markets
Weis Markets

RHODE ISLAND
Mohican Stores

SOUTH CAROLINA
Winn-Dixie Stores

TENNESSEE
Buehler's Super Markets
Cooper & Martin Stores
Kroger Stores
U-Tote-Em Stores

TEXAS
Biel Grocery Stores
D & H Super Markets
"M" System Food Stores
Parker's Food Stores
Pietsch Piggly Wiggly Stores
Piggly Wiggly Stores
Pipkin Piggly Wiggly Stores
Pratt Super Markets
Puckett's Food Stores
Wuest's Super Markets

VIRGINIA
Acme Super Markets
Blue Jay Stores
C. J.'s Stores
Food Town
Reid Stores
20 Fine Food Markets

WASHINGTON
Campbell's Food Markets

WEST VIRGINIA
Acme Super Markets
C. J.'s Stores
Jones & Spry Stores
20 Fine Food Markets

WISCONSIN
Kroger Stores
Kuebler's Amana Food Service
Sunrise Food Stores

one gets a week's "breather." Then the first week in June all the teachers and the high-schoolers studying for credit return. The teachers, except those working with the high-schoolers, prepare the summer curriculum and schedules. The kindergarten through junior-high children report the second week in June. During the two-week vacation period many attend church Bible schools. Once in session, the high-school students attend for eight weeks, the elementary and junior-high students for six weeks. Everybody, teachers and students, vacations all of August.

Miss Blanche Wieman's class in "creative dramatics" at the Arlington school spent the entire six weeks one year producing a little play enacting the legend of the famous blue willow chinaware. In the course of this project the children studied Chinese history, music and geography, and how pottery is made. The class had to learn how a play is written—and write one—how to create the costumes and the scenery, complete with bridge and pagoda, and instruments that would produce Chinese-type atonal music. The play enchanted parents, who had seen blue willow ware all their lives without knowing much about it. "We're all learning from our children," said Mrs. Sarah Griffith, mother of four.

LEXINGTON IS NOT as well-to-do as Rochester; fewer of its 8,000 children are sent off to camps for the summer. Many of its older children need to work. This cuts into summer-school attendance, which, like Rochester, is about one third the regular enrollment. However, one very marked benefit of the summer school has been its effect on the number of children who drop out of school. "Through the summer school," says Charles Ambrose, director of pupil personnel, "we've cut our dropout rate nearly in half. We'd lose a lot of kids completely if it weren't for the summer program. Working with local businessmen, we've helped to establish a 'Teen-Age Employment Center' and through it we arrange jobs so that kids can come to school and work too."

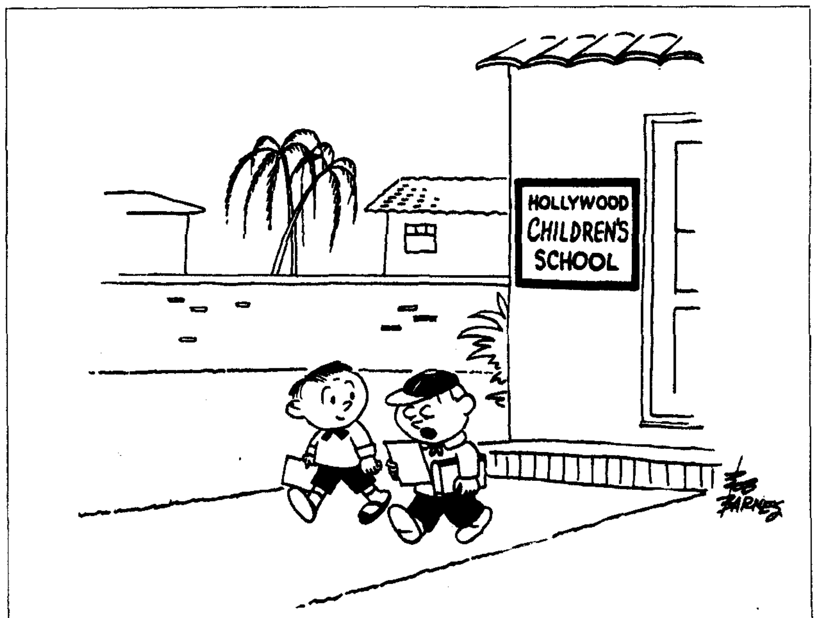
The Lexington program originated with an unusual school superintendent, the late Dr. W. T. Rowland, who convinced the board of education that year-round school made sense—at least theoretically. However, because it would increase taxes, the board asked for an objective test of its educational value.

Rowland asked a group of 17 teachers to work out a test program. Thus, in the summer of 1947, a pilot summer school was set up which involved some 300 children and 40 teachers. Although the courses included science and other subjects, the objective test was on reading ability. Each child was tested before and after summer school. The results astounded the school board. Some children had progressed, in six weeks, as much as a full year in reading—about 25 per cent more than six months! Junior-high and high-school results were even more impressive. Half the junior-high group progressed three to twelve months; the other half up to two years!

"Since reading ability is fundamental to all learning," says Dorothy Miles, then a board member and now principal of a private school, "the board felt this work alone would justify the expense of the year-round school."

The board promptly voted to put the schools on a 12 month basis, even though this meant an immediate tax jump of 20 per cent, reflecting the board's boldness and determination to get the best education it could for Lexington's children.

Authorized to go ahead, Dr. Rowland again set up a teachers' committee to plan the summer work and to integrate it with the regular term's work. This produced a minimum of discontent, stimulated a spirit of pioneering and freedom. It also played a critical role later, for, in the midst of the first summer's operation, Dr. Rowland suddenly died. Direction was nominally



"How'd you make out? I got two *colossals* and a *stupendous*"

COLLIER'S BOB BARNES

Don't let worms kill your pup

There's only one way to give your dog a complete safe worming at home. Use a product proved effective against the two most frequent worms.

Large roundworms steal his food, common hookworms suck his blood. Either can kill a puppy and seriously weaken an older dog.

You eliminate both types of worms with Sergeant's Sure Shot Worm Capsules. (Get Puppy Capsules for puppies and dogs under 10 pounds.) Sergeant's outsells all other worming products 2 to 1. Use at least twice a year and protect your dog. Only 75¢ at any drug or pet counter.

Sergeant's®
SURE SHOT WORM CAPSULES

Work, Sleep, Play In Comfort

Without Nagging Backache

Nagging backache, headache, dizziness or muscular aches and pains may come on with over-exertion, emotional upsets or the stress and strain of everyday life. If you are miserable and worn out because of these discomforts, get Doan's Pills. Their pain relieving action is often the answer—and they offer mild diuretic action through the kidneys, tending to increase the output of the 15 miles of kidney tubes.

So if nagging backache makes you feel dragged-out, miserable, with restless, sleepless nights, don't wait, try Doan's Pills, get the same happy relief millions have enjoyed for over 60 years. Ask for new, large, economy size and save money. Get Doan's Pills today!

More Comfort Wearing FALSE TEETH

Here is a pleasant way to overcome loose plate discomfort. FASTEETH, an improved powder, sprinkled on upper and lower plates holds them firmer so that they feel more comfortable. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. It's alkaline (non-acid). Does not sour. Checks "plate odor" (denture breath). Get FASTEETH today at any drug counter.

Mothersill's

The fast-acting aid in preventing and relieving Travel Sickness.
for Adults & Children
MOTHERSILL'S TRAVEL REMEDY 53
THE WORLD OVER AT DRUGGISTS

THE Littlest BIBLE QUIZ!

(1) Why did our Lord give so much importance to LOVE in Mat. 22; 36-40? (a) Do you think your church gives more importance to one teaching than to another? (b) If yes, please identify the teaching.

• *We will send one dollar for what we think is the best short answer. Each month we will select a different winner. Include name, address, denomination. All answers will be treated confidentially and none returned.*

HIS KINGDOM COME, Inc., Box 92, Glen Ridge, N. J.

STOPS FOOT ITCH

KILLS ATHLETE'S FOOT FUNGI
Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX relieves itching of Athlete's Foot . . . kills fungi of the infection on contact . . . helps heal red, raw, cracked, peeling skin between toes and on feet. Liquid, Ointment or Powder. Insist on Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX.

WANTED: 100 MEN—100 WOMEN!

Wanted both men and women to use some of their leisure time to make extra income by taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S and all popular magazines. For money-making supplies, *write to:*

Independent Agency Division
THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING CO.
640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

taken over by his closest collaborator, John Ridgway, then director of pupil personnel. "I was actually away, teaching a college course," Ridgway says. "The fact that the teachers had planned the work, knew what was necessary, saved the day."

In Lexington, as in Rochester, when the teachers are not teaching, they are in "workshops," overhauling the winter program, learning new skills in reading, arithmetic, science, art and revising teaching guides. Great stress is laid on the integration of this summer work with wintertime problems. "In fact, this is where the real work of improving our schools is done," says assistant superintendent Owen Cammack, who supervises the Lexington curriculum.

One workshop, for example, works closely with pediatricians, psychologists and other consultants to learn what to expect of children at different ages and how to help children grow. Another workshop canvassed local businessmen to learn what they wanted their employees to know in arithmetic—and then revised teaching guides to give heavier emphasis to the teaching of interest rates, change-making and other "practical" problems to meet their needs. Another worked out a plan to reduce the confusion of seventh-graders who were meeting seven different teachers a day.

And one workshop, trying to improve reporting to parents, turned up a real skeleton in the closet. It found that although the old A-B-C-D report-card system had been officially discarded, it was being secretly practiced in some schools. Its report really abolished it.

Volunteering for summer school means about $600 more a year to each teacher. However, any teacher accepting a 12-month contract is expected to remain in the summer program for five years. He or she teaches three summers. The fourth summer may be spent studying at college—on salary. The fifth summer is a personal leave, to be spent any way the teacher sees fit—on pay. But teachers are required to complete eight semester hours of college work every five years.

Lexington's teachers who take on the summer program feel they are really teaching. Virginia Durbin, of Arlington elementary school, explained it this way: "In the regular term the more aggressive and confident children demand your attention. In the summer each child can be drawn into participating and helped to learn. It's a real thrill for a teacher to hear children speaking up in class in winter because they've grown surer of their knowledge and themselves in summer."

Here are other typical teachers' comments:

"I'm ashamed to say it, but I don't think I really knew how to teach reading before."

"It was a beautiful feeling not to have to give a single thought to discipline."

"I enjoyed receiving an August bank statement with a balance."

SUPERINTENDENT RIDGWAY describes what happens to junior-high-school teachers who are sent to the elementary day camp as counselors.

"That really opens their eyes because they're used to older children. At camp they have to learn how to interest the younger children and how to hold their attention. In the fall they understand kids better, can talk their language and really get over to them."

The students' eyes are opened, too, and the image of the teacher as a tyrannical ogre fades and dies.

Ridgway points out that "years ago, most kids graduated with barely the 16 required credits. Today, thanks to summer school, seven out of ten have more than that.

"Summer school is reflected in the fact that five of our best basketball players and nine of our best football men are honor students. Out of 90 children in the Kentucky Youth Symphony, about 50 are from Lexington. For two successive years now, two of our former students have won Rhodes scholarships for study abroad. And out of nine National Merit scholarships awarded this year in Kentucky after competitive examinations, two went to students from our Henry Clay High School. All these things demonstrate to us that we have successfully improved our children's education and make us certain that summer school is worth every penny of its cost."

As a community Lexington has already received one enormous, totally unexpected bonus from its summer program: a smooth, easy transition from segregated to integrated schools.

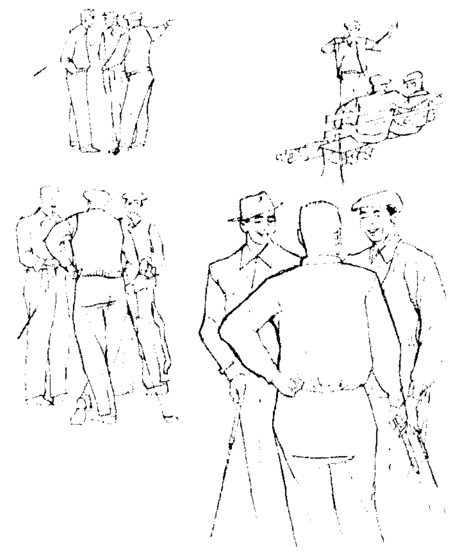
This problem came up initially in 1947. The idea of running separate but equal teacher workshops seemed ridiculous. Thus, years before the U.S. Supreme Court desegregation decision, Negro and white teachers in Lexington sat down quietly together to exchange ideas, techniques and experiences as a way of improving their children's education.

When the Supreme Court's ruling came down last year, an important and influential group of Lexington citizens, its teachers and school authorities, had been through the whole integration process—and were sold on it.

"Still we were worried," Ridgway says, "because we didn't know just what would happen. And what actually happened was something we never anticipated at all.

"All children were assigned to the schools nearest to them. The white kids figured out which Negro kids would be coming to their schools—and, as a way of welcoming them, went out and met them, walked them to school. "It couldn't have been a happier situation." THE END

QUOTE



"Longest ball off the tee I ever played."

"Performance cannot be improved upon."

"Best all around ball."

"I always come back to the ball I have confidence in."

"When it's important, like in a club tournament, it's always Titleist for me."

"Seems like everybody's playing it."

"Feels like it really goes . . . and it really does!"

"I played 54 holes with one Titleist."

• • •

So it goes. Multiply those quotes by thousands, and you get an idea of what the golfing public thinks of Titleist. It's a nationwide chorus.

Have you joined it? You will after one round with Titleist.

Ask your Pro to specify the Titleist best suited to your game.

GOLF BALLS

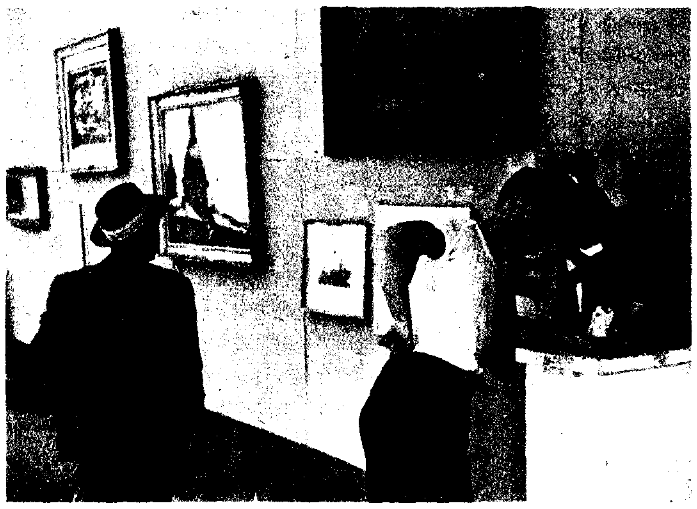
Sold the world over through Golf Course Pro Shops only

A part of the annual arts festival, as seen at night across a Boston Public Garden lagoon

THE ARTS

When half a million visitors come to look at paintings, sculpture, drama and the dance, Bostonians know they've found a happy marriage of culture and commerce

By RUSSELL LYNES



The core of the festival is its exhibition of paintings, featuring more than 250 works

Most of the sculpture is shown out-of-doors, in large area surrounded by exhibition tents

ON AN early spring evening five years ago Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Rosenfeld were driving into Boston to attend the opening of an art exhibition, a form of entertainment indulged in by a moderate number of Bostonians. As they drove by the Public Garden, a park where boats glide in primly landscaped lagoons, Mrs. Rosenfeld said to her husband, "Wouldn't it be nice if we could just go into the Public Garden to look at pictures?" Mr. Rosenfeld, who is a man who understands the alchemy of turning notions into realities, agreed that it seemed like a pleasant idea. Not many weeks later the Rosenfelds went to the opening of an art exhibition in the Garden, but not with a moderate number of Bostonians. It was in the morning, and before the day was over more than 40,000 had turned up. The first Boston Arts Festival was a reality.

The effort to convert Mrs. Rosenfeld's notion into a lively cultural event with the air of a carnival was prodigious. Mr. Rosenfeld, who publishes a number of magazines that are given away in hotels, wrote an editorial in one called On Stage, suggesting an exhibition in the Garden, and both the Boston Globe and the Traveler smiled editorially on the idea. Mayor John B. Hynes, responding to a nudge from his friend Mr. Rosenfeld, said that the city would put up $3,500 if the amount could be matched by private donations. Nelson W. Aldrich, a prominent Boston architect and the president of the Institute of Contemporary Arts, was persuaded to accept the chairmanship of the Festival Committee and went to work with a will. In less than two months the show was open.

The Boston Arts Festival—which in five years has matured into a full-dress cultural jamboree with outdoor theater, operas, architectural exhibits, dance programs, jazz symposia, handicraft shows and poetry readings that last year enticed more than 500,000 into the Public Garden—was modest enough the first year. It was just an outdoor art exhibition with paintings hung in green-and-white tents, and it lasted only four days. In those four days 150,000 people came to look. Some beamed with pleasure, some ohed-and-ahed, and a good many sneered. None were indifferent.

Most museums plan their exhibitions a year or more ahead, but Aldrich and Rosenfeld wanted a show of the very best work of New England artists and they had to work fast. They had 2,000 entry blanks printed and distributed through museums. Newspapers in the area reproduced copies of the blank and, before you could say palette knife, 1,100 pictures had arrived. A completely non-New England jury (a painter, a museum curator and a collector) weeded the pictures down to 186, and 32 non-New England pictures which were labeled "A Critic Selects" were also hung.

A tornado of criticism hit the festival, but it was the familiar high wind of vituperation about modern art. Editorials blasting the abstract paintings appeared in several Boston papers (most of which have since become stanch supporters of the festival). The committee was delighted. It was certainly better to be fought over than ignored.

The second year the festival lasted twice as long as in 1952. In eight June days 300,000 people showed up. This time they not only looked at paintings but heard opera in English conducted by Boris Goldovsky, concerts by students of the New England Conservatory and *première* performances of modern composers. Like everything at the festival, it was all absolutely free.

Compared with what the festival has become in the last three years, this was a small and modest offering. Aldrich and Rosenfeld, and friends who worked with them, decided that the festival should be put on a professional basis. They approached Peter Temple, the director of the Brattle Theater in Cambridge, and asked him to take over as full-time director, which he agreed to do if he could add drama and dance to music and the visual arts.

Culture began to hum. Committees were formed, nine of them. A stage-struck biochemist from Harvard, Arthur Solomon, headed the theater committee. David McCord and Archibald MacLeish served on the poetry committee. Committees were organized in other cities and in other New England states. Sponsors were lined up, volunteers were corralled, money-raising drives were launched, businessmen were wooed for their financial support. The directors were determined that this should be everybody's festival and not just art for a relatively small clique of art lovers, Boston Brahmins and intellectuals. This was to be a museum without walls and a stage without a box office, that belonged to everyone who wanted it.

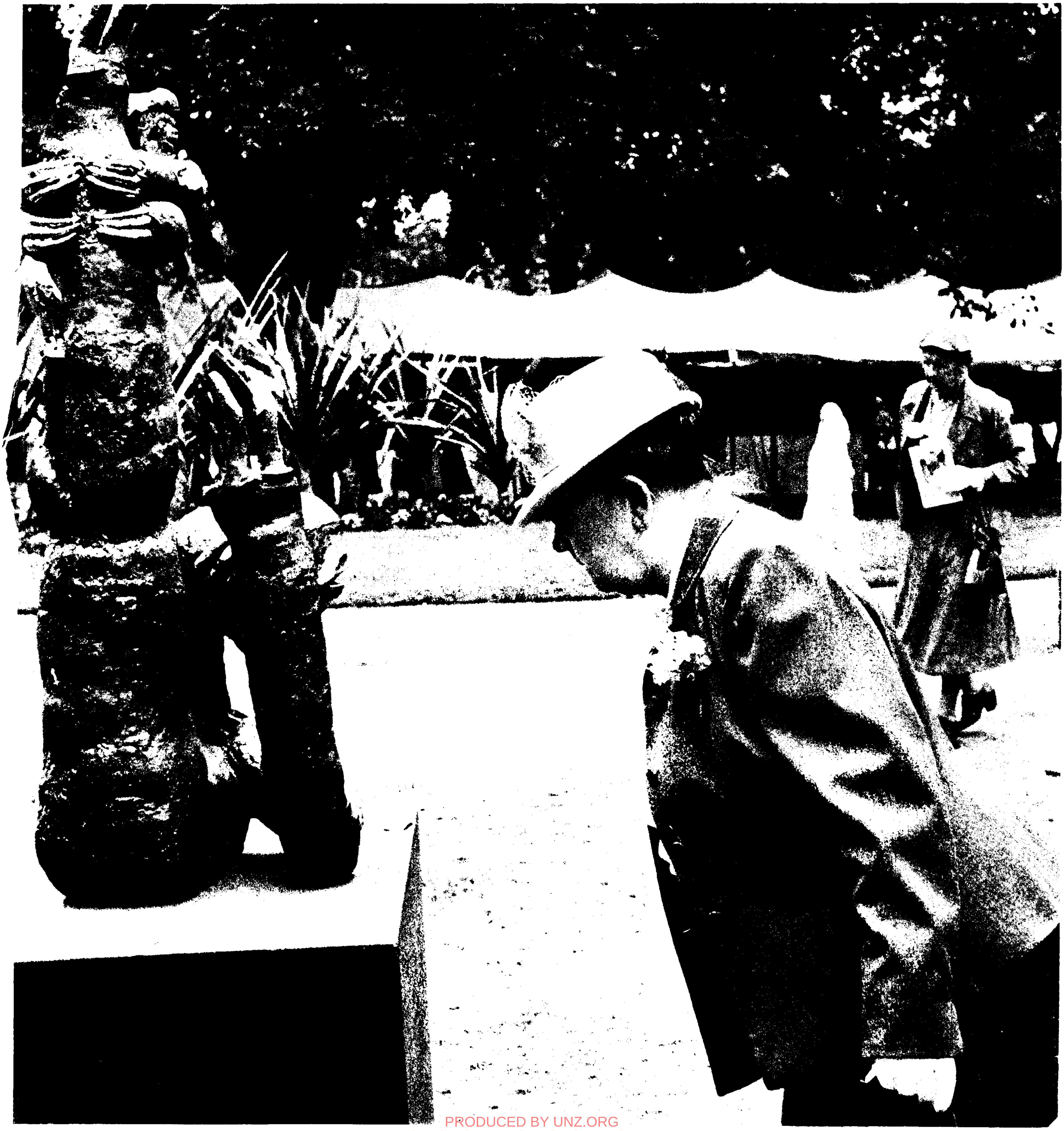
There is an ordinance in Boston that nothing can be sold in the Public Garden, not even programs, and financing the festival has been a difficult but heartening adventure. Last year the budget had grown from its original $7,000 to 10 times that sum. Boston business had waked up to the commercial beauties of culture, and started to support it.

What had happened? The festival, which takes

A festival-goer examines the label for a clue to the piece of sculpture that goes with it

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAN WEINER

LOOK LIVELY IN BOSTON



The handicraft exhibition is always a big crowd-puller at the Boston Arts Festival. Here a group watches a pottery maker at his work. Emphasis is on New England crafts

Visitors are permitted to touch sculpture if they want to, on the theory that the texture of sculpture is sometimes just as important as its form. In four years, there hasn't been a single case of vandalism

Occasionally it helps to be athletic. Sculpture at the festival, like bulk of paintings, is by New Englanders

The art festival's stars work for minimum rates, cops volunteer for festival duty, and there are 500 unpaid workers

place in the middle of June and now lasts for 16 days, became a magnet for tourists. Thousands of people poured into the center of the city before the regular tourist season. Hotels found their registers crowded, shops discovered that they had more customers than usual, restaurants were having to keep hungry visitors waiting for tables. There must, they decided, be something in art and culture after all. "It's less difficult each year to get the businessmen interested," Aldrich said last summer. "I don't mean that it's easier; it's just less difficult." Rosenfeld estimated very roughly that the festival in 1955 brought about a million dollars' worth of retail business to Boston.

This may very well be a low estimate. Bus companies have organized special "Festival Tours" from all over New England. The New Haven Railroad has made special excursion rates for festival visitors and so has the Boston and Maine. Northeast Airlines offers a midweek package rate for Canadians who want to get to the Public Garden during the arts carnival.

But important as business may be to the financial stability of the festival it is the pleasure of the people that has come first. The festival has the air of a well-bred but lively carnival with its green- and white-striped tents, music by Handel and Richard Strauss seeping down from loud-speakers high in trees, small children running about among the sculpture set out on the grass. In the evening thousands of people of all ages sit, some on the grass, some on chairs that can be rented for a quarter, watching, as they did last year, an opera by Donizetti (Don Pasquale) sung by the New England Opera Theater, or Thornton Wilder's The Skin of Our Teeth, performed by a Broadway cast. Nine thousand people turned up one evening to hear Carl Sandburg, last year's festival poet and the recipient of a $500 award.

On another evening, 12,500 had watched Martha Graham and her troupe of dancers, and one rainy night 7,500 showed up to hear a symposium on jazz. Poetry and the dance outpulled jazz.

THIS YEAR the festival play will be Robert E. Sherwood's Abe Lincoln in Illinois; the opera is Gian-Carlo Menotti's The Saint of Bleecker Street with the Broadway cast, and the dance will be ballet with Maria Tallchief, André Eglevsky and other members of the New York City Ballet company, which has achieved such renown for itself and for America in Europe. But the art exhibition is still the core of the festival and still causes vituperative comment. Last year the first prize for paintings went to a picture of the Public Garden by Jason Berger. If you wander through the crowds looking at pictures, you hear such remarks as, "A friend of mine said that the picture is an insult to the Public Garden," and, "It's way over my head." But you also hear such things as this from a woman at one of the information tents: "I want four $10 memberships because this is the best way I know for my sons to entertain their dates," and from a policeman who was on duty, "My gosh, there's a cop down here on his day off; he ought to have his head examined."

Perhaps a lot of people, by this standard, should have their heads examined. There are 24 cops on duty around the clock to guard the works of art, and they volunteer for the duty. There are about 500 volunteer workers who help put up the show, act as guides, distribute programs for "contributions" (last year to the tune of $22,000) and solicit memberships. The actors, even the stars, perform for the Equity minimum of $85 a week. Martha Graham, who said that dancing before the vast audience at the festival was "the greatest experience of my career," brought her troupe for "out-of-pocket expenses." Local 9 of the American Federation of Musicians has made available $16,000 in performance fees. In four years there hasn't been a single instance of vandalism or theft, because, according to Temple, "the show belongs to the people themselves." In 1952 the festival had to go to Lloyd's of London for insurance; last year the Insurance Company of North America insured the whole show for a premium of $198.

But the proof of the festival pudding is not just in the way New Englanders eat it. The New York Herald Tribune has called it a "miracle in Boston," and New York is now planning its own festival in Central Park for 1957 with a budget of $250,000 (Boston's budget this year is $100,000). Representatives have come to the little festival office on Boston's Newbury Street from Baltimore, Cincinnati, Atlanta, Philadelphia, St. Paul, Los Angeles and Charleston; they have even come from as far away as Puerto Rico, Haifa and Hong Kong; they want to know how Boston performed its miracle. They would like, if they can, to repeat it. They, too, would like to preside over this marriage of culture and commerce. THE END

Spectators sit on grass to watch play (this year it's Abe Lincoln in Illinois). Admission is free

Two stars of the 1955 festival were poet Carl Sandburg, above, and modern dancer Martha Graham, shown at right doing a number called Cave of the Heart. Though her performance was twice interrupted by rain, she said the appearance was "the greatest experience of my career." This year's festival poet: Archibald MacLeish

"HI, HOW'RE THINGS?"

HAROLD STASSEN, studying matters from a rather advantageous position, observed the other day that the prospects for a continuing peace had grown "a few degrees brighter."

It happened that we had reached the same conclusion independently, though from a somewhat different set of premises.

Mr. Stassen gave his opinion on his return from the disarmament conferences in London, where he found the Russians a little more tractable, a bit more prone to realistic talk, quite possibly due to an increasing awareness of the meaning of the H-bomb.

Our own conclusions resulted from a rather leisurely swing around the country, involving travel by train, airplane and automobile. We were not running a survey or taking a poll; we couldn't reduce our conclusions to a chart or a graph. We just looked and listened, in easy stages. It was old Walt Whitman who claimed he could hear America singing—and we think he could. A man, we've discovered, can learn a lot about his country just by keeping his eyes and ears and heart open. We still don't know of a better way to measure the attitudes of human beings, the most delicately contrived of God's creatures, than to open with: "Hi, how're things?"

America, at least what we saw of it, seemed in fine voice again—strong, rich and clear. Possibly the time of year had something to do with it—just between the retreat of a long, stubborn winter and the onset of summer. The South and the Pacific Coast were already in bloom, but there was more in the air in the South than peach blossoms and magnolias. Dixie was humming with new industry, new life and prosperity. The warmth and the hospitality remained. "Y'all hurry back, hear?" But some of the languor was gone; there was an unaccustomed bustle, a sense of motion.

Texas was still uncommonly big, and the people still uncommonly hospitable; but here, too, there was more bounce, more activity, more sophistication and money and oil wells and cotton and solid culture than we had ever noted before. Across the whole South, from the Eastern seaboard to El Paso and Tucson and Yuma, there was a new sense of people-in-motion, doing something about today and tomorrow, and getting a bang out of doing it.

The progress is not all of a pace, of course. But the momentum was everywhere. It was a rare trackworker's cabin, in the most forlorn little settlements of New Mexico or Arizona, without its slicked-up '55 station wagon in the yard and a TV aerial stuck jauntily to the tin roof.

THE strength of this country is the most potent single force operating for peace on earth, and that strength has many sources. You can find a part of it in the rustlings of the new South, and part of it inside the trackworker's shack with its 21-inch TV and its passel of kids with good, mail-order shoes and plenty to eat; part of it in the mission lights that spread like a vast, twinkling blanket across the hills and valleys of Los Angeles County.

You can find another part in those quiet places of the West which have stood serene and changeless since time began. The sleek steel train with its busy, living cargo threads swiftly through these places and leaves them as it found them; the main highways are hosts to fleeting cars and trucks; but between these slender ribbons of steel and concrete can be found the repose and the silence of a temple. How explain the strength that is latent in these mountains and piñon-studded hills and plains clumped with sage and tumbleweed? Yet you cannot stand in silence and see a mountain rise from the plain without knowing the strength and the reassurance that emanate from its rugged bulk. These wide, silent deserts, the Rockies that pile steeply back from Denver's plateau, the Grand Tetons flung out to the south of Yellowstone are, in their way, as integral to the strength of America as the mills of Birmingham and Pittsburgh. And in their own way, they speak of peace.

AT 25,000 feet and 400 miles an hour, the Empire State Building is in sight six hours after your final glimpse of the red towers of the Golden Gate Bridge.

The big airliners sew the country together. At five miles high, you lose all sense of vastness and see America unfold, part by part, as if you were unrolling a huge map. You span a hundred miles every fifteen minutes. You have not finished admiring the way Madison nestles between its two big lakes when Milwaukee slides by underneath and you can see the eastern shore of Lake Michigan ahead. From five miles above the middle of Lake Erie you see the brown and green fields of Ontario falling away on one side and the brown and green fields of Pennsylvania and Ohio on the other. A half hour later you begin sloping down toward Long Island.

To measure America's strength in this late spring of 1956 requires many different yardsticks, for it is vast and yet it is small and compact; it has many accents and yet it speaks with one voice; it embraces many regions and yet all regions are lashed together, not only by swift planes and trains and broad highways, by a maze of wires and air waves, but also by an utter mutual dependency, the one section depending for its very life upon what another section produces. Besides all this, or out of it, grows the greatest common bond of all—a shared, unspoken sense of being part of America. There is a wonderful beauty in this great rounded picture; and from it springs great confidence, and out of that confidence our best hope for peace.

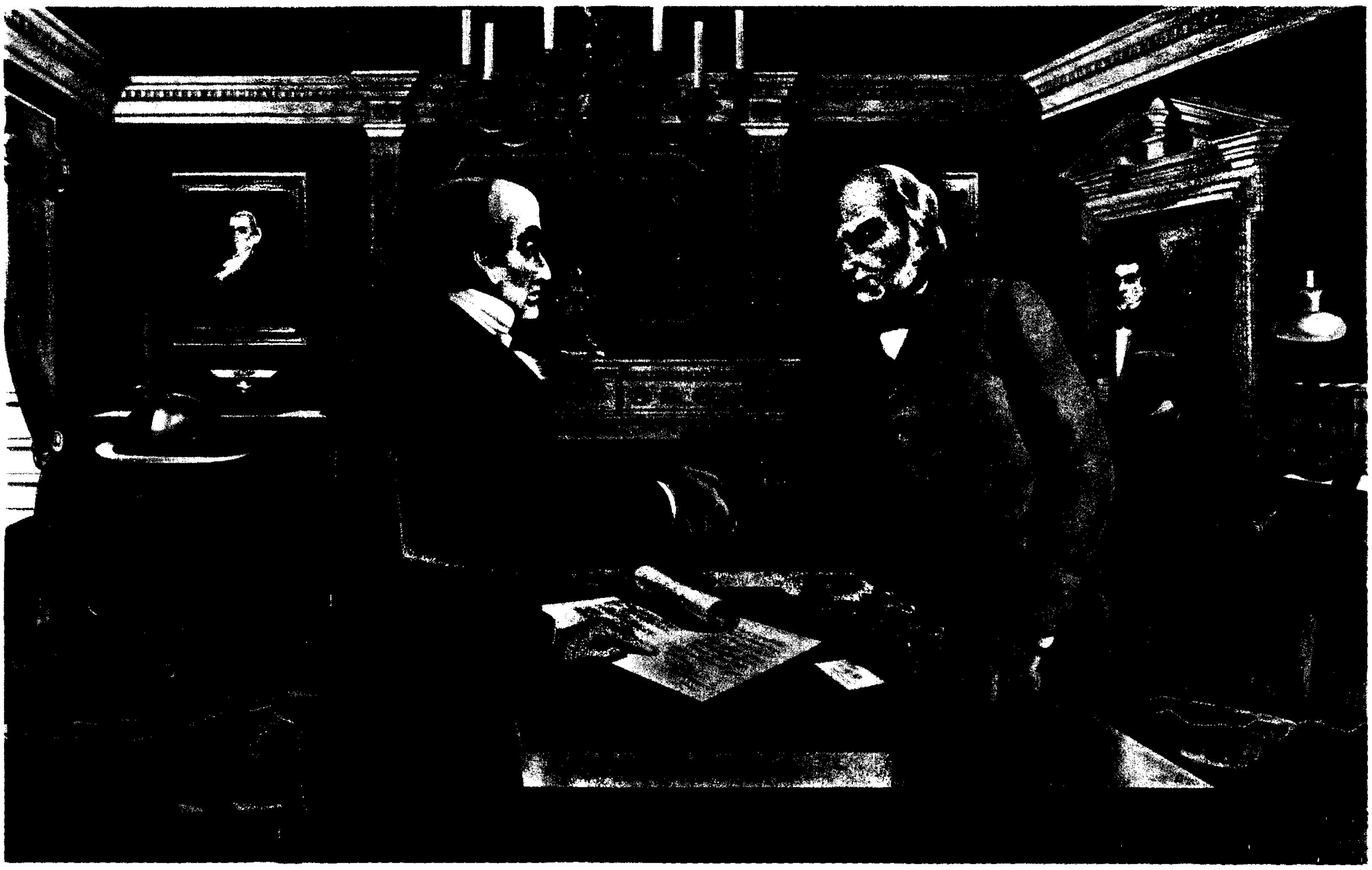
PENNIES FOR PEACE

NEXT month will mark the tenth anniversary of an unspectacular but effective American movement in the field of international relations. This movement—Meals for Millions—has provided more than 45,000,000 meals for the hungry of the world.

That is a great many meals; but there are a great many who are still hungry—a majority of the world's people suffer either from chronic malnutrition or actual hunger. The Meals for Millions Foundation, organized to relieve famine conditions, has now broadened its objective to the prevention of famine in the world.

Its method is to produce and distribute high-energy food supplements that can be made from natural foods found in surplus in various parts of the earth. In America, soybean meal has been the basis: in India it is peanut meal; in Iraq the national surplus of dates can be converted to a lightweight food concentrate, supplying in two ounces about one third of the normal human daily food requirement. In this way nutritional values are kept high, and costs at a minimum. Since the program began, affiliates have been launched in eleven other nations, all co-operating in the basic project of getting food direct to the undernourished individual.

The Meals for Millions Foundation is a private organization. It has never received a contribution in excess of $10,000. Its efforts are not widely known within the United States; they are widely and gratefully known in those countries where hunger is a living problem. Its three-cent meals have contributed directly and importantly to the relief of suffering, and its research and information program holds out an even higher hope—of banishing hunger from the earth. The pennies it receives and spends are a substantial contribution to peace on earth.



SECRETARY WEBSTER INVITES JOHN QUINCY ADAMS TO DINNER

The former President can expect to enjoy a bit of Old Crow at the Secretary of State's dinner, for the home of Daniel Webster is never without its demijohn of James Crow's bourbon.

OLD CROW

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey

"Old Crow is the finest Kentucky bourbon ever put into glass." That was the judgment of men of history—the prominent public figures who knew and enjoyed James Crow's superb whiskey. You, too, will agree when you place yourself in their distinguished company by trying world-famous Old Crow.

OLD CROW
86 PROOF
OLD CROW
BRAND
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY
BOTTLED BY
W. A. Gaines

NOW IN A MILDER
LOWER PRICED 86 PROOF BOTTLING!

Old Crow is now available in a milder
86 Proof bottling, today's highly popular companion
to the historic 100 Proof Bottled in Bond.

"The Greatest Name in Bourbon"

PRODUCT OF NATIONAL DISTILLERS

THE OLD CROW DISTILLERY COMPANY, DIVISION OF NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

"Try WINSTON America's favorite filter smoke!"

SAYS BOB CUMMINGS

WINSTON TASTES GOOD!
LIKE A CIGARETTE SHOULD!
Winston
KING SIZE
Winston
FILTER · CIGARETTES
Winston
FINER FILTER
FINER FLAVOR

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

■ "Take it from me," says "photographer" Bob Cummings, star of The Bob Cummings Show on CBS-TV, *"this* filter cigarette really *tastes* like a cigarette!" The exclusive Winston filter lets the flavor come through to you, smooth and rich-tasting. Make your next pack Winston, and *enjoy* filter smoking!

Switch to **WINSTON** America's best-selling, best-tasting filter cigarette!